

CITs

FIELD GUIDE



All lies still - still and silent and waiting. The campers are sleeping, the counselors tucked safely in their beds. The trees are bristling in the night's chill. But, slowly and softly at first, a nighttime lullaby turns into a bloodcurdling scream. Mickey Morris is found dead! Crushed by a falling Grand Piano!

So started the gruesome antics of the CITs this July 14th - no, 15th, on Murder Mystery Bastille Day 2002. Every hour a new, horrifying crime was discovered. The police headquarters stationed on the porch worked overtime, sending out detectives to question eyewitnesses, or police officers to the Love Shack where suspects were badgered. The Scooby Gang was also working on capturing the murderer, leading tours of campers around to find clues. At 8:00, after almost twenty murders, the criminal was revealed to be David Altabef, clown CIT. (I always knew something was funny about that bunch. No pun intended. Really.) After campers dragged the murderer to the headquarters, candy was rewarded to all.

Evening activities included an all-camp scavenger hunt and the movie Clue. It had been a most trying day. But now all, even the tired CITs and flour-cov-

STAFF

Nicko Elliott

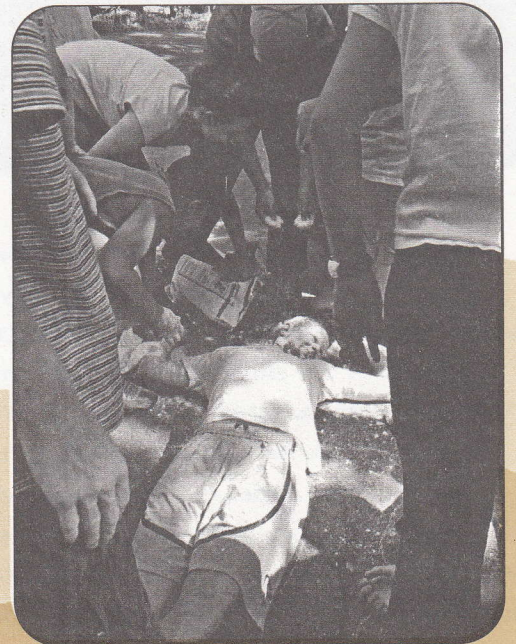
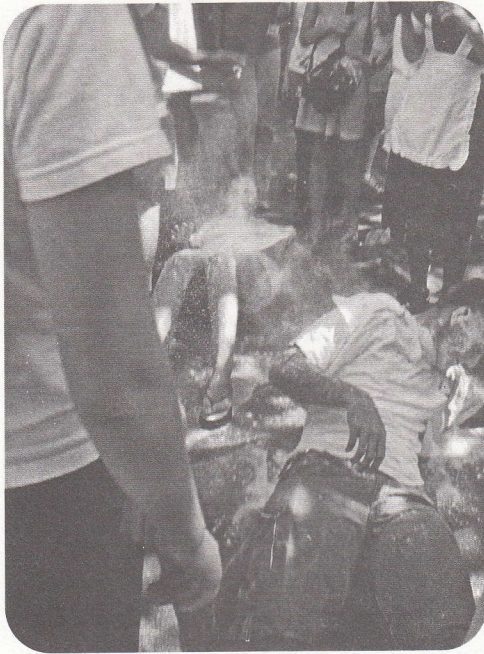
Stuart Purcell

Quinn Connelly

Johanna Silverman

BASTILLE DAY

FIELD GUIDE

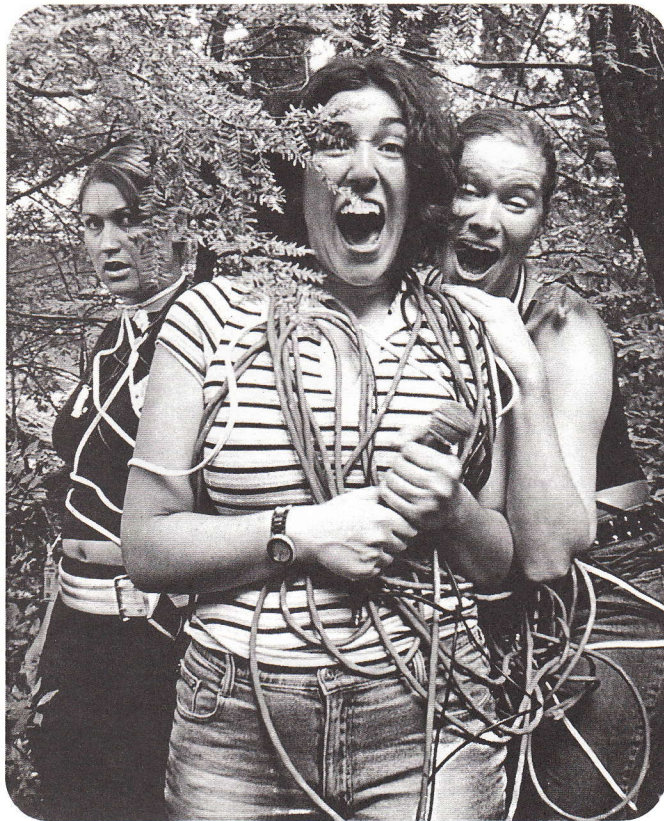


A 1930S MURDER MYSTERY



EVENING ACTIVITIES

FIELD GUIDE



A DAY 'AND EVENING' IN THE LIFE OF AN EVENING ACTIVITIES PERSON (VIV, JULES AND DINA)

8:55AM FALL OUT OF BED 8:59AM FIGHT KITCIEN STAFF FOR THE LAST BOX OF CEREAL AS THEY WHISK IT AWAY

9:30AM WHERE'S DINA? WHY HASN'T THE LCD SIGN BEEN CHANGED? 10:00AM TALK TO SCULPTURE ABOUT AN EARLY

EVENING ACTIVITY, THEY SAY TALK TO GLASS 10:15AM WALK AROUND SHOPS WITH BLACK FOLDER, GET ACCUSED OF

NOT WORKING 10:30AM WHERE'S DINA? WHY HASN'T THE LCD SIGN BEEN CHANGED? 11:00AM TALK TO GLASS ABOUT

AN EARLY EVENING ACTIVITY, THEY SAY TALK TO CLOWN 11:30AM DINA CHANGES LCD SIGN JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH

11:45AM TALK TO CLOWN ABOUT AN EARLY EVENING ACTIVITY, THEY SAY TALK TO PASS 12:00pm LINE UP FOR LUNCH

12:05pm "DISCOVER" THAT THE EVENING ACTIVITIES WHITEBOARD HAS TO BE UPDATED (CUT LUNCH LINE)

12:30pm CAMPERS INTERRUPT OUR LUNCH ASKING TO GET INTO THE LOVESHACK FOR PING PONG BALLS 1:00pm BEN

FROM KITCHEN SEES US AND RUNS 1:05pm

WE CATCH BEN AND

TALK TO HIM ABOUT GET-

TING FOOD FOR EVENING ACTIVITY FOR THE 18TH TIME THIS SUMMER

1:10pm THE OTHER EVENING ACTIVITY COUNSELOR ARRIVES... A MONTH LATE... (GUESS THERE'S A TIME DIFFERENCE IN ENGLAND) 1:30pm TALK TO

PASS ABOUT AN EARLY EVENING ACTIVITY, THEY SAY TALK TO SCULPTURE 2:00pm DESPERATELY FIGURE OUT WHAT'S ON FOR THIS EVENING 2:30pm

CALL NIGEL ON HIS CELL PHONE TO PICK UP VIDEO FROM BLOCKBUSTER

5:00pm DINA APPEARS EXCITEDLY WAVING AROUND A POSTER SHE MADE

5:30pm LINE UP FOR DINNER 5:35pm "DISCOVER" THAT THE EVENING

ACTIVITIES WHITEBOARD HAS TO BE UPDATED (CUT DINNER LINE) 6:00pm EVENTUALLY FINISH DINNER AFTER BEING ASKED IF WE CAN HAVE A TRANCE PARTY, A HOUSE PARTY, A TECHNO PARTY, A HIP HOP PARTY AND A RETRO PARTY SOMETIME THIS SUMMER: AND BY THE WAY WHEN'S TALENT NIGHT #2? 7:30pm EARS BLEED FROM RINGING GONG

7:31pm MAKE ANNOUNCEMENT 7:32pm MICKEY TELLS US DIFFERENT INFORMATION FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

7:33pm MAKE ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT 7:35pm TRY AND FIND THE SHOPS FOR BUCK'S ROCK BOWL 8:00pm SHOPS SHOW UP 8:15pm CAN'T FIND ANY APPROPRIATE LEADS FOR TECHNICAL SETUP FOR MOVIE 8:20pm KID-

NAP 2 CITS FROM VIDEO TO HELP 8:25pm ASK 12 YEAR OLD WHAT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN RCA AND 1/4" MALE IS 8:30pm MOVIE IS SCHEDULED TO START 8:45pm CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE SOUND TO WORK 9:00pm

MOVIE STARTS 10:41pm MOVIE ENDS 10:45pm GUIDANCE COUNSELORS COMPLAIN ABOUT THE LATE PUT TO BED 10:50pm VIV BEGS FRIENDS TO HELP CARRY EQUIPMENT BACK TO THE LOVESHACK 11:00pm VIV AND JULES GO

TO SNACK, DINA MAKES THEM GET HER COFFEE 11:05pm GET ASKED WHEN THE TRANCE PARTY, HOUSE PARTY,

TECHNO PARTY, HIP HOP PARTY OR RETRO PARTY IS GOING TO BE 11:10pm EAT CEREAL JUST IN CASE WE MISS

OUT ON BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING 11:20pm COLLAPSE ON PORCH, GET ACCUSED OF HAVING THE EASIEST JOB

AT CAMP 11:30pm DINA COLLAPSES ON BASKETBALL COURT, GETS ACCUSED OF SAYING TO WORK

STAFF

Viv Gibson

Jules Dobson

Dina Rudofsky (CIT)

FENCING

FIELD GUIDE

VENTURE PAST THE SAFETY OF THE MAIN CAMP, PAST THE TENNIS COURTS AND Clown Shop, only to STUMBLE UPON THE TENT AND THE STRANGE GOINGS ON.

AT CERTAIN TIMES, YOU CAN HEAR STRANGE NOISES ISSUING FROM THAT PLACE: clink-clanks, swooshes and terrible yells. YES, IT'S FENCING.

WILD BRANDISHING OF SWORDS IN AN ATTEMPT TO HIT AND NOT BE HIT, INCORPORATING ALL THE SKILL AND MOVES TAUGHT (!) TO EMERGE TRIUMPHANT. MANY A BRAVE CAMPER HAS ENTERED THE TENT, CLUELESS AND INNOCENT, TO EMERGE WILD AND SKILLED IN THE ART OF SWORDSMANSHIP. THIS TROOP OF MUSKETEERS, FOR NOW PROTECTING THE LAND KNOWN AS 'BUCK'S ROCK,' UNTIL NEXT YEAR... THEN WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN?



STAFF

CLAIRE DOWNS

GUIDANCE

FIELD GUIDE



STAFF

GLEN CHRISTIE (BHU)	MICHELLE LEWKOWICZ (GHU)	EVA TEN KATE (CAC)
STEVE NORMINTON (BHU)	NICOLA O'DONNELL (GHU)	HEATHER CAHILL (GC)
JEFF DEC (BHD)	DONNA COOPER (GHD)	LETICIA MACIEL (GC)
MARK FLOYD (BHD)	LEIF POLLOCK (GHD)	CAT THOMPSON (GC)
KEVIN KENNEDY (BA)	MARISSA DOMANSKI (CA1)	RANAE CROXFORD (GT1)
CHRISTOPHER NOBBS (BA)	SARAH EDWARDS (CA1)	CLAIRE DOWNS (GT1)
ANDREW AUSTIN (BC)	MARIA LONERAGAN (CA1)	JANINE VAN
JOSH HUFFAKER (BC)	KELLY BOSMAN (CA2)	DER HORST (GT1)
JOSH WIFFEN (BC)	KAREN DUNCAN (CA2)	CLAIRE JACKSON (GT2)
	CYD GILLIES (CA2)	NADIA SPILIOTACPOULOS
	NEL GOLDFLAM (CAC)	(GT2)
	EMILY MISIALANIE (CAC)	NATASHA VEITCH (GT2)

SHADOWS FLIT ACROSS OUR PATH, AND, IN THE DISTANCE, YOU CAN HEAR THE ECHO OF SMASHING GUITARS. WE CAN ONLY HOPE IT'S NOT MATING SEASON, AS THESE CHILDS OF RON GET ANGRY WHEN MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX ARE DISTURBED. IT WOULD BE ENOUGH TO MAKE STEVE IRWIN SHAKE IN HIS BOOTS...THERE IS A CRUNCH UNDERFOOT AS CRISPS LITTER THE FLOOR AND CHEWING GUM RELUCTANTLY RELEASES MY FOOT. WE MUST BE CLOSE. MAYBE IF WE MAKE A LOUD ENOUGH NOISE THEY WILL RUN AND HIDE?

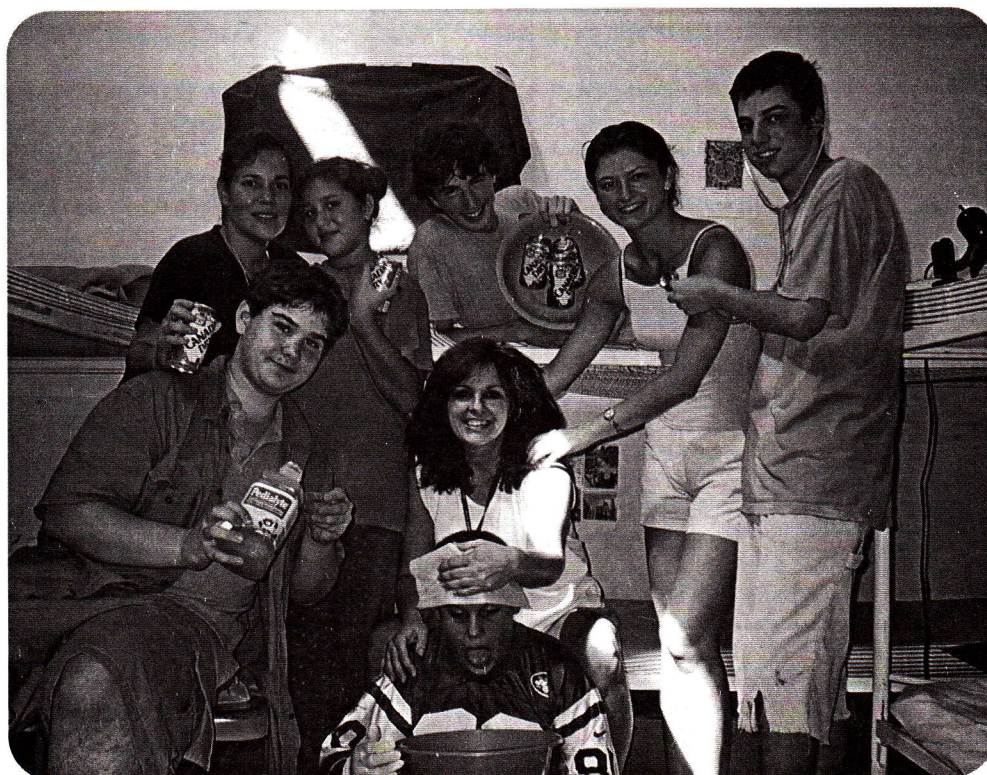
Luckily I HAVE WATER HANDY AND SO, WITH VIGOROUS GESTURES AND ONE VERY WET CHILD, WE MAKE OUR INTENTIONS CLEAR. WITH A FRANTIC RUSTLE OF SHEETS THEY ARE GONE. TREMBLING WITH SORE THROATS AND EXHAUSTION, WE MAKE OUR WAY HOME, BACK TO THE COMFORT OF OUR BEDS AS THE CHUCKLES RECEDE BEHIND US. WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT ONE DAY SOMEONE WILL TAME THESE BEASTS FROM A SAVAGE LAND.

INFIRMARY

FIELD GUIDE

STAFF

ANGIE TAYLOR
TRACY FORMICA
POLLY HOHN
AGNIESZKA
DULEMBA
SCOTT SATKIN
CITs: JEREMY
THOMAS, CORY
ALLEN



Infirmary Health Record Log

Time	Legal Name/Status	Health Problem or Concern	Health Care Provided	Treated By	Notes
3:00 A.M.	Angie Taylor	c/o Breathing Troubles	20 min. breathing treatment sent to N. Field via gray van	JT	Like I care
5:30 A.M.	Tracy Formica	c/o 5 years of N+V, HA, MD, etc...	45 minute massage, hug, and leave all duties to Angie.	AT	TAKE ME with you!!!
8:00 A.M.	Aggy Dulemba	c/o Too Much English	Attempting to teach Cory Polish.	CA	Polish?!?
11:00 A.M.	Scott Satkin	c/o No respect, singed hair, lack of sleep, Q-Tip stuck in nose, etc...	Illegally treats self.	SS	Scott you know you're not allowed to sign the book
3:38 A.M.	Jeremy Thomas "Cory"	c/o Wanting to be a better CIT and help more	Develops and hosts the famous "Pedialyte Game."	TF	Just take out the DAMN garbage!
6:00 P.M.	Cory Allen "Jeremy"	No complaints	Just wanted to be lice checked by Aggy.	W.D.	itchy - scratchy last leavened

JUDO

FIELD GUIDE



8.55 A.M. A SELECT GROUP OF INHABITANTS CROSSES THE HORIZON. A WAVE OF ANXIETY AND APPREHENSION SWEEPS OVER THE INSTRUCTOR WHEN HE SPIES HIS CLASS FOR THE FIRST TIME AS THEY SHAMBLE CLOSER, PUSHING AND SHOVING.

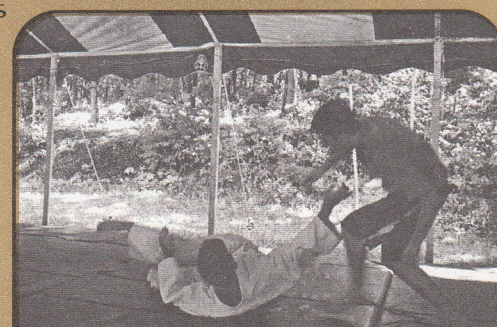
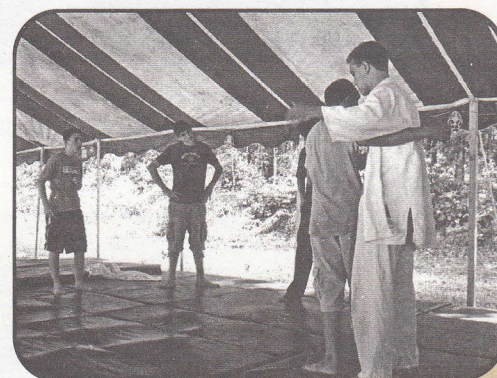
FACES BECOME CLEARER AND WARNINGS ABOUT EMIL "NOW WE CAN KILL" GARNER, MASAKI "DAH HH" OTA, RAFI "KARATE KID" STEVENS, MAX "THE WHINER" DORFMAN AND EMMA "THE CANNIBAL" FRANKEL ARE REMEMBERED.

STAFF

CHRIS NOBBS

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE INSTRUCTOR WONDERS IF ONE MAN TRAINED IN JUDO, THE WAY OF GENTLENESS, IS SUFFICIENT TO TAME THE WILD INHABITANTS. HIS GOAL IS TO HELP IMPART DISCIPLINE, RESPECT, COORDINATION, BALANCE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE. HE DOES THIS BY TEACHING BASIC BLOCKS, THROWS, SELF-DEFENSE AND GRAPPLING TECHNIQUES - INCLUDING THE RARELY TAUGHT AND MUCH VAUNTED "ILLEGAL" TECHNIQUES THREE TIMES A WEEK ON TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY MORNINGS.

THE IRONY OF TRYING TO TAME THE SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF BUCK'S ROCK BY TEACHING THEM VIOLENCE FLITS AMUSINGLY ACROSS THE INSTRUCTOR'S MIND AS HE STANDS TO START THE CLASS. THE ANXIETY LIFTS AS THEY OBEY HIS INSTRUCTIONS AND FOR A MOMENT HE SEES A GLIMMER OF HOPE. THEN THE CLASS LOOKS AT EACH OTHER AND, AS ONE, TURN ON THEIR TEACHER, STARTING TWO HOURS OF MADNESS AND CHAOS.

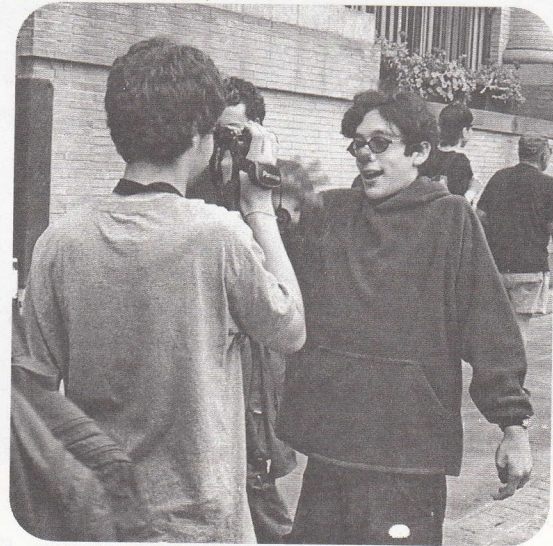


NEW MILFORD EIGHT

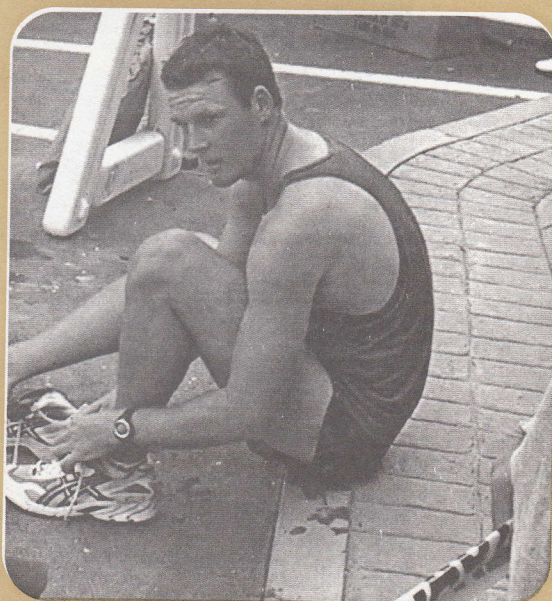
FIELD GUIDE



VIV AND JANE WITH A STRONG
FINISH!



THE CLOWNS PROVIDE ENTERTAIN-
MENT DURING THE RACE.



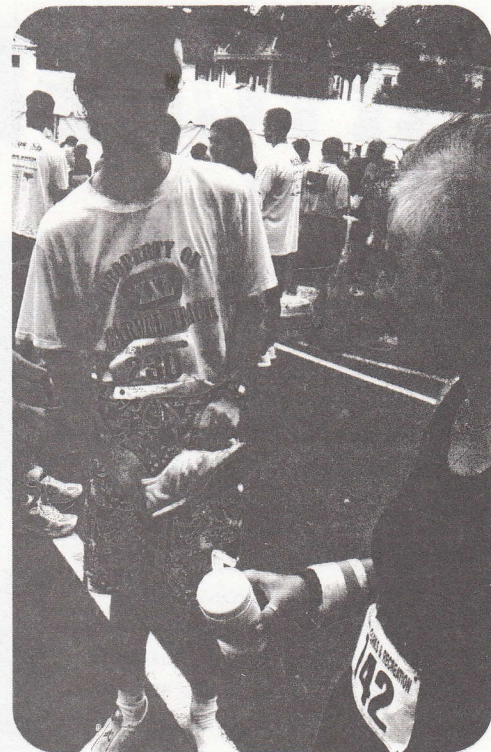
SCOTT REPRESENTS THE AUSSIES.



IDIOT BOX MAKES AN APPEARANCE

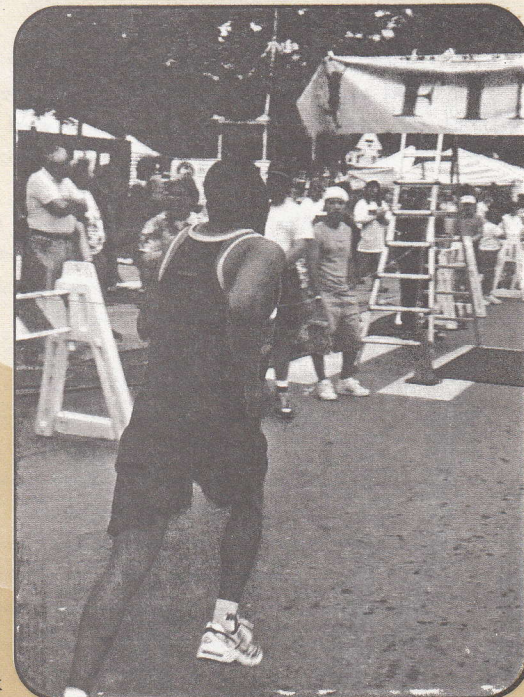


IAN, NIGEL, AND APRIL SHARE A
POST-RACE HANDSHAKE.



CORY WITH HIS
SHOE OFF AFTER THE
RACE.

21. SCOTT Kelly	49:18.7
22. Bob Schandle	49:45.9
137. Cory Allen	1:02:00.2
173. SARAH Edwards	1:05:08.4
182. JOHN Edmond	1:05:34.8
202. NIGEL Hedges	1:07:26.1
269. IAN JACKSON	1:12:53.8
280. KEVIN KENNEDY	1:13:36.0
285. APRIL ACKER	1:14:12.4
322. KELLY BOSMAN	1:19:03.7
347. KAREN DUNCAN	1:24:30.4
364. JULES DOBSON	1:30:03.2
365. ALI LOEWENSTEIN	1:30:08.9
366. LAURIE MARHOEFER	1:30:09.1
375. JANE CARMICHAEL	1:44:02.4
376. VIV GIBSON	1:44:02.4



JOHN AT THE FINISH LINE!

What would a summer at Buck's Rock be like without the New Milford 8? Well, okay, it wouldn't be all that different, but that doesn't mean that it's a tradition we ought to abandon. In fact, for more years than most of us can remember, campers, CITs and staff from Buck's Rock have been leaving camp to run the eight-mile foot race through New Milford.

This year, of course, was no exception: the usual assortment of runners, documenters and performers (including musicians and clowns) were there, as was Bob Schandle, an ex Buck's Rock Sports Counselor, who had always run and had always done fairly well. Indeed, Buck's Rock as a whole did not do too badly. Above is a list of those from Buck's Rock who raced, with their standings:

Of course, the New Milford 8 experience comprises more than just racing. The video crew filmed the various booths handing out gifts to advertise their religion or political affiliation. Quite a few people decided, after the first big feet, that they had been left behind, and were thus free to roam New Milford. Eventually,

KITCHEN

FIELD GUIDE

WORSE, WE ARE PLAGUED BY HEALTH INSPECTORS...

SOMETIMES THE KITCHEN RESEMBLES AN ANTHILL — WE ALL BUSTLE ABOUT (BECAUSE WE ARE AS BUSY AS BEES) AND WE ARE GOVERNED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER, HER HIGHNESS HELENE SCHNEIDER. YOU MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE HER IN HER KINGDOM BECAUSE WE ALL WEAR THE SAME APRONS AND CAPS, BUT YOU CAN HEAR HER FOR SURE: HER VOCAL POSSIBILITIES ARE UNLIMITED. SHE MANAGES TO OVERSHOOT TWO TAPE RECORDERS, FANS AND PEOPLE TALKING TO EACH OTHER.

WE HAVE A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE HOW THE MATRIARCHY — SUCH A FORGIVEN POLITICAL SYSTEM — WORKS.

HELENE IS LIKE A FEMALE DICTATOR AND NOBODY DARES TO OBJECT TO HER ORDERS. TO DO JUSTICE TO HER IT IS NECESSARY TO ADMIT THAT SHE TOLERATES OUR LINGUISTIC MISUNDERSTANDINGS, WHICH ARE UNAVOIDABLE, CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT WE COME FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

ONE SHOULD SEE HELENE'S FACE: IT EXPRESSES ALMOST ALL HUMAN EMOTIONS: FIRST SHE GIVES US AN ORDER IN THE HOPE THAT THIS TIME WE WILL DO EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS US TO DO, THEN, WITH GROWING SURPRISE, SHE ORDERS THAT WE CARRY OUT HER COMMAND CONVERSELY AND FINALLY SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ONE MORE TIME. HER ANGELIC PATIENCE IS REALLY AMAZING AND ADMIRABLE; SHE PROBABLY OWES IT TO HER HUSBAND, DAVID, WHO SUPPORTS HER THROUGH THE TOUGH TIMES.

DAVID REIGNS IN THE KINGDOM OF BAKERY — WHERE PATRIARCHY IS THE PREVAILING POLITICAL SYSTEM; THERE ARE TWO ASSISTANTS IN HIS CAVE — THEY ALSO CAN DO ONLY WHAT THEY ARE TOLD TO DO BY THEIR DIRECTORS. MOREOVER, THEY HAVE TO LISTEN TO SINGING DAVID ALL DAY LONG BECAUSE HE LOVES SINGING. AS THE DICTATORSHIP CANNOT STAND ANY OPPOSITION, THE ASSISTANTS HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LOVE IT TOO!

BETWEEN THESE TWO AFOREMENTIONED REALMS, THERE IS THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF POT WASHERS — THEY WATCH OVER THE CLEANLINESS OF ALL THE DISHES AND UTENSILS. DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE NO SUPERVISION UNDER THEMSELVES, THEY MANAGE TO DIFFERENTIATE THEIR DUTIES FAIRLY SO ONE MAY SAY THAT POT WASHERS ARE LIKE WELL-LUBRICATED MACHINES.

THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE THAT IS INCLUDED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM OF KITCHEN — THE REPUBLIC OF DINING ROOM, WHERE BEN YOMTOV WIELDS AN ABSOLUTE POWER OVER FIVE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WHO ARE LIKE GUARDS AND KEEP WATCH TO SEE IF THERE IS SOMETHING MISSING ON ONE OF THE TABLES. BEN HAS ALSO TAKEN TWO HANDSOME STEWARDS UNDER HIS WINGS.

THERE IS A NON-AGGRESSION PACT BETWEEN ALL OF THE STATES, WHICH MEANS THAT WE RESPECT THE RIGHTS AND RULES AND TRY TO COOPERATE THE BEST WE CAN. THAT'S WHY THE

EVERYTHING STARTED SO INNOCENTLY. THIS YEAR'S KITCHEN STAFF ARRIVED AT BUCK'S ROCK GRADUALLY, BUT ALL BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR STRUCK. WE CAME IN FULL FORCE WITH SUPPLIES FOR LONG, LONG WEEKS OF HARD WORK. WE FULLY UNDERSTOOD THE MEANING OF OUR JOB ONLY WHEN OUR CHIEF CAME, ALONG WITH ALL THE PEOPLE, AND A REAL HELL BEGAN. SINCE THAT TIME WE ALL HAVE TO REPORT IN AT 7AM TO WORK LIKE CRAZY FOR MANY HOURS. WE ARE DRIPPING WITH SWEAT AND TO MAKE MATTERS



STAFF

HELENE SCHNEIDER	AGNIESZKA CINKOWSKA
DAVID SCHNEIDER	KATARZYNA DUBROWNIK
BEN YOMTOV	SERGEY MALEEV
BRENDAN LLOYD	ELENA PRYANTCHIKOVA
ROBERT WYSOCKI	MAXIM VINOGRADOV
AGNIESZKA KONWERSKA	PRZEMYSŁAW CHANAS
BARBORA BLANKOVA	LUKAS KOPEC
EKATERINA KRIKUN	LUKASZ KRALL
KATARZYNA KRZEWSKA	STEFAN MARCINKIEWICZ
ASYA RYAZANTSEVA	RADOSŁAW LIPINSKI
SLAWOMIRA SAWICKA	PIOTR TOMCZYK
TATSIANA CHARAPAN	

A quick glance INTO THE FIRST HOUR OF THE LIFE OF AN OFFICE Lady...

8:30 - HARRIET, ANITA, RITA AND JANINE WALK INTO THE OFFICE; BOTH PHONES ARE RINGING AND SOMEONE IS CALLING FOR THE OFFICE ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE.

8:30 - HEAD OF SHOP IS STANDING IN THE OFFICE TRYING TO GIVE US A LIST OF PEOPLE GOING ON THE TRIP.

8:30 - THEATRE PERSON ENTERS. "MAY I MAKE 200 PHOTOCOPIES OF A 50 PAGE SCRIPT?"

8:30 - BOTH TELEPHONES ARE STILL RINGING.

8:30 - PHONES ARE ANSWERED BUT IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO HEAR SO THE OFFICE LADIES AND JANINE CONSTANTLY REPEAT, "I CAN'T HEAR YOU, SPEAK UP!!!"

8:30 - A BEN AND JERRY'S DELIVERY MAN NEEDS THE CANTEEN TO BE OPENED FOR A DELIVERY.

8:30 - TRACY IS CALLING ON THE INTERCOM FOR A CAMPER TO BE PAGED.

8:31 - NIGEL ENTERS AND HE IS BOMBARDED WITH NUMEROUS DEMANDS FOR TRIPS.

8:32 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "CAN I TAKE SOME MONEY OUT?"

8:33 - AND THE TELEPHONE RINGS. RITA YLLS AT THE TELEPHONE, "WE'VE ALL GONE HOME."

8:34 - COMPUTERS START ACTING STRANGELY. ANITA SAYS TO JUST SHUT DOWN AND LET THEM REST FOR A MINUTE.

8:35 - HARRIET - "IT'S HOT IN HERE." JANINE - "OH YOU MUST BE KIDDING ME" IS WHISPERED FROM THE BACKGROUND.

8:36 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING.

8:36 - LAURA AND MICKEY WALK THROUGH OFFICE AND SAY, "GOOD MORN- ING LADIES AND JANINE."

8:38 - RITA: "JANINE, ARE YOU OKAY?" JANINE: "OH DON'T MIND ME, I'M STILL IN BED."

8:39 - NUMEROUS ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE MADE BY SHOP HEADS, ROB, MICKEY, OFFICE LADIES AND JANINE.

8:40 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "HAS THE SHOPPER LEFT YET?" RITA - "NO, I'M SITTING RIGHT HERE."

8:41 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "CAN I TAKE SOME MONEY OUT?"

8:42 - HEAD OF SHOP RUNS THROUGH OFFICE WITH SECOND LIST OF CHILDREN GOING ON TRIP.

8:43 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "DO YOU HAVE A BUS SCHEDULE INTO NEW YORK?" "CAN SOMEONE DRIVE ME, CAN SOMEONE PICK ME UP, CAN SOMEONE TAKE CARE OF ME?"

8:44 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "IS IT TOO LATE TO MAKE ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT?"

8:45 - AND THE TELEPHONE RINGS!!

8:46 - "DAISY, GO IN THE BACK."

8:47 - CAMPER AT DOOR. "I NEED TO SPEAK TO LAURA IS SHE HERE?"

8:48 - BEN JACKSON (2.5 YEARS OLD) RUNS INTO THE OFFICE, CLAIRE CLOSE BEHIND. BEN: "WHERE'S MUMMY?"

8:49 - A CAMPER AT THE WINDOW: "HAS THE SHOPPER LEFT YET?" AND THE TELEPHONE RINGS!

8:50 - RITA A.K.A. "THE PERSONAL SHOPPER" FINALLY LEAVES.

8:51 - COMPUTERS ARE BACK UP, BUT STILL NOT WORKING PROPERLY.

8:52 - MOTHER CALLS DEMANDING TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER DAUGHTER'S PACKAGE. INSISTS THAT IT WAS DELIVERED AND WE SIGNED FOR IT. OFFICE LADIES AND JANINE GO CRAZY AND BEGIN TO BLAME EACH OTHER.

8:53 - HEAD OF SHOP AT WINDOW: "CAN YOU ANNOUNCE THAT THE TRIP IS GOING TO LEAVE IN 5 MINUTES?"

8:54 - CAMPER AT WINDOW: "CAN I BORROW A PEN?"

8:55 - CAMPER WALKS IN DOOR. "CAN I RING THE GONG?"

8:57 - "HAS THE SHOPPER LEFT YET?"

HARRIET & ANITA - "YES, THE SHOPPER HAS LEFT THE BUILDING."

8:58 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "CAN I BUY A STAMP?"

8:59 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING.

9:00 - SHOP BOOKS FOR WEAVING, SEWING AND ART HAVE TO BE ENTERED INTO THE COMPUTER.

9:01 - STEVE HANDS IN THE CANTEEN BOOKS; EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN CAMP HAS CHARGES TO BE ENTERED FOR THE WEEK.

9:02 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING.

9:03 - A PARENT CALLS WANTING DIRECTIONS TO THE CAMP FAXED HOME.

OFFICE

FIELD GUIDE



9:04 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "DID YOU GET MY PICTURES BACK YET?" (TELEPHONE IS RINGING) HARRIET - "NO, THE SHOPPER JUST LEFT, COME BACK LUNCH TIME!!"

9:05 - TRIP ON THE PORCH PREPARES TO LEAVE.

9:06 - PARENT AT WINDOW SIGNING CHILD OUT.

9:07 - JOANNA, CIT COUNSELOR, WALKS THROUGH OFFICE WITH A VERY TIRED LOOK ON HER FACE.

9:08 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING!!!!

9:09 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "CAN I BORROW A PEN?"

9:10 - IN THE NEXT 3 MINUTES 5 CAMPERS COME TO THE WINDOW ASKING

FOR NEW NAME TAGS, ALL WHILE THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING!

9:13 - CAMPER AT WINDOW - "DO YOU HAVE A STAPLE GUN?"

9:14 - TANYA STILL HASN'T ARRIVED WITH THE BUS FOR THE TRIP, CAMPERS ON THE PORCH ARE GETTING ROWDY AND IT'S HARD TO HEAR THE NUMEROUS PARENTS ON THE TELEPHONE!!!

9:15 - COUNSELOR STANDING IN BACKGROUND LOOKING HELPLESS.

9:16 - CAROLYN ENTERS WITH COFFEE AND A BAGEL AND OFFERS EVERYONE SOME OF HER BAGEL.

9:17 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING!!!!

9:17 - UNTIL 9:20 BRIEF SILENCE IN THE OFFICE.

9:20 - UPS DELIVERY PERSON ARRIVES. THE PACKAGE THAT THE OFFICE LADIES AND JANINE ARE STILL

BLAMING EACH OTHER ABOUT WAS NEVER DELIVERED. SHE DELIVERS IT AND WE CALL THE MOTHER TO LET HER KNOW.

9:21 - CAMPER AT WINDOW: "CAN I GET A PHONE CARD?"

9:22 - PARENT AT WINDOW, "I WANT TO SIGN MY SON AND 8 OF HIS FRIENDS OUT," AND THE TELEPHONES RING!!!!!!

9:23 - "DAISY, GO IN THE BACK"

9:24 - COUNSELOR AT WINDOW: "CAN I HAVE A CAMP CAR?"

9:25 - HEAD OF RANDOM SHOP BRINGS IN SHOP CHARGE BOOK (TWO DAYS LATE).

9:26 - CAROLYN "OH GOOD A BOOK TO ENTER, I'LL DO IT, I DON'T WANT TO ANSWER PHONES."

9:26 - AND THE TELEPHONES RING!!!!!!

9:27 - TANYA ARRIVES WITH THE BUS AND THE TRIP FINALLY LEAVES.

9:28 - CAMPER AT WINDOW: "CAN I BUY A PHONE CARD?"

9:29 - FEDEX DELIVERY ARRIVES, AND THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND AGAIN IT IS A MOTHER ABOUT A PACKAGE HER CHILD DIDN'T RECEIVE. THE PACKAGE WAS COOKIES. HER CHILD HAS LEFT CAMP AND THE MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW WHO ATE THE COOKIES. THE OFFICE LADIES AND JANINE CRACK UP AND LAUGH ALL MORNING.

9:29 - HELENE, THE CHEF, WALKS IN AND ASKS "WHAT'S DOIN?"

9:30 - COMPUTERS ARE FINALLY BACK UP AND WORKING.

STAFF

CAROLYN ABRAMS-DYER

ANITA BROOK-DUPREE

JANINE DUPREE

RITA PUDELL

HARRIET YOMTOV

ROB KUROPATWA

PIONEERING

FIELD GUIDE

OUR CAMPING TRIP WITH JASON

Today, AFTER MANY ANNOYING delays, we finally LEFT BUCK'S ROCK TO GO ON OUR FIRST OVERNIGHT CAMPING TRIP.

WE ARRIVED AT OUR DESTINATION AND THOUGHT THE RIDE WAS OVER. THAT WAS UNTIL JASON DROVE OVER A COUPLE OF BOULDERS AND THEN BACKED UP INTO A RIVER, SOAKING ALL THE CAMPERS AND LOSING ONE. SHAME- SHE HAD SUCH NICE EYES. SHE SAT NEXT TO ME BUT I FORGOT HER NAME.



NEXT WE WERE SHOWN THE TOILET. AS A JOKE, WE LOCKED A GIRL INSIDE. WHEN WE REMEMBERED HER, IT WAS TOO LATE, FOR HER TIME HAD PASSED AND SHE HAD QUITE CLEARLY DIED OF SUFFOCATION. THOSE TOILETS, MY MY. THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A FLUSHER. AFTER WE BURIED HER WE WERE FORCED BY JASON TO PUT UP SOME TENTS, INCLUDING HIS OWN. THE PLACE WAS DIRTY AND FULL OF BUGS. JASON THEN TOLD US THAT THE KITCHEN HAD NOT PACKED FOOD AND THAT ALL WE HAD TO EAT WAS CEREAL. THIS ONE GIRL WAS ALLERGIC TO CEREAL SO SHE STARVED TO DEATH. AFTER WE HAD BURIED HER, JASON HID AWAY, AS A GAME - OR SO HE SAID. THE OLDER GIRLS SOON FOUND HIM AND WERE REWARDED WITH FOOD AND EVEN GOT A RIDE HOME. THE REST ARE STILL LOOKING. UPON ARRIVAL BACK AT CAMP WE WERE GIVEN T-SHIRTS THAT SAID, "I SURVIVED OVERNIGHT CAMPING WITH JASON." Wow, did I EVER DESERVE THAT.

STAFF

JASON FARRELL:
HEAD OF PIONEERING
CATHERINE NOBLE:
Spelunking

POOL

FIELD GUIDE



PEACEFULLY, TWO OF THE THREE BRAVE GUARDIANS OF THE Mystic Pool slumber IN THE SULTRY HEAT OF THE OUTER DEPTHS OF THE HILTON. WHERE THEIR DREAMS HAVE TRANSPORTED THEM TO, ONE CAN ONLY GUESS. BUT JUST AS A SLITHER OF A SMILE CREEPS ITS WAY ACROSS SCOTT KELLY'S FACE, JUST AS JOHN EDMOND IS FINALLY FINDING THAT ELUSIVE COMFORTABLE

position IN HIS OWN PRIMITIVE DIG, WHICH HAS SOMEHOW PASSED FOR A BED, THE TWO ARE SUDDENLY AWOKEN. THRUST INTO REALITY, THE PAIR TAKE BUT A MOMENT TO ORIENTATE THEMSELVES TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

THEY LISTEN. DAYS OF INTENSIVE LIFEGUARD TRAINING COUPLED WITH FOUR WEEKS 'IN THE FIELD' EXPERIENCE HAVE PREPARED THEM FOR THIS MOMENT. THE SOUND AGAIN. A RATTLING OF CHAINS. SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GAIN UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS TO THE Mystic Pool. THEY ARE ALERTED IMMEDIATELY TO THE POSSIBLE DANGER. THE NOISE AND COMMOTION CAUSES A STIR IN THE INNER DEPTHS OF THE HILTON.

QUICKER THAN ONE CAN WHINGE A DRAWN OUT 'I CANN'T', THE THIRD BRAVE GUARDIAN OF THE Mystic Pool, SAM STIBORSKI, ARRIVES TO PROVIDE backup. THE OTHERS ARE ARMED WITH KEYS, FIRST aid box, WHISTLE AND OTHER NECESSARY ACCOUTREMENTS TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. SAM (BOOKA), HOWEVER, IS DRESSED IN HER SKIMPY bikini AND CARRYING JUST HER BOTTLE OF FACTOR 8 SUNTAN CREAM, IN ORDER TO MAXIMIZE HER TAN AND PACIFY THE AUSSIE WARNINGS OF GETTING SKIN CANCER.

THE Mystic Pool SHINES LIKE A SHIMMERING JEWEL. LIKE AN AUSSIE TO A BEER, AN AMERICAN TO A HOTDOG OR A POM TO A COMPLAINTS COUNTER, ALL ARE LURED TO THE Mystic Pool LIKE A LOVER'S SWEET CARESS. ALWAYS WANTING ONE LAST TOUCH.

THE day CONTINUES WITH VARIOUS CALLS FROM THE FEARLESS THREE FOR 'NO DIVING', 'NO RUNNING' AND 'NO SWEARING', OR CURSING, AS THE NATIVES OF THIS SAVAGE LAND SAY. THOSE WHO IGNORE THESE CALLS ARE PRIVILEGED ENOUGH TO SPEND FIVE MINUTES ON THE side OF THE Mystic Pool, IN THE SIN BIN, SUPERVISED BY 'SKELLS' AND ROO (THE INFLATABLE KANGAROO.) NEVER TO SIN AGAIN.

AFTER A LONG day OF PROTECTING THE MASSES, TEACHING THEM TO SWIM, GAMES OF MARCO POLO AND VOLLEYBALL, THE pool CLOSES AS THE SUN GOES DOWN. THE THREE HEAD BACK TO THE HILTON TO RECOVER AND RECUPERATE, READY TO DEFEND AND PROTECT FOR ANOTHER day.

STAFF

JOHN Edmond

SCOTT Kelly

SAM Stiborski

TENNIS

FIELD GUIDE



STAFF

Emily Mishalanie-
"Shop Counselor"

DURING THIS PAST SEASON AT Buck's Rock, MANY OF THE CAMPERS BRAVED THE TREACHEROUS TERRAIN IN HOPES OF ENJOYING A BIT OF TENNIS. LITTLE did they know THAT THE COURTS WERE GUARDED BY A TENNIS BEAST. THE CAMPERS AND THE BEAST DECIDED TO COMPROMISE AND, IN THE END, GREAT FUN WAS HAD. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BEAST LIKED THE CAMPERS SO MUCH THAT SHE DECIDED TO KEEP A COUPLE FOR HERSELF...

WATERMELON LEAGUE/SOCCER

FIELD GUIDE

SOCCER

World Cup year over in Japan and Korea inspires the soccer devotees out onto the field to do battle on Sunday evenings. The teams consist of campers and staff, reflecting the international nature of Buck's Rock.

Whilst in Japan Brazil regains the famous gold trophy, here in Connecticut players representing Australia, South Africa, Ghana, England, Russia, the mighty Polska and, of course, the United States, come together for soccer sweat on warm summer eves.

Unplanned time-outs occur as the players hunt for the lost ball kicked deep into the surrounding trees. The light begins to fade but the love of "The Beautiful Game" endures until the final whistle.

The players exit the grassy stage amidst handshakes and smiles with requests for and promises of rematches.

"When do we play again?"



Softball

Much like last year, and as far as I know, a few years before that, MYQ came up with what at first glance (and for some, second, third, and so on) appeared to be incredibly strange names for the softball teams.

First session, the names were Id Quandry, Ice Jam True Lies, Bovine Knac, Porche Cutter Hiss, and Fish Clone Job. These names all have two things in common. First off, each name is an anagram.

Secondly, all of the names are in relation to each other. I had to figure out first, what the theme was, and then what each anagram was when unscrambled. However, I will let you off easily. The theme was celebrities whose children have attended or currently attend Buck's Rock. Test your scrambling skills!

Second session, of course, followed in suit. Each name was an anagram. The names were: Knee Lab Dial, Tin Market Actors, IRS Ices Majors, and Fear Vanilla Zen Kegger Think Nerf. Once again, I had to figure out the theme and unscramble each, and I will, once again let you off easily. The theme is campers that took a break and later returned as counselors at Buck's Rock. *A helpful hint, the last team name includes a few middle names.

STAFF

STEVE DICKE

TOBIAS WASSER

MATT MCGORRY

In addition to odd names, the 2002 Watermelon season has been full of oddities. For instance, Tobias and Alex, yes Tobias and Alex, not Steve, won the championship first session. A second oddity was the homerun surge from the CITs. This added energy may have been driven by the homerun race which was won by Nick Panken (Theatre CIT) with four. As of yet, the

60TH REUNION

REUNION OF THE SAVAGE LAND

By TOM HOUSEMAN

ON July 20, 2002, ALUMNI FLOCKED TO THE SAVAGE LAND FOR THE 60TH REUNION OF Buck's Rock.

Old and young RETURNED TO THE PLACE IN WHICH THEY HAD SPENT THEIR CHILDHOOD SUMMERS. Adults WHO REMEMBERED Buck's Rock FROM THE 50s AND 60s, A TIME WHEN THERE WAS A SCIENCE lab BUT NO Studio 59, CAME BACK TO RETURN TO THEIR MEMORIES.

All OVER CAMP, EVENTS WERE HELD TO SIGNIFY THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS day. Old yearbooks, newspa-

PERS, AND LITERARY MAGAZINES WERE pulled OUT FROM UNDERNEATH Pub TO REMIND ALUMNI OF THE SUMMERS THEY SPENT HERE. Signs WERE put up ON THE LAWN, grouped by decade so old CAMPERS could FIND OTHERS OF THEIR year. AN ALUMNI SOFTBALL game WAS held ON THE SOFTBALL field, possibly TO REMIND US OF THE AMAZING Buck's Rock sports programs OF THE past? THE new clowns combined with old

clowns TO put ON A HILARIOUS improvisation show. A GIGANTIC GUITAR SNACK WAS held ON THE LAWN, IN WHICH A COMBINATION OF old AND new songs WERE played. CAMPERS

AND COUNSELORS OF THE past RETURNED TO VISIT SHOPS THEY OFTEN SPENT TIME IN OR WORKED AT, AND SPENT TIME TALKING TO CAMPERS WHO NOW FREQUENT



THOSE SHOPS.

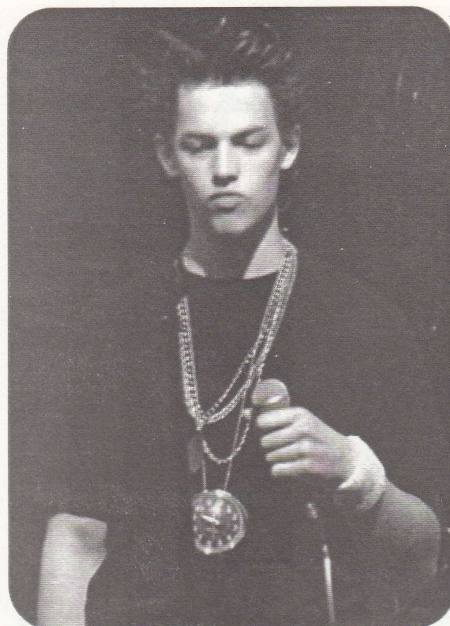
THE SHINING MOMENT OF THE day WAS THE PRESENTATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL 60TH REUNION MURAL, CONSTRUCTED BY CURRENT Buck's Rock CAMPERS, CITs, AND STAFF MEMBERS. THIS MURAL COMBINED A PAINTING OF ERNST, THE CREATOR OF THE PHENOMENON THAT IS Buck's Rock, AND HIS WIFE, Ilse, WITH PAINTINGS THAT ADMIRABLY REPRESENT WHAT Buck's Rock MEANS TO ALL OF US THAT HAVE COME IN CONTACT WITH IT IN THESE PAST 60 years.

AFTER A day FILLED WITH FUN ACTIVITIES AND MEMORIES, THE ALUMNI LEFT THE SAVAGE LAND OF Buck's Rock, LEAVING EVERYBODY THINKING ABOUT THE WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE THEY HAD JUST PARTAKEN IN. EVERYONE ENJOYED THE ACTION-PACKED 60TH REUNION,

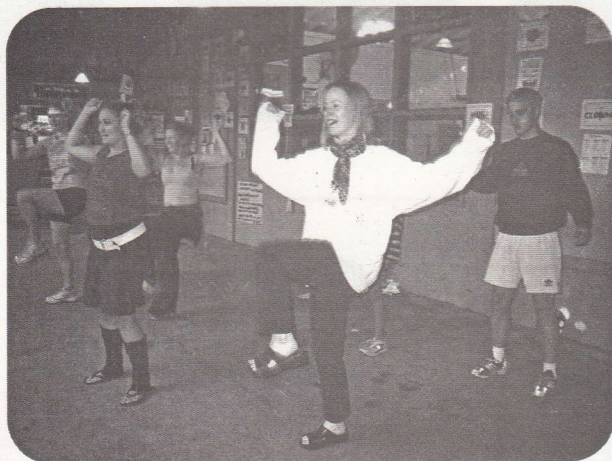
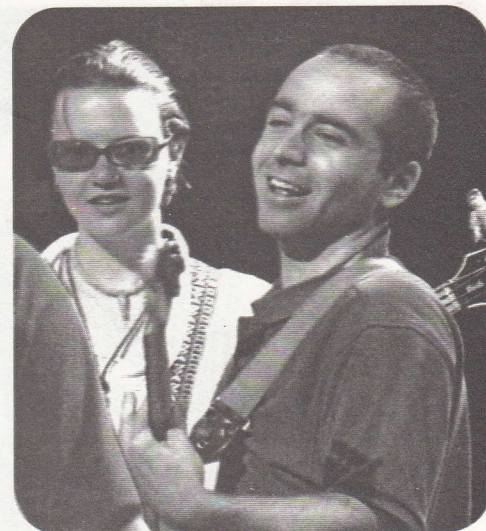




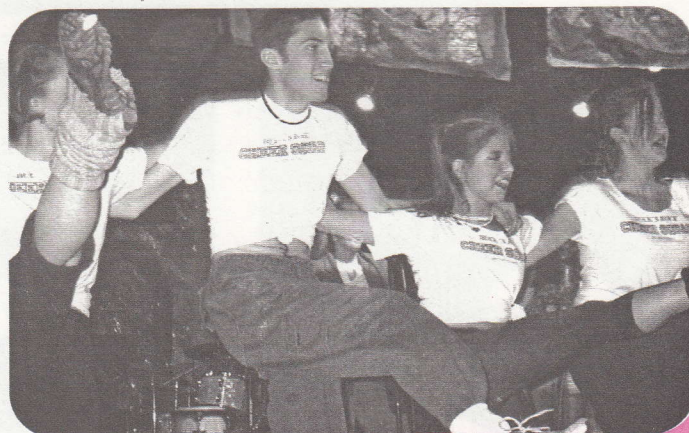
Gabby Lang
and Gabe Kishnevski in
"Rapper's Delight!"



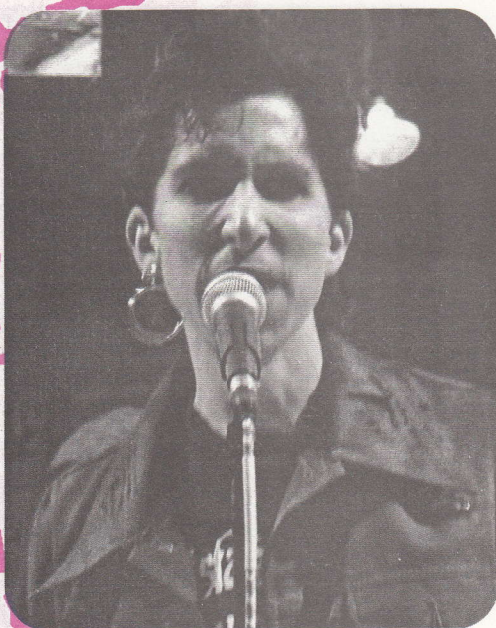
Ivan and Adrienne
as part of the
Rotating House Band!



Evening Activities leads a workout to
Jane Fonda on the porch!



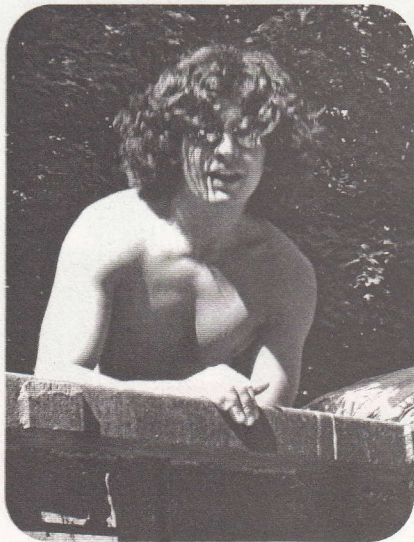
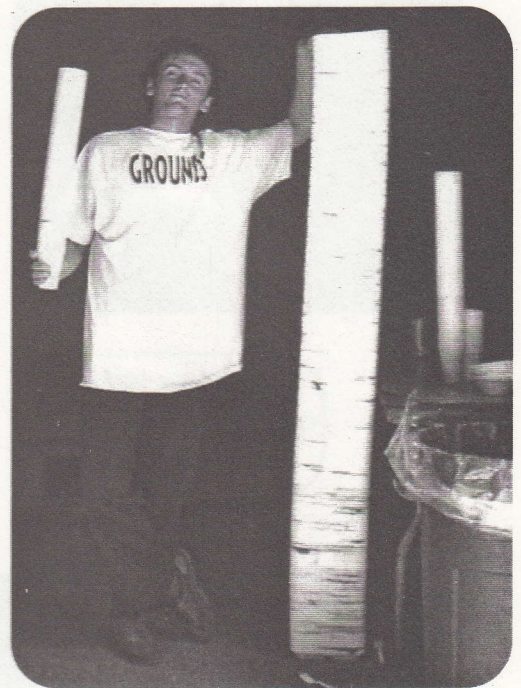
Sonya, Ben, Arielle, and Annie as the
BUCK'S ROCK CHEER SQUAD
in "Mickey"!



**80s
NIGHT!**



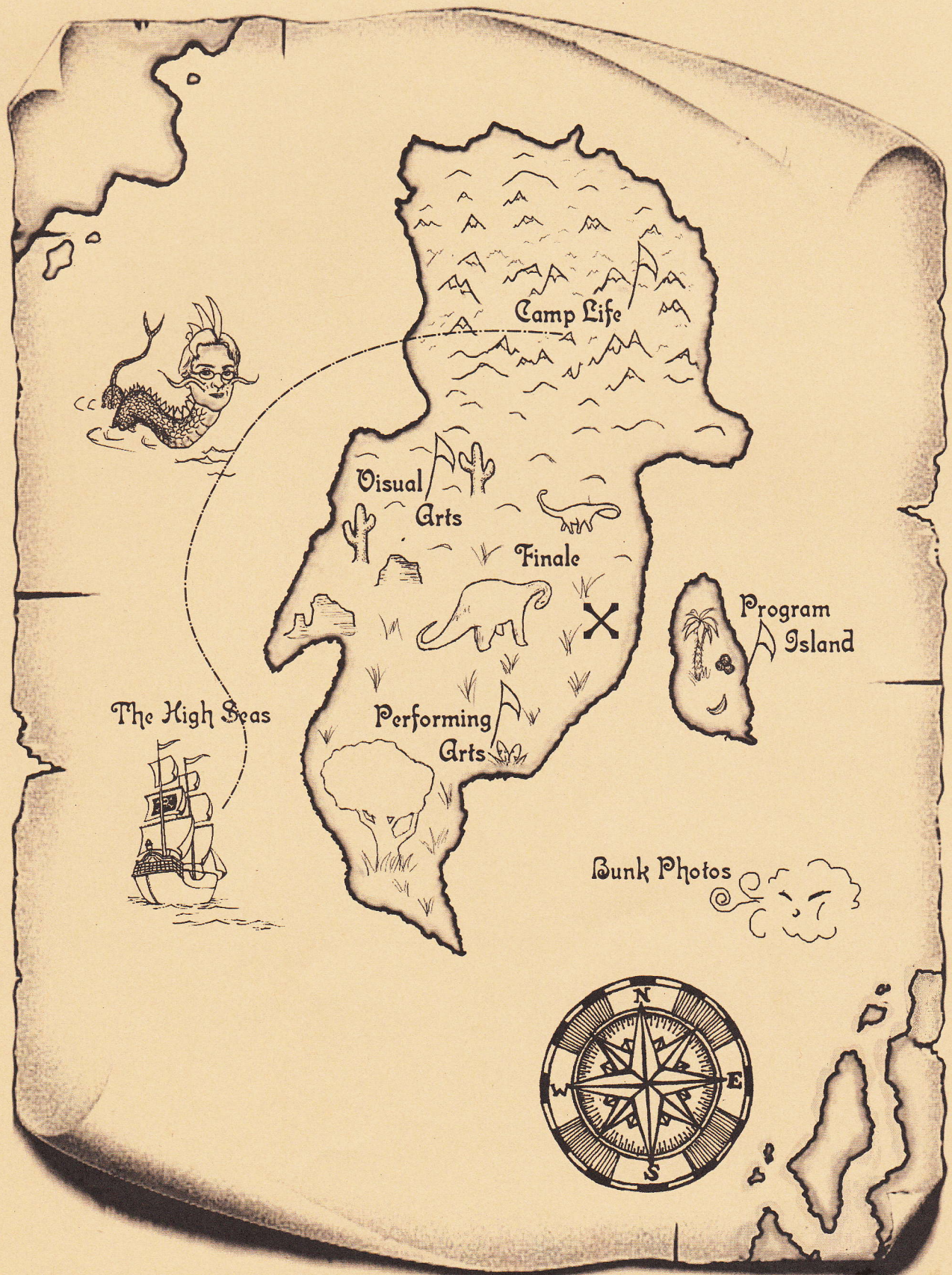
MAINTENANCE



POLISH DAY



The High Seas





Jon's Friends

By Jill Marcellus

A new non-profit organization has arisen from the depths of the Pub Garden to help those campers feeling the pangs of loneliness. Jon's Friends, the name of this benevolent program, allows the more solitary camper a chance at a summer or even a life-long companion. Much like the Animal Farm, campers are able to adopt a friend and enhance their summer experience. However, the difference between the two is acute – in the Animal Farm, one adopts an animal friend, while Jon's Friends allows you to adopt a solid rock companion.

One can custom make their friends, providing an outlet for creativity as well as a new acquaintance – keeping in the spirit of Buck's Rock. The process of making the stony friends is an important facet of Jon's Friends, much more important than the product, in keeping with the philosophy of the camp. The only necessary equipment is a Sharpie marker and a rock from the Pub Garden. Simply draw a face and voila – there's your new friend. There are still several ready-made friends too, just waiting for you in the Pub Garden.

The primitive beginning was in 1997 with Pub counselor Mike Miranda and a few friendly-faced rocks, which he stashed away in a box. Then, in a later year, another Pub counselor, Jon Leigh, discovered the box and decided to revive the tradition. Soon Jon had made several new friends for himself and spread them all throughout the Pub Garden. Emma Kirwan, a writing counselor, says, "It's a terribly sad thing that Jon had to resort to rocks for friends, but it's good to know that at Buck's Rock you can always find friends somewhere." In fact, the rest of the lonely staff ended up joining in until a smiling face could always be seen from amongst the ranks of rocks.

Now, this amazing solution for loneliness is not only available to friendless Pub staff, but to friendless campers as well. The only problem with this wonderful program, however, is the tendency for old friends to disappear. Sarah Butler, a Pub CIT, recounts her devastation when her friends all disappeared by rolling away down the sloping hill of Pub Shop to the Art Shop. "I made a whole bunch of them, and there was one that I really liked and she was my favorite and now she's gone. They all are... I need to make a new friend now." Some friends also disappear over the winter or simply fade away. However, this is being worked on and for the moment the good of this organization outweighs the bad.

Overall, most campers who have participated in this program are satisfied. For instance, camper Laura Xixi discusses her new friends: "My new friends are great companions! I see them every day and have the added bonus of not having to get them up in the morning. I was going to ask my mom to bring up my stuffed monkey, but then I realized that Jon's Friends are so much better because they can't be hurt." So, the next time that you're all by yourself, just head on over to the Pub Garden and make friends with the rocks.

Mikirea, The Lost Heart, Chapter 1

By Liza Singer

Upon a high cliff a slim 13-year-old girl sat. Her legs dangled off the edge of the cliff. She had deep black hair and short bangs. Swirls of blue and green spun softly in her eyes. She had silky pale skin. She was wearing a forest green t-shirt with a minty green fringe and a small pair of beige shorts. There was a fierce wind blowing from the north. The sky was covered with dark gray clouds. She flung her head up and looked at the sky with wondering eyes. She got up and jumped down from the cliff.

She flipped through the air and landed on the ground. She bruised her knee and clutched her teeth. She got up and started to run like a cheetah until she reached a small cave. She climbed inside and sat down. She knew she shouldn't have jumped, but it would take too long to run back to, well, her home. She had lived in the caves for as long as she could remember.

She lived alone in the woods, near a small town. She never went there except one day every year. There was an elderly woman who lived in the town that would give her new clothing and blankets and other useful items. The woman would do this for her because the girl at age five had saved her from a pack of wolves and helped her to get home. Afterwards the girl took care of the woman until she was fully recovered. When the woman found out that the girl was an orphan, she offered to adopt her, but the girl simply shook her head and returned to the hidden cave that no one knew about except herself.

The girl slowly closed her eyes and tried to fall asleep. A black lanky creature walked near her from the shadows of the cave and lay down next to her. It had red and orange lines lost in the black of its skin. It had piercing eyes that would make anyone shiver. It seemed to be an unusual dragon.

"Gianoy, her leg is hurt!" Another dragon whispered from the front of the cave. It was a light pink with delicate eyes. It had a human-like body that wore a crystal cape and gown. It knelt down, and put one of its back spikes into the girl's knee. The dragon melted away from the girl and the knee was healed.

"Foolish Luleao. Mikirea should survive on her own!" The dark black dragon named Gianoy growled quietly at the other dragon. Mikirea is what all the magical beings called the girl, but she didn't know. It means "warrior of purity".

"Gianoy, tonight she must be well for tomorrow she will suffer more pain." The pink dragon, Luleao, answered and then flew away.

"Insolent fool!" Gianoy cried after Luleao. He turned his head straight up. He opened his mouth and blew softly into the sky. The sky turned pitch black. Then Gianoy slowly faded into the darkness.

The girl woke up and yawned. She looked around at the beautiful sky. She looked at her knee.

"Huh? What happen? My knee's better. My bruises never healed so fast!" She got another pair of clothing out and changed into it. She picked up her other outfit and dashed to the lake. Mikirea started to wash her clothing. She put the clothing to hang on a branch of a tree. Mikirea took some water cupped in her hands. She brought it up to her face, but before she splashed it onto her face, a voice came from behind her.

"Child, come with me." It was a musical voice full of nature's relaxing sounds, but any voice would've scared Mikirea. She was not used to hearing voices. She slowly turned around and stood up.

"Mikirea, you must trust me. Do not be afraid dear child." The voice chimed deeply.

"What or who is this Mikirea?" the child said gently, trying to hide her fear and curiosity.

"Your name is Mikirea and always will be, you must take this name into meaning, for the time is near. Don't

around. Mikirea saw a purple dragon, with flower petals as spikes. It wore a cloak made of the most beautiful leaves in the world. It had a tail with a small flower at the end of it. Mikirea stared at the dragon. She wasn't afraid of it, but she cautiously followed the dragon. She never saw or heard about a dragon before. She didn't know what to think of it. The dragon led her to a waterfall.

The dragon called out, "Kiamiy!" into the long river. A cerulean blue dragon's head popped out of the glistening river. The dragon blew into the air and a wave arose from the water. There was a child figure with long ears that took form out of the river water. It was wearing a blue shirt and puffy, turquoise shorts. It had glowing blue eyes and a blue crystal on its forehead.

"I am elf lord of the water. There are four of us. You are the chosen warrior. Only you can complete the task at hand, Mikirea. For the stars, moons and sun of the worlds, speak the truth. You are the only hope for us," the elf said with a mystical voice. She then turned to the cerulean dragon.



Photo by Dani Mohrer

bleak light shining from behind her as she started to fall beneath the depths of water.

Sunaymai entered the same ocean, yet she was not prepared for this. She was startled at the young lifeless girl slowly falling to the bottom of the depths. She flicked her hands at the sight of Mikirea. The elflord stared at the pale-faced girl. A bubble formed around Mikirea. Sunaymai guided the bubble with her hand as

"Kiamiy, my guardian, please show this girl in." Kiamiy was the name of the cerulean dragon. Then Kiamiy blew at the waterfall. The water drained and there appeared a blue portal behind it.

"Go now. The town awaits." Kiamiy said in a rhythmical voice to Mikirea. Mikirea shakily entered the portal.

"Sunaymai, go with her. I am feared in the town. I must stay," the purple dragon named Poeru said to the Water Elf lord.

"Okay, Poeru. Take care of all the wilderness that remains." Sunaymai eyes glinted as she purred her final words before entering the portal.

Mikirea ended up in an ocean. The water was cool and harsh to her bare skin, unlike the warm feeling she got from swimming the lake she had always known and loved. She could not tell if day or night was arising, she could only tell that her dearest sun and moon were not close to this ocean. She choked on the water spiraling around her. Her head felt dizzy. She tried to swim to a surface, yet there was none. She closed her eyes and rubbed them. They were stinging fiercely. She felt her feet become numb and cold in the dark waters below her. She could feel color slowly fading from her face. She saw a

Soon she reached a house made out of pearls and sapphires. The door opened automatically. She directed the bubble into the house, and then she followed it in. The door then flung shut. The first room was filled with mermaids bustling about. They wore deep blue cloaks and their skin was a shimmering silver. Their ears were slightly pointed at the ends. They had bright red eyes that made you feel as though they could see right through your heart. Each one's hair was different. Their fins were scaly silver like the rest of their bodies. The mermen looked similar, except they didn't wear blue cloaks, but black ones. They all peered at the bubble trying to bid for it. The elflord frantically stopped in front of the bubble and scolded the merpeople.

"Friends of the water. This is not a trinket from the land above. She is a human! She has come to save all worlds beneath the truth as well as her own. Yet, she does not know that. During her time training here, you will all treat her with respect and take patience with her own rules. For you will soon be rewarded greatly from her in the near future. Take no notice of her now, for she has to first adapt to our life under sea." Her voice echoed through the hall. All of the creatures stayed still. Then, the doors swung open. There was a tall merman with a gold cloak, on his shoulders. He wore a crown filled with jewels. A gold mermaid with a silver cloak swam in frantically from behind the tall merman.

"Sunaymai, you forgot that I have forbidden you to bring outside creatures from the land into my kingdom!" the merman growled.

Sunaymai turned to where he was floating stiffly. "You forget, King Maphaotes. You are not the one in charge of this realm," she smirked. "You should not judge my choice. She is our only hope." King Maphaotes lips pursed and his eyes grew fierce. The gold mermaid's eyes were full of fear; she swam over to King Maphaotes. Her name was Maiden Michelle, princess of Minsidor, Land of the 26th element.

She pleaded, "Dearest father. She is the same as I am to you. I am a maiden and so is she. She is just from a different land. Please father! I beg you have mercy on the child of the land." He grew less tense and mumbled to himself as he entered the once again bustling crowd with Michelle following behind him.

Mikirea woke up in a small room filled with jars with ancient markings on them. She saw tiny fish swimming around her. She reached out and tried to touch one of the jars, but the slick bubble stopped her hand. She sighed with relief that she hadn't died in the water.

Sunaymai, furious, entered the room. "What an incompetent merman!" she growled angrily. She put her hands through the bubble and put a small pearl necklace around Mikirea.

"Here Mikirea," her voice softened, "if you truly have the gift, um... you'll have to find out what that 'gift' is... well anyway you should be able to breathe underwater." Sunaymai took her hands out of the bubble and she flicked her hand. The bubble popped and Mikirea swam around in the water excitedly, looking around the room. Sunaymai smiled and warned,

"Get some sleep. You will have elemental lessons tomorrow morning and Aneo doesn't like late students."

TO BE CONTINUED...

If you want to read the rest of the story go to fanfiction.net, go to search and look



Self Portrait by Julia Wiener

HEY; WANNA KNOW THE WORST
 PART ABOUT CAMP, WHEN YOU REALLY
 WANNA: gotta smoke but EVERYONE
 IS THERE... OR when you can smell it
 it but NOT find it!! SOXS: so
 The Rail is a qustabe... awesome.



Luke Geller

ELINS awesome. ☺ (shut) OWRH!
 GLASS FISHY = PAIN ☺ 80000
 (I'm gonna go now ...

Keep being Dane → I'm gonna miss
 you!
 LAUREN@NETWE-
 LCH.COM

~Run

Jungle Summer

by Rebbekah Vegaromero

The city is a jungle
A swollen, bloody,
Gritty, dusty,
Greedy, dirty,
Beautifully ugly,
Living, breathing,
Trying, feeling
Jungle.

The heat lies close
Thick fumes hug
The vengeful pavement,
Like the careworn quilt
Brought to Liberty
From the Old Country
By a wrinkled grandmother.

Glittering trees,
Newly old
Thick, skinny, stout, tall
Chrome, steel, and
Gleaming dirt glass
Trees reach out,
Grasping rasping begging
For the omnipresent
Ever-elusive, swollen
Swiftly sluggish smog.

The music swirls,
Dancing, twirling, pounding drums
Silenced laughter
Shouted tears
Blaring glaring traffic
Honking, cursing, smoking,
Singing drinks in expensive cars
Roar down the highway.

The underground streets
Are a parallel city
Of train tracks,
Holding the stench of a lazy population.
Urine, oil, candy wrappers,
Rat poison, sweat, and dirt
Mix with Jasmine, Lily, Wild Rose incense
And rich from foreign foods
From the street fair above.
The parallel city is
A silken potpourri bag
Tossed into the sewer,
A vain attempt to stave off emotion.

The city is a jungle,
Living, breathing
Trying, feeling.
Its inhabitants are
Dirty, rowdy,
Crying, laughing,
Holding the jungle together
Tearing it apart.

by Nina Boutsikaris

When Lane props herself up on her elbow, she can see a large puddle below her window, a puddle from the rainstorm last night. It is still and empty. There are no ripples or disturbances in it. She lays her head down on the pillow again and pulls slightly on a strand of hair, separating it from the others and blowing it across her face. The air is much warmer than she thought, and this eases some sort of anxiety in her body. Her jaw clenches and unclenches. She looks again and there is now a paper napkin floating in the puddle, soaked and brown.

She knows in the back of her mind that tomorrow she will be fired, if not today. They might call her any



moment asking about her absence for the past two weeks and they were sorry but she would have to take leave for a while without pay. Not that what she is being paid for is worth it at all. Nothing really seems worth it right now. She sits for hours, chewing ice, listening to it crack under her teeth as she half reads sections of Oscar Wilde's plays. The sections she knows.

I am also disgusted by the sound of my own voice. And I'd rather starve than ask to have food passed to me. She draws pictures of desert islands with palm trees in gray colored pencil. Yesterday, she pretended she was in France. She found some cheese and crackers and sat in her towel-lined bathtub listening to Bach Lullabies. The phone rang twice yesterday morning. Maybe they have already fired her.

I practice the best way to accept it. In French perhaps? Je reve... Some people say love knows no age. I feel my thoughts eating me. I don't even know how to say some things anymore, like "train ride"...or "raincoat." I need beautiful extremities.

She is unbraiding her hair now, in front of the mirror. She remembers a song she heard once in a nightclub. The saxophone part is in her head and humming softly she turns on the shower.

It seems like all I ever do is shower. It takes up time.

You can't hear a clock tick when you are under gushing water.

When I say "love," what you process in your head, is your experiences, or theories...it can't be exactly what I'm thinking. It's so funny how we try to communicate concepts. Yet, could communicating be people making the concept mutual? That's something we need I suppose. I wonder if the colors we see are different too.

Lane is aware of a severe change. She's been watching it creep over her, slowly at first, but it's become the heart of all other matters and as she towel dries her hair, she wonders when he will need her again.

Chapter 1

She twirled on her heel.

Not drunk.

Not yet.

Where was her shoe?

Look at them dancing.

Two boys brushing hips beneath the flashing lights. Arms swaying. One bore a lion's high, defined cheekbones and the deep set eyes of a barn owl. The other was much shorter. His eyes were closed and he looked the part of a practicing prophet.

If she had had a camera she would have captured the neon and leather and the way everything was gleaming with phosphoric light.

The men radiated light washed gray-blue.

The women glowed with various shades of amber-brown. The color of beer or the sunset if there wasn't too much smog.

The camera would beat against her side as she danced or walked home. The vinyl strap would vote the heavy metal stained black, with a scarred lens nestled within multiple rings of steel.

It was possible that the pictures might fail to account for the auras of light/color filtering through the stale cigarette smoke. After that she would simply have to paint. Paint like the child in her father's basement smelling of turpentine and layered dust.

Paint in oils that could stone you slowly until you forgot what you were trying for.

She would have painted the girl at the bar, with naturally black hair, spiked in soft random tufts with lime juice.

Exaggerated circles under her eyes so dark and lip so bruised, she didn't need Almay.

She would have painted the girl at the bar, but she would have equipped her with wings of broken glass and a gown of note paper so she wouldn't have to poison her hands.

Chapter 2

She's piloting her dull gray standard through yellow lights and she rolls down her window to feel the over-baked air gush over her face filling every orifice.

She would have slipped out into the starless night and walked if there'd been any place to park. A still dark form



Photo by Jason Chu

snapped into focus just before her front left tire. Her Birk flew off as she slammed on the brakes—Great there's another inch off the treads. Gripping the rubber sill, she thrust her upper body through the open window.

It might have been a dead animal wrapped in a tattering piece of fraying tarp. The heap shifted slightly causing its casing to crackle subtly. Snatching a ballpoint from the glove compartment, she slid from her car and prodded the crinkled mass cautiously with the butt of the pen. Nothing.

Her one bare foot spasmed with worry. Kneeling on the oil-slick pavement she shook the bundle with an air of rising panic. A short defeated groan emanated from the heart of the parcel. She rolled it over briskly and leaped back. A woman laid partially immersed in filth. A beacon with mocha skin and slender hazel eyes. They were the eyes of a ninety-year old child set into the smoothly curved face of an ageless goddess.

To her this woman deserved sixteen cameras. Two in each hand of Shiva. Sixteen rolls of 384 stills of those desperate, piercing eyes. Still pools of gold-dappled green glazed with so many years of painful knowing.

Chapter 3

The woman smiled and gave the slightest incline of her head as if confirming some hard-earned piece of understanding. She touched the shoeless foot tensed on the tar-mended freeway.

Her touch was like her eyes were like a drug. She felt the earth tilt and saw the silence. The cold silence. Saw the silent child that never was, the goddess that would always be. The tide of meditation, of memory receded. The hand slid back into the tattered folds of her robe of tarp. The two sat in the refuge. The gleam of streetlamps, suddenly alight, glanced off at the intersection. Their eyes read each other. Interlocked in some profound communication. The smile had added gradually from the elder's creaseless face. Filtering through the tumult of blaring commotion the young woman strained to recall a long-forgotten song her sister had once sung when their parents were "having it out."

"The Shaman can see without eyes.

Speak without breaking silence.

Fly on wings of barbed wire

Across cities of bleeding souls."

It went on like that. And somehow the woman was like the girl at the bar. But not as much as she was like the angels in her ex's letters. Flowing across the margins of his scrawled love notes. But...they had been imperfect. Just by being so serene they were imperfect.

The aged child was perfect. The aged child who sat...who suddenly broke contact and all conjunction was lost.

And then the goddess sailed away. The child pranced away singing. The shaman unfurled her wings and the girl at the bar cried for the first time in years.

At the E.R. they told her the woman had just been old. That she had just...been far too old. But she had been young and old and brave and terrified and wise and dead but still alive. She was still around. Collapsing on the intersections and saving the fledgling warriors.

Epilogue

She is older. She is single. And sometimes she wants to bang her wrists; to burn her palms, but then the old woman speaks, silent and concise:

"Just be the flawed angel at the edge of the page."

"You don't have to be the shaman or mend the broken."

"And remember, speaking with words is sometimes better than not speaking at all."

Changes

By Tom Houseman

We used to play together
When we were younger
When you were different
Dress up, house, Barbies
Lost in memories
High school swept it away
Dress up is no longer a game for you
It is a part of your life
You don't play with Barbies
You are a Barbie



Photo by Eloise Ress Barrow

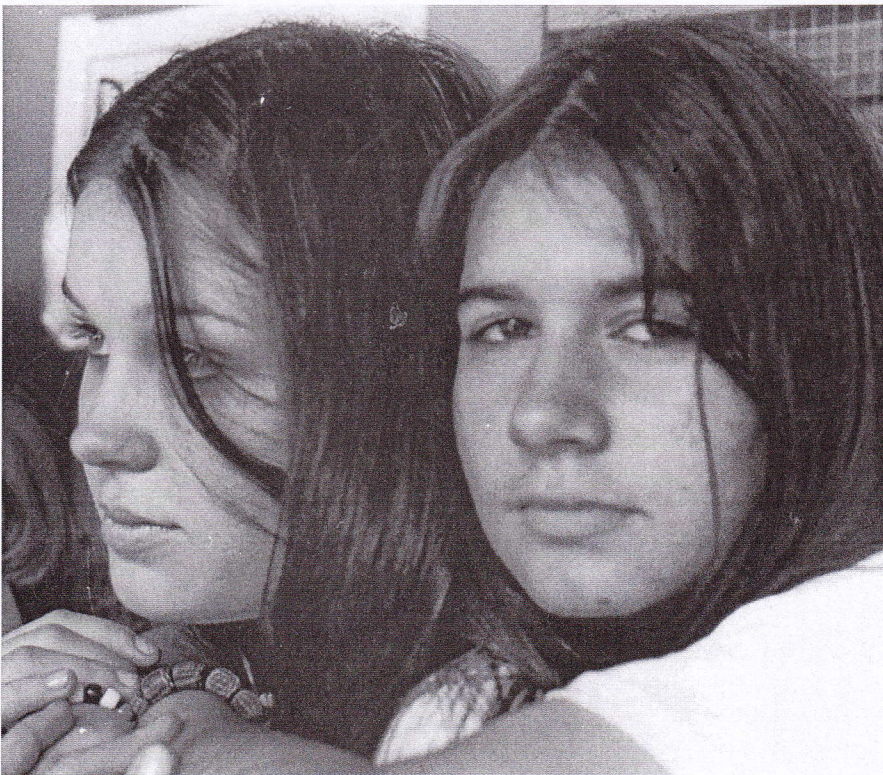
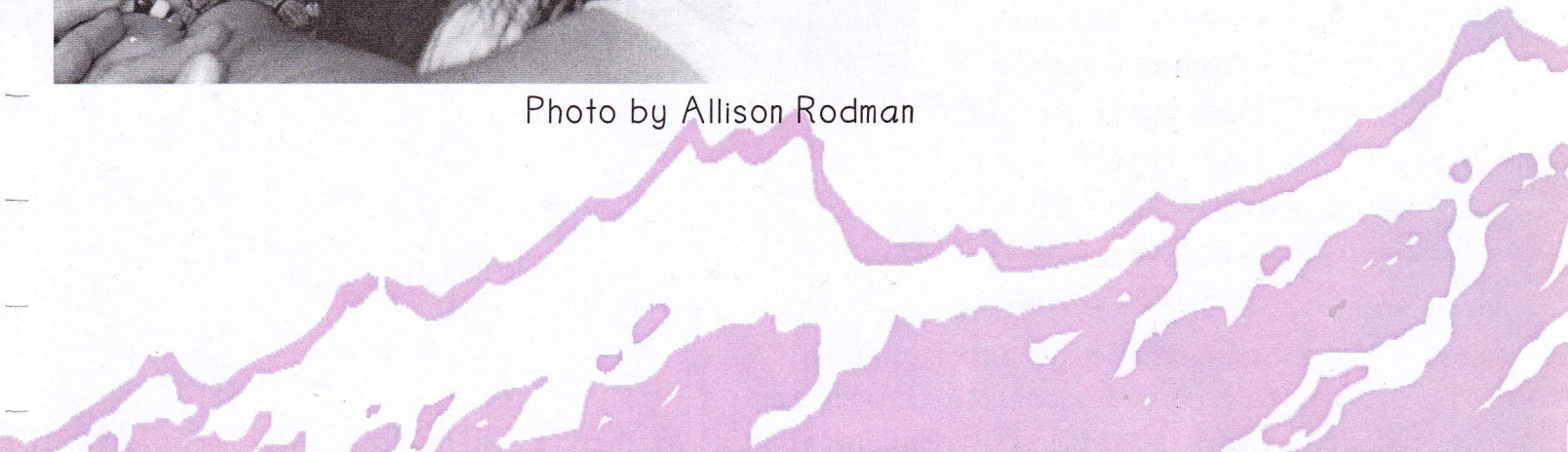


Photo by Allison Rodman

I know you still have a soul
Smothered beneath Abercrombie
Choked by eye shadow and boys
I can't find you anymore
You are hidden by Prada and lipstick
You have a new life
A life without me
You laugh at me now
Because I am different
I cry for you now
Because you are the same.



Holy Proclamations

Jill Marcellus

And the Lord said,

"Let there be hamsters."

And Laura the hamster peeked her head up out of a food bowl.

And the Lord said,

"Let there be hamsters with lightsabers."

And Laura the hamster swung her lightsaber in a wide arc through the air.

And the Lord said,

"Let there be hamster Star Wars junkies."

And Emma the hamster stared with intense fixation at the lightsaber.

And the Lord said,

"Let there be good-looking heroes to amuse the Star Wars junkies."

And Ewan the hamster gave a wide-eyed stare before showing off muscles in one incredible leap.

And the Lord said,

"Let there be order."

And Emma the hamster ignored the Lord and ran at Ewan the hamster while Laura the hamster attempted to stop her.

And the Lord gave in, and the Lord said,

"Let there be discord."

And there was discord.



By Eli Teller



Painting by Valerie Au



Painting by Valerie Au

Send Me Peace

by Emily Friedhoff

Send me Peace
So that I can walk the streets of any city
And know that I will not be judged

Send me Peace
So that the light will hit me the same as any other person
On any other part of the world

Send me Peace
So that I can express my opinions
Without having to defend my ideals

Send me Love
So that I may grow to be a fuller person
And live life connected to another human being

Send me Love
So that I may share it
With the rest of the world

Send me Love
So that all may flourish
In this time of need

Send me Tranquility
So that I can meditate on my soul
And open up to the world

Send me Tranquility
So that chaos cannot touch me
And I can fight it open-mindedly

Send me Tranquility
So that I can find my road
And keep on my path

Send me Understanding
So that I may listen to others
And resist the need to argue

Send me Understanding
So that the world will listen with opened
ears
And not attack others for their belief

Send me Understanding
So that we can hear every voice
Clearly

Send me Honesty
So that all our convictions
are on the same wavelength

Send me Honesty
So that we can all listen to each other
And know that we can all trust what is said

Send me Honesty
So that beliefs are
Buttressed by the truth

Send me Peace
So that the world will forget
War, Violence, and Hatred

Send me Peace
So that skies will no longer be clouded
With the smoke from explosions and bullets

Send me Peace
So that we may walk hand-in-hand
And know that we've changed the world for
the better.

A frozen tear

by Seth Caplan

A frozen tear,
Petrified in time.
Memories came from it,
While I cried.
One small drop,
Forever stands.
Inside,
A black sea of mystery.
One who dares to swim in it,
Will surely drown.
For no one can stand it,
The great pain of a spear,
Shooting up into your soul.
The spear of agony, pain and depression,
Sends you into an infinite plunge,
To the end of time.
One tear,
One frozen tear,
It can show you the story of another kind.

Pretending

By Sarah Butler

Excuse me while I fall
Into the abyss of your eyes
There's nothing for me there,
I've been forced to realize

It was all my pretending
Wishing it were true
It was all my pretending
I meant something to you

I've always wanted to be
As strong as you seemed
As independent and carefree
Loose on the breeze

It was all my pretending
Wishing it were true
It was all my pretending
I meant something to you

Now there's no more pretending
Inside my heart
That I had a chance for it to be
You and me
All alone

'Cause

It was all my pretending
Wishing it were true
It was all my pretending
I meant something to you





Painting by Ethan Feuer

The Book Arts Conspiracy

By Laura XiXi

There was a silence.

There was another silence.

There was the noise of someone embarrassedly breaking the silence with a sharp cough.

And then there was silence again.

The silence continued just up to the point where it seemed that the people's ears would explode if there were any more silence.

The silence continued, and the ears of many popped.

Then, abruptly, there was the loud complaining whine of static from the VCR.

There was a sudden rush of whispering as the administrators conferred around the self-proclaimed TV experts. Leila Branch sighed in exasperation to her friend Julianna McKenzie as the experts gesticulated at each other wildly. "Will they ever get that thing to-drat!" Leila swatted at an errant bug that was for some reason trying to make its way into her eye. "Before we're eaten alive?"

Leila's words fell in a lull of whispering, and she reddened at the inquisitive stares turned towards her. But then, luckily, Mr. Sentashnka stood back from the now darkened screen, and a respectful silence once again lapsed as the audience waited in the dark.

Their expectancy (and silence) was finally rewarded when the blank screen sputtered into recalcitrant life. A headline flashed across the screen. "Welcome to Buck's Rock 2007," the banner read.

Leila allowed herself to relax into sleepy oblivion. The part she was waiting for wasn't due for a few minutes. Beside her, Julianna stared at the screen in a mixture of rapt attention and consternation. This was her first time at "the Rock", and she had never heard of the rather infamous orientation videos.

Leila tried to find a comfortable way to sit on the hard packed dirt. She took out her mini video camera and fiddled around with it until the words "Book Arts" boomed across the eagerly waiting audience. She pressed the "record" button, then settled back to film.

A shop came into view -- unprepossessing, painted a darkish green, with screen windows peeping through the façade to let a bit of frightened light in. "Nothing sinister as of yet," Leila noted quietly into the microphone on her camera, eliciting a few confused looks from those around her. A young man smiled and gestured around behind him at the shop in front of which he had suddenly appeared. "Let me take you through my shop."

Leila watched in increasing boredom as the man showed the papermaking, stationery making, and book making components of the shop. There was nothing concrete here that could be used to show that the lobotomies were actually occurring. Nothing but a feeling, Leila corrected herself. Somehow, the man who was counselor now projected a sort of - evil vibe. Leila almost laughed out loud at her silly fancies. People didn't give off feelings - or at least, not ones like good and evil.

Leila turned off the camera and stowed it away. There was no need for the rest of the video to be taped. She glanced at Julianna. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were glazed over. Leila looked, disturbed, around at the other campers. Most were taken in the same way that Julianna was. Leila shook her friend. "Wake up, wake up, Julianna, hello."

The video had moved on to Weaving. Julianna shook her head as Leila shook the rest of her back and forth worriedly.

"I'm fine- really." Julianna wriggled under Leila's ministrations, which ceased as suddenly as they had begun. Leila settled back uncomfortably. What was it that had caused Julianna to lose focus? And why just then? Then a chill ran down Leila's spine. It had happened during the Book Arts part

The Sick Lion Tamer and the Kleptomaniac Witch

Joshua Feintuch

The judge banged his gavel, but the whole room had already been silent for the past six minutes, waiting for him to come to his senses. He let out a great sneeze and wiped his nose with his forearm.

"Sir, may I offer you a tissue?" asked the defendant, an elderly woman accused of witchcraft and burglary but pleading insanity.

A fiery look entered the judge's eyes. "WHERE DID YOU STEAL THOSE TISSUES FROM, YOU WITCH?!" he bellowed.

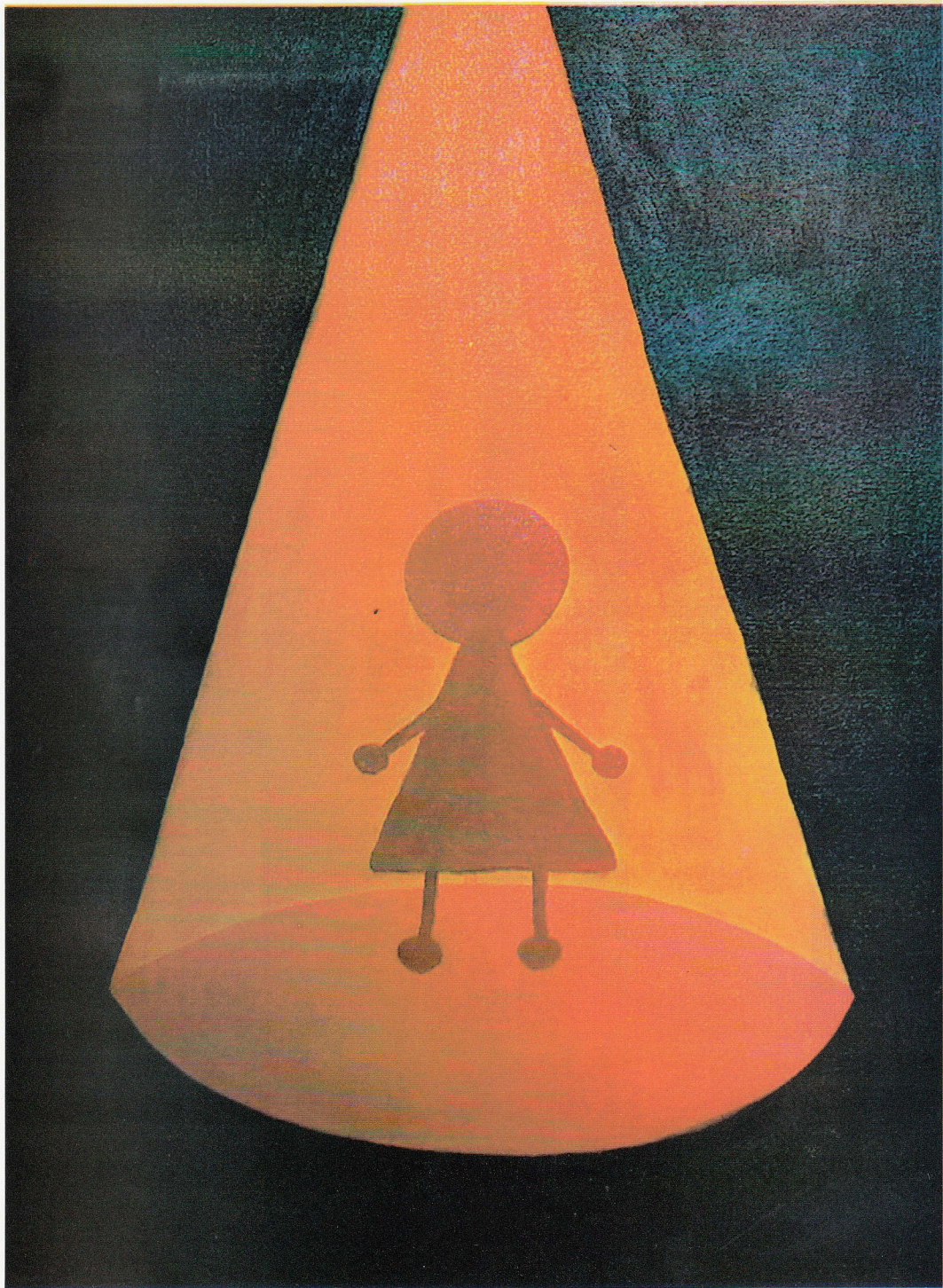
The lawyers and witnesses gasped. The judge wasn't supposed to portray a bias. Quickly, though, he calmed down. "Very well. Will the prosecution please call its first witness?"

A giant cage was wheeled into the courtroom. The door swung open, and the lion inside seemed unsure of how to react. "Will you please place your front paw on the bible and - AAAHH!!" The famished lion had mistaken the prosecutor for its afternoon snack.

The judge chuckled, then assured the half-devoured prosecutor that he needn't question an insubordinate witness. The judge himself walked over to the witness and barked at her. She snarled back, baring her teeth. The exchange continued for several more minutes, until the subdued judge slunk into the cage and the lion trotted up to the judge's podium. She banged the gavel around for about five minutes, during which time the prosecutor's chewed-off foot fell from her mouth. "How embarrassing," muttered the schizophrenic, kleptomaniac witch.

From then on, the trial continued smoothly, in spite of the sexual tension between the new judge and the lesbian, schizophrenic, kleptomaniac witch. When the witch herself was called to the stand, she persuaded the jury that she was high when she cast the spell that brainwashed her into entering her stealing spree.

After she was declared innocent, she married the lion and went off to live happily ever after in Guatemala, where the couple smoked every substance imaginable and drank water out of their toilet, only letting the judge out of the cage when they needed him to fix the toilet.



Hillary Cohen



Painting by Jessie Rubenstein

Leona

By Liz Platt

A Savage Land. Leona lived in a Savage Land. A Savage Land where babies were weaned on crack-laced milk. Where forgotten teenagers roamed the streets at night. Where dictators starved their people, though the land was fertile, and best friends starved themselves till they needed a plastic tube stuffed down their throat. A Savage Land where strangers were stabbed in the night for a warm coat and cousins cut to watch their own arms bleed. Where a park could be home to the loved and the cared for by day, to the wretched and the cast aside by night. Leona lived in A Savage Land where buildings crumbled into the earth.

She wasn't going to lie about it. The night of September Eleventh Leona wasn't downtown helping doctors care for the all-too-few survivors. She wasn't uptown making sandwiches for firemen. She wasn't even walking the streets of New York with a candle lit in her hand. No, that night, Leona sat in her living room with Hallie and Morgan, and got very, very drunk. She knew it wasn't a healthy reaction then, just like she knew it wasn't a healthy reaction now, stumbling up Central Park West at four in the morning, on a cool March night.

The tawny liquor from the trendy West Side bar made Leona feel like some bosomy western floozy, sitting atop a red velvet saloon stool. She smiled, imagining herself melt into the sunset atop a silky brown Arabian horse named Truelove, or Endless Quest. On the graying pavement beside her, Morgan walked in silence. That is how they look together- tall and short, black and white, one a line and one all full of curves. Hallie was further ahead, examining every step of the journey before Morgan and Leona reached it, like a guide leading two explorers into the depths of an Amazon jungle. Looking down, Hallie appeared to have found a new wonder.

"The sidewalks"

"What?" answered Leona- softly, mournfully.

"The sidewalks. Look, they're sparkling."

Peace of Mind (excerpt)

by Annie Schapira

Larry set his school bag down on the table. "Hope you don't mind it being just the two of us."

"It's okay," Angelina assured him. "I'm used to coming home to an empty house. My mom works in the evenings, too."

"What's she do?" Larry asked from inside the refrigerator.

"Waitress. But she's thinking of going to cooking school, God help us all. Where's your sister?"

"She has cheerleading practice. We've got crackers and disgusting, unhealthy orange cheese. And Smartfood in the cabinet, unless she hasn't eaten it all."

"Sounds good to me." *Do not think you have to be a gracious host here, she willed.* Boys were so bad at that, while most girls — herself included, much as she hated to admit it — seemed to be able to perform it with a marginal amount of grace and dignity. It was one of life's little mysteries, one that she didn't feel like wasting her time solving.

"I don't get it," he complained as they sat at the table with the striped cloth, gorging on cheddar-cheese popcorn from a bag roughly the size of a feed sack. "We haven't been here a month, even, and she's already, you know, with it."

"You haven't made any friends?" Actually, now that she thought about it, she wasn't very surprised that she was surprised.

"Well, you. And I've started hanging out some with Reese Levine and the rest of the track squad."

"Really?" Angelina stared at him over the top of her orange soda. "You run?"

"Some. I got an idea that you don't survive long here if you're not involved in sports somehow."

"That's pretty much it," she agreed. "Were you, like, popular in your old school?"

"I guess. Smart enough I didn't bore people, not so smart that I scared them away. I always liked chemistry the best. You?"

"English. I like to write."

"Dr. Nance is a space cadet, did you know that? He wears a tie-dyed lab coat. Thinks he's, what's that guy's name? The one on TV who gets all excited about nitrogen?"

"Uh, Bill Nye the Science Guy?" Angelina ventured. She had always formally detested that show.

"Him, yeah." They both laughed, which brought down whatever tension had remained between them. "I wonder if he ever embarrasses his kid. Dr. Nance, I mean."

"Oliver, in ninth grade? The one with the mud-monster tattoo? He doesn't embarrass easily."

"But we're supposed to think our parents are weird. It's the cool thing to do."

"I don't think Joanne's nuts because it's cool," Angelina said scornfully. "I think it because it's true. She acts like she ordered happiness out of a catalogue and is still waiting for it to come in the mail." Just in time, she noticed his encore presentation of the once-over he'd given her on his first day. She looked down, suddenly painfully aware that she was wearing very tight jeans, a strategically ripped T-shirt that revealed a rhinestone pasted on her belly button, and twice as much silver jewelry as usual. "And I don't dress like this to rebel against her, either. I just like the look."

"Uh-huh."

"I'm serious," she protested.

"No, I believe you."

Of course, the fact that she described it as a "look" told her something right then and there. "Whenever someone dresses like this or refuses to wear pastel and glitter everything, they think it's some kind of *statement*.

What's wrong with doing things because you like them, not because it's in... or out? Rebelling is just another way of reacting to what everyone else thinks." *Stop it, you're babbling, you're babbling...*

"You don't exactly seem like that kind of girl, either."

"What kind of girl?"

"The kind who has nightmares about breaking a nail and loses sleep over who's going to the Valentine's Day dance with who."

"What's not to know?" Angelina shrugged and grabbed a handful of popcorn. "Just spend some time in either bathroom or sneak a look at the notes that go by your desk and you know everything. Just because I think high school is the armpit of the universe doesn't mean I can ignore everything that goes on there."

"I know that Kevin Travis is going with Jamie Shelley."

"Well, duh. They, like, took out an ad in the *Eyewitness*."

"I know what you mean. Everyone knows by now, even me."

"No, no," Angelina set down her glass. "I mean, they literally took out an ad. It's on page seven. Look for it when it comes out. K.T. and J.S. bound eternally or something like that."

"Wow."

"And The Ineffable Jeff... watch it, or you'll snarf out your nose!" she cried as he practically choked on his Seven-Up.

"Sorry."

"Why should you be?" she asked, raising one eyebrow.

"It's your house."

"Right. Do you really call him that?"

"My sister thought it up," she explained. "Anyway, he's going with Cindy Nathan."

"Do you have a date yet?" Now he was back to awkward again.

"I wasn't going to go."

"Oh." He ran one finger around the edge of his soda can.

"Most of these dances are a way to flaunt your significant other, and I don't have one." *Stop it, you're leaving the door wide open.*

"Would you go if someone asked you?"

"Depends." She gave him her best challenging stare. "Not if he took about ten years to do it. He'd have to just come out and say it. 'Will you go to the dance with me?' Why is it so hard for you people to —"

"Will you go to the dance with me?" Larry asked. "And I don't like when girls play games when answering, either. They should just say 'yes.' Or 'no.'"

"Yes."

"Yes?" He didn't look like he could believe it.

"You heard me."

"Okay," he said, trying to look like he knew what her answer would be all along.

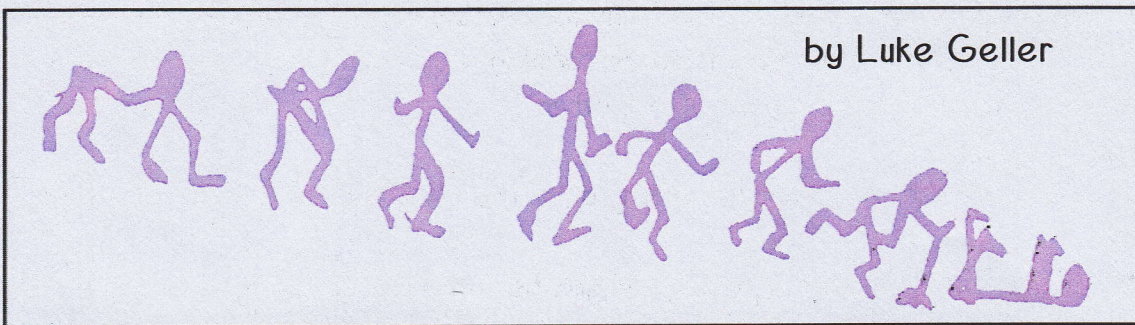
"Okay?"



Photo by Andrea Mendler



Photo by Audrey Gelman



by Luke Geller

Kids

By Liza Singer

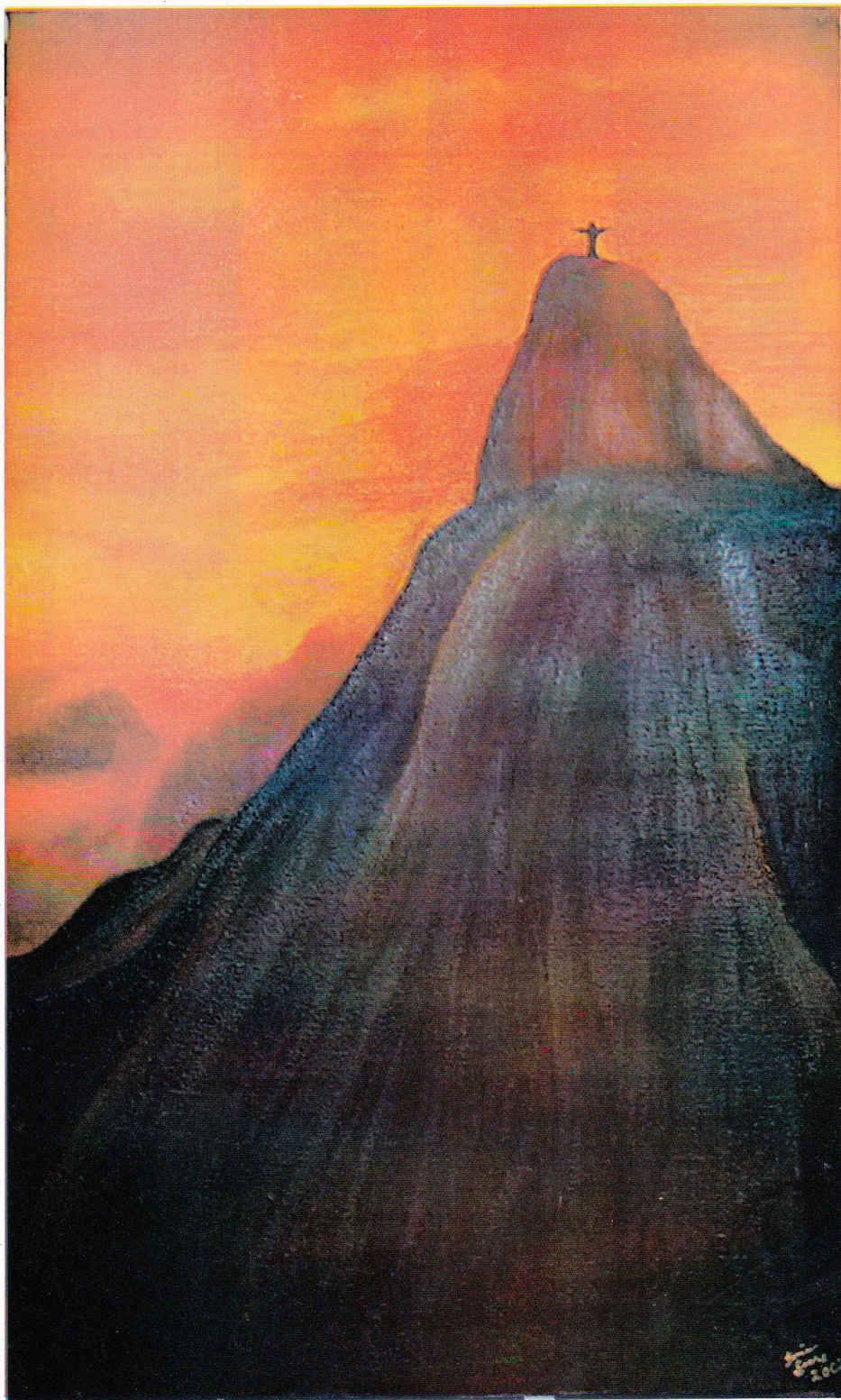
Innocent, just innocent kids.
Playful and sweet.
But are they truly innocent?
Screams, yells haunting those kids.
Don't try to hide the truth.
Kids have eyes and ears too, you know.
Everything they hear and see,
Goes deeper in their minds than they can control.

Laughing, all you see and hear is laughing,
Their tears are silent,
Hiding you from the truth.
Those kids,
They'll never understand.
If you tell them not to lie,
Why do you?
They know what has happened,
You know you can't hide from that fact.

Trying not to give up.
You think you're helping those kids,
When divorce is the only other answer?
They hate your pain,
You feel pain.
It's not helping.
It's only suffering.



Photo by Audrey Gelman



Painting by Jennie Sears

Memories

By Sarah Butler

You can never re-walk the highways of your past
And you will never find the way to make the perfect sunset last
But you can live it all over in your memories
You can watch the stars trace their path once more, you can see that perfect sunset,
and you can relive that loving moment

In your memories

Time flies by; live each moment up, though it's hard to know you'll have to give them up
Leaving them behind, walking only forwards; you know it'll never be the same
But you can live it all over in your memories
You can watch the stars trace their path once more, you can see that perfect sunset,
and you can relive that loving moment

In your memories

Seeing that perfect sunset, knowing it will soon fade away, glory in its beauty no matter
what some folks may say
'Cause it can never fade, never die, once it's seen by mortal eyes
For you can live it all over in your memories
You can watch the stars trace their path once more, you can see that perfect sunset,
You can relive that loving moment

In your memories

In your memories

In your memories

Memories



Doub. Neg.

Jonah Rosenberg

I saw the cookies,

My eye slowly opening and
closing.

A nervous tic for the look of the aforementioned
conglomerations of ingredients.

The cookies were chocolate chocolate
chip.

The sun glistened on the fresh-baked morsels,
Dripping, gooey, sweet.

I drool slightly I can't control myself.

Slowly, in my sight, a milk person appears.

In the warm winter breeze I hear,

"Got Milk?" "Got Milk?"

I see the milk person drink a glass of milk.

Her esophagus disappeared momentarily and I realized my grievous error.

I thought back to math, my mind racing,

Truth tables, not-not is "is".

If when drinking the milk, the milk person's esophagus turned to nothing,

Then milk plus milk must be both negative,
and thus evil.

By means of syllogism,

Since the phrase is always cookies and milk,
then cookies are evil.

Upon this realization I lost my nervous tic and the world was good.

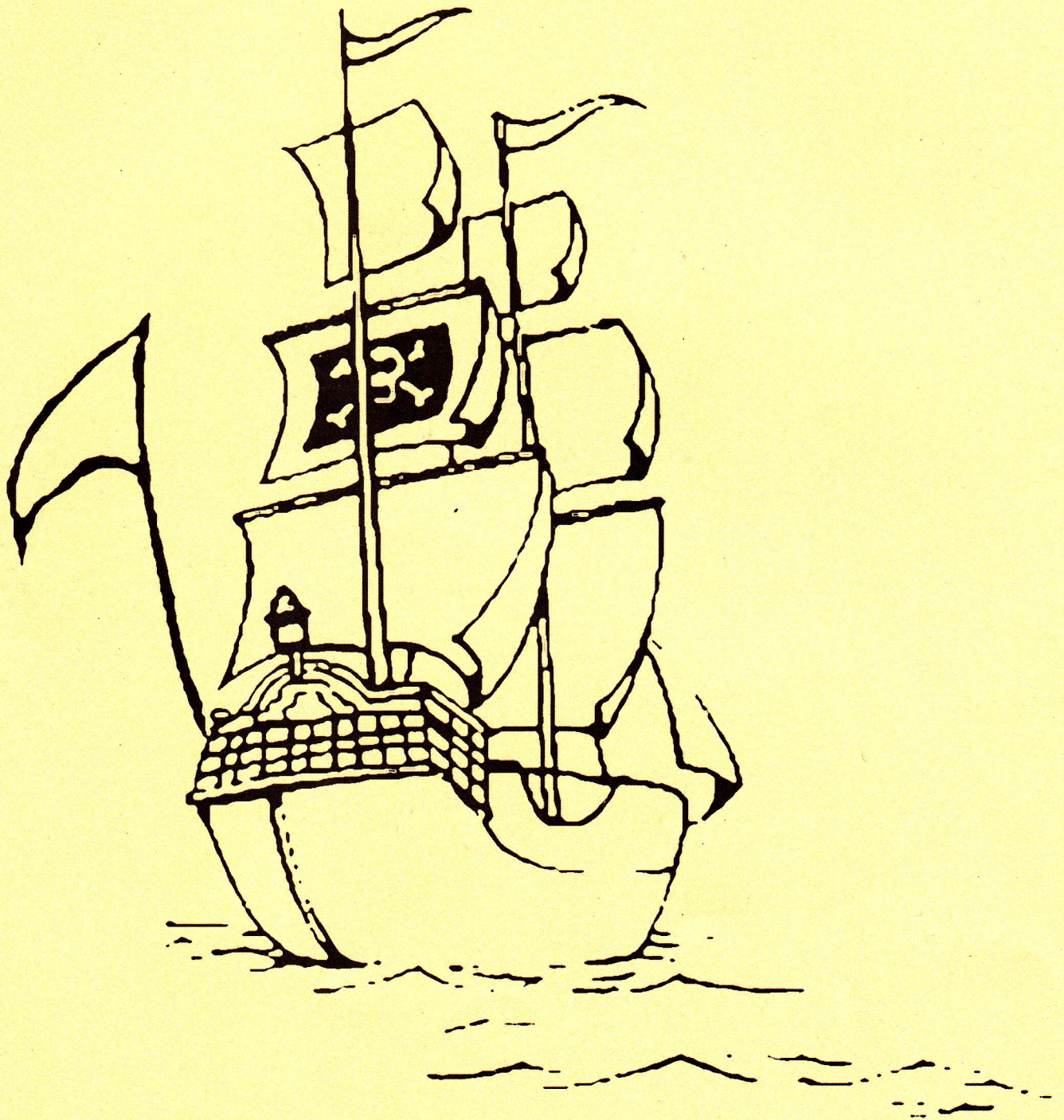
Cookies are yummy.

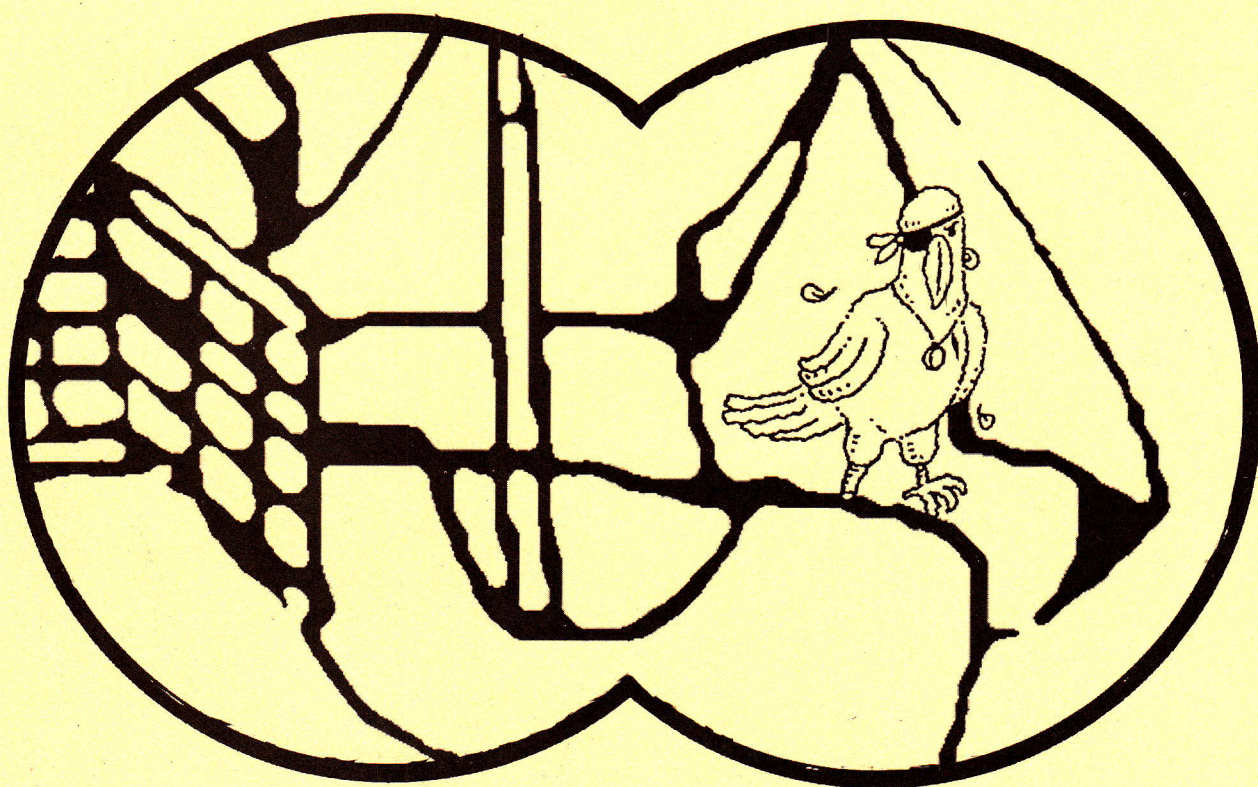




Print by Nicky Robbins

The Pub Ship







the pub ship
2002

'Tis a black night, and savage; the winds howl and slam the savage seas against the sharp rocks that line the tiny cove. 'Tis an evil night, and all good souls are tucked in their beds, but while the good folk sleep, these pirates have booty to unload.

"Darrgh! Put that chest in the back o' the cave, laddie!" cries Captain Bob, waving the hook that has adorned his arm since a mysterious printing accident long ago.

"Aye aye, Captain!" replies Sarah brightly, piling half their booty in the back corner before the others can move. Liz struggles in behind her, bowed under the weight of priceless stationery. She puts down her chest and brushes off her skirt. "What's next? Is there anything for me to do? Where's Emily?"

A short search finds Emily in the jungle outside the cave. She's already dug six holes to bury the treasure chests, and she's adjusting her glasses and looking contrite. "I'm sorry. I haven't finished." Anna gives her a hug.

Nearby, cabin boys Sam and Tom argue whether the island should be called 'Tom is God,' or 'Oops I tripped and hurt my glavin.' To their luck, Amy's on hand to politely intervene and suggest that neither title be appropriate. The crew call a quick meeting, and vote to name it something about fonts.

The inseparable crewpersons Skyler and Adam start sketching maps to the treasure, adding little anime characters. "Ooh!" exclaims Tom, "How about we call the map 'Dude, where's my treasure?'"

The crew call a quick meeting, and vote to keelhaul Tom.

Dawn comes early, with rosy fingers and Tobias Wasser paged to the awffice, to find Captain Bob standing at the prow of the long boat as it glides swiftly through calm waters under the oars of its crew. In the distance is the *Publications*, the finest ship to sail. With its long wooden hull and tall masts, it is a majestic sight, even if it is listing slightly on precarious cinderblock anchors.

Tallulah Belle is avidly reading, turning pages with a foot as she rows, but she suddenly looks up, counting off heads with a frown. "Where be Jill-bo?"

"Avast!" cries Captain Bob, and all the crew stop rowing, and look guilty.

"Which of you scoundrels were supposed to count us off?" asks Liz. More guilty silence.

"Darrgh, bring her about, lads."

They turn the boat around and pull back to the shore, where Jill-bo Baggins is waiting, arms folded, foot tapping, but irritation otherwise well-hidden. This be getting a bad habit for the *Publications* crew. Jill-bo bears it like a sailor, but all suspect that one day she may snap. There are tales told in whispers of a dark and shady past, of political assassination, and of a young schoolmaster who hasn't been the same since she stormed the schoolhouse. Jill-bo ain't known to suffer fools gladly.

The long boat pulls aside the *Publications*, and Karen, the funkiest pirate aboard, adjusts her funky white sunglasses as she greets them. "You found a cave? That's awesome!" She calls a poetry workshop to celebrate.

Skyler and Adam bring piles of ship's biscuits, and the band of ruffians produce beautiful, perfectly metered trios. Yet there be no hope for these rogues; they may be poets at heart but all the writing clipboards be thieved.

First Mate Emma sits on deck, still eating her breakfast, muttering orders through a mouthful of gruel. "Skyler, Adam, has that map been checked off by a writing officer?"

Skyler and Adam shuffle their boots, but there's a gasp of delight from the poop deck. "Can I?" comes the shrill, eager cry from Jonah. "Can I edit it?" Emma waves her approval, and Jonah near hyperventilates with joy, then goes below in search of his red pen.

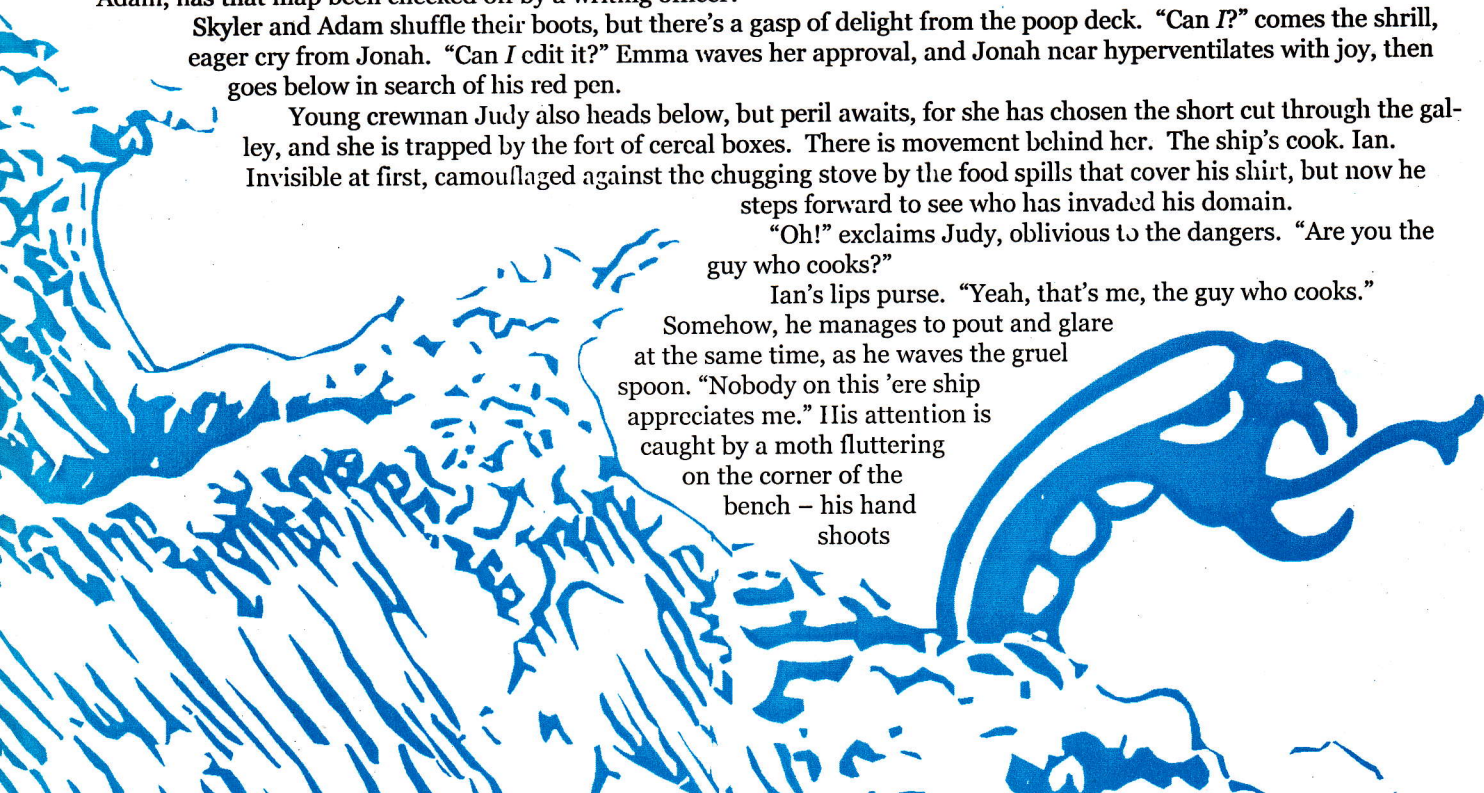
Young crewman Judy also heads below, but peril awaits, for she has chosen the short cut through the galley, and she is trapped by the fort of cereal boxes. There is movement behind her. The ship's cook, Ian.

Invisible at first, camouflaged against the chugging stove by the food spills that cover his shirt, but now he steps forward to see who has invaded his domain.

"Oh!" exclaims Judy, oblivious to the dangers. "Are you the guy who cooks?"

Ian's lips purse. "Yeah, that's me, the guy who cooks."

Somehow, he manages to pout and glare at the same time, as he waves the gruel spoon. "Nobody on this 'ere ship appreciates me." His attention is caught by a moth fluttering on the corner of the bench – his hand shoots



out to catch it, and he throws it in the stew.

"Go 'way," says a toddler sitting in the corner.

"Is that your baby?"

Ian hesitates, a look in his eye that promises a sly retort, but he says nothing.

"I thought he was just a random baby, that got passed around the ship," explains Judy.

"Bloody 'ell," mutters Ian.

The baby tips his head.

"Bloody 'ell, Bob."

Up on deck, the crew are preparing to sail to Bob's sharp commands. "Darrgh, Sarah, you might want to loosen that foreroyal over there; it's not goin' to do us much good like that. We oughta be lookin' lively by now; there's a lotta work ahead of us."

Emma walks past him. "Strike the topgallant, reeve the gaff-brace, strike the topsails. Weigh anchor!"

Of course, the pirates are swarming across the deck and climbing the rigging heedless of the commands. "Nobody print!" cries Nick, the sails unfurl, the ship lurches, and the *Publications* be on its way.

The sun be high, the breeze gentle, the sailors enjoying the peace. April plays Metallica's 'Nothing else matters' on her over-sized fiddle, Meghan dances on the fo'c's'le. Joey called earlier that she play 'Amelie', but a pot came flying out the galley to crack against the back of his head, and he's retired to a cup of tea and the safety of his watch.

Emily and Sarah are mending sails, Liz is fishing for seaweed. Some rapsallion from the Royal Navy rowed up earlier to ask if he might possibly just quickly please check his e-mail, and Emma is busy impaling his head on the bowsprit. The rest of the crew are trading scuttlebutt of conspiracies in nearby lands, taking online quizzes to find out if they are gay, or squabbling like seagulls over the hammock.

"Keep the peace, ya ruffians!" growls Brett, who is grumpily swabbing the deck. "Mind the hammock, sea slugs, or I'll see you walk the plank!"

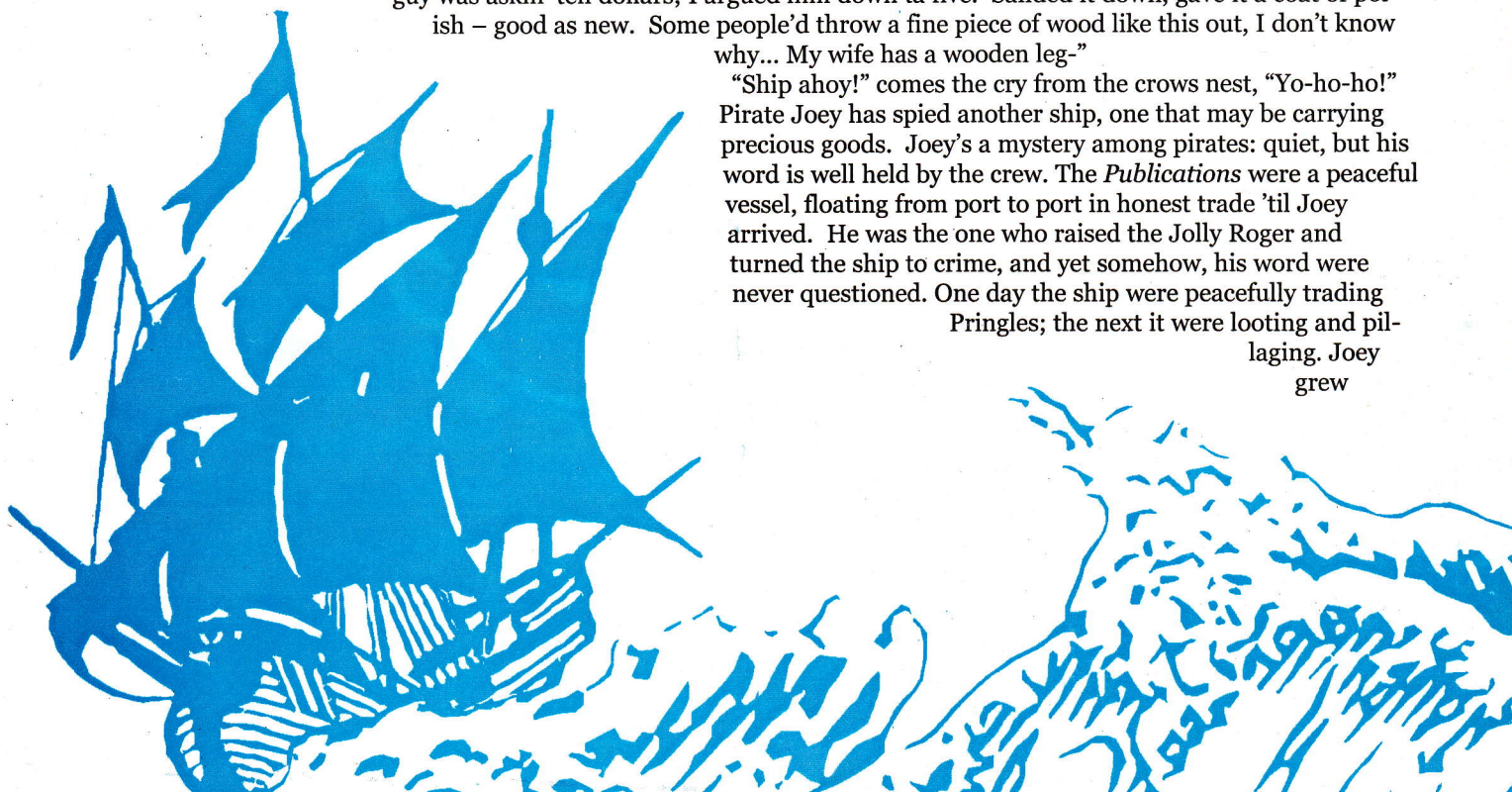
They ignore him, and he be so absorbed in his cursing, he don't see the rascally Sam creep up behind him. He howls as a barrel of water is dumped on his head. "Ya scurvy dawg!" yells Brett, and chases Sam about the ship, Nick in pursuit of 'em both across the deck and around the masts. A great portion of the ship's meager fresh water supply ends up dripping from the three, until Nick splashes Meghan and finds himself hoisted from the yard-arm.

Captain Bob gives a hearty chuckle, and turns his eyes back to the helm. Josh has absconded from the *Computer* for the morning, and is watching him steer for want of a better use of his time. "Nice leg, Captain."

Bob looks down at his wooden leg. "Yeah, it's great, isn't it? Picked it up at a pier sale - guy was askin' ten dollars; I argued him down ta five. Sanded it down, gave it a coat of polish - good as new. Some people'd throw a fine piece of wood like this out, I don't know why... My wife has a wooden leg."

"Ship ahoy!" comes the cry from the crows nest, "Yo-ho-ho!" Pirate Joey has spied another ship, one that may be carrying precious goods. Joey's a mystery among pirates: quiet, but his word is well held by the crew. The *Publications* were a peaceful vessel, floating from port to port in honest trade 'til Joey arrived. He was the one who raised the Jolly Roger and turned the ship to crime, and yet somehow, his word were never questioned. One day the ship were peacefully trading

Pringles; the next it were looting and pillaging. Joey grew





whiskers
to look more fierce, but he's a cabin boy at heart.
The crew are willing to fight, cutlasses at the ready,
but Joey takes another look through his spyglass. "No, it's the
Batik."

The crew stand down – all but Brett, who jumps to a cannon
and fires off random shots. From the *Batik*, crewman Emma returns
fire. The rest of the two crews give friendly waves, but the crew of the
Publications are disappointed. Times have been lean, since the fever swept

through these parts.

There was harsh times, entire ships crippled as crews collapsed, hardened sailors brought low by the sickness.
For days, ships floated adrift, rows of sailors hanging green-faced and pink-arsed over the sides. Poor wee Sam took ill
while on watch in the crow's nest, and ain't been quite so popular with the crew since.

In the afternoon, Joey spies another ship, and this time the flag at the top bears a large, silver circle: it's the
Fleen.

"To yer stations!" cries Captain Bob, and all scramble for their weapons. There's treasure aplenty aboard the
Fleen, pieces of eight and pieces of jokes, left-handed monkey-wrenches and Cheese Balls. The *Publications* schooner lets
out full sails and chases the *Fleen*, and the Fleniers try their best but the skyhooks keep catching. Cannon fire brings
down their mizzenmast, and they're hopes of escape are dashed.

The *Pub* pulls alongside, and ropes are thrown over. "Arrrrgh!" cry the Pubbies.

"Darrrrh!" cries Captain Bob.

"Aaack!" cries the crew of the *Fleen*. And the *Pub* crew swarm aboard.

Tallulah Belle and Jill-bo lead the attack, waving their cutlasses, eager to take their share, and Emily interrupts
them to guide them downstairs to loot the most precious booty of all: air conditioning.

"I'm really very sorry about this," says Amy, as a hapless Flenier is bound to the mainmast with three-sided tape.
"It's just we sent you a note specifically requesting you hand over your treasure yesterday." She politely ransacks the
Flenier's pockets for witty in-jokes and theatre program text.

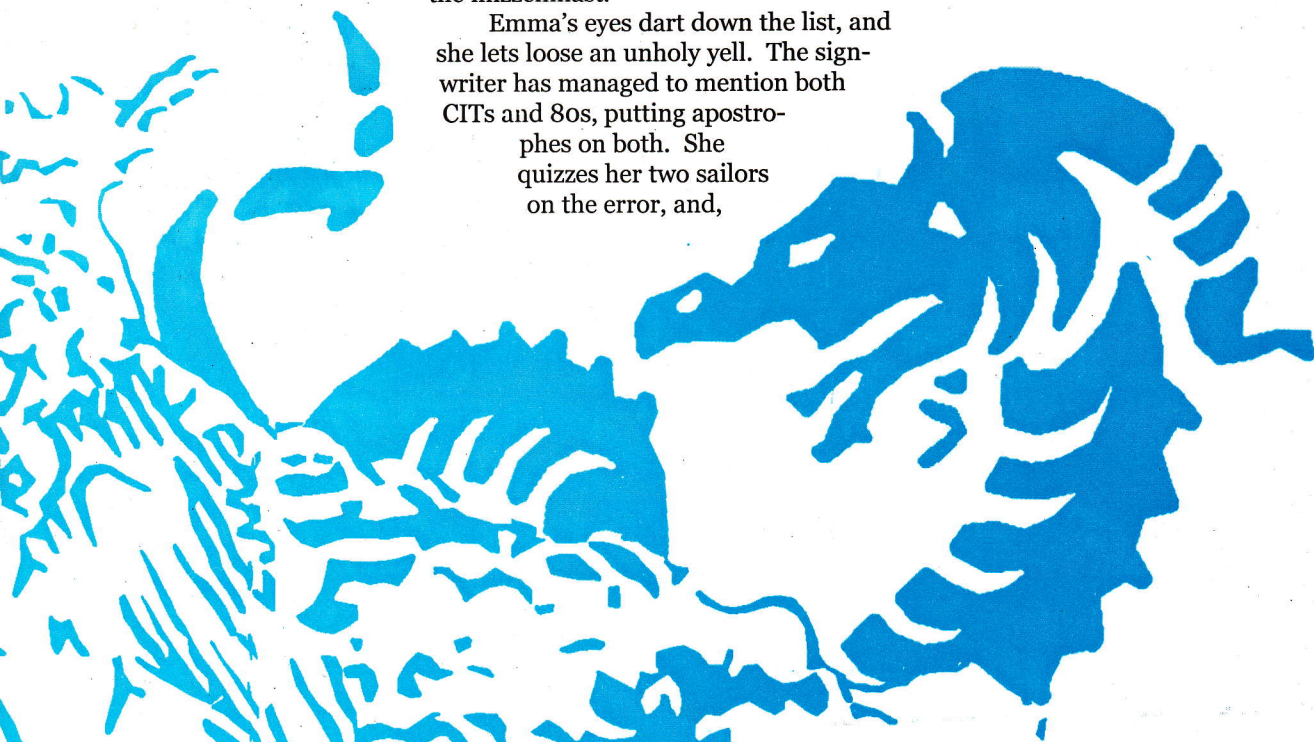
Judy looks on in concern. "Do you hate us?"

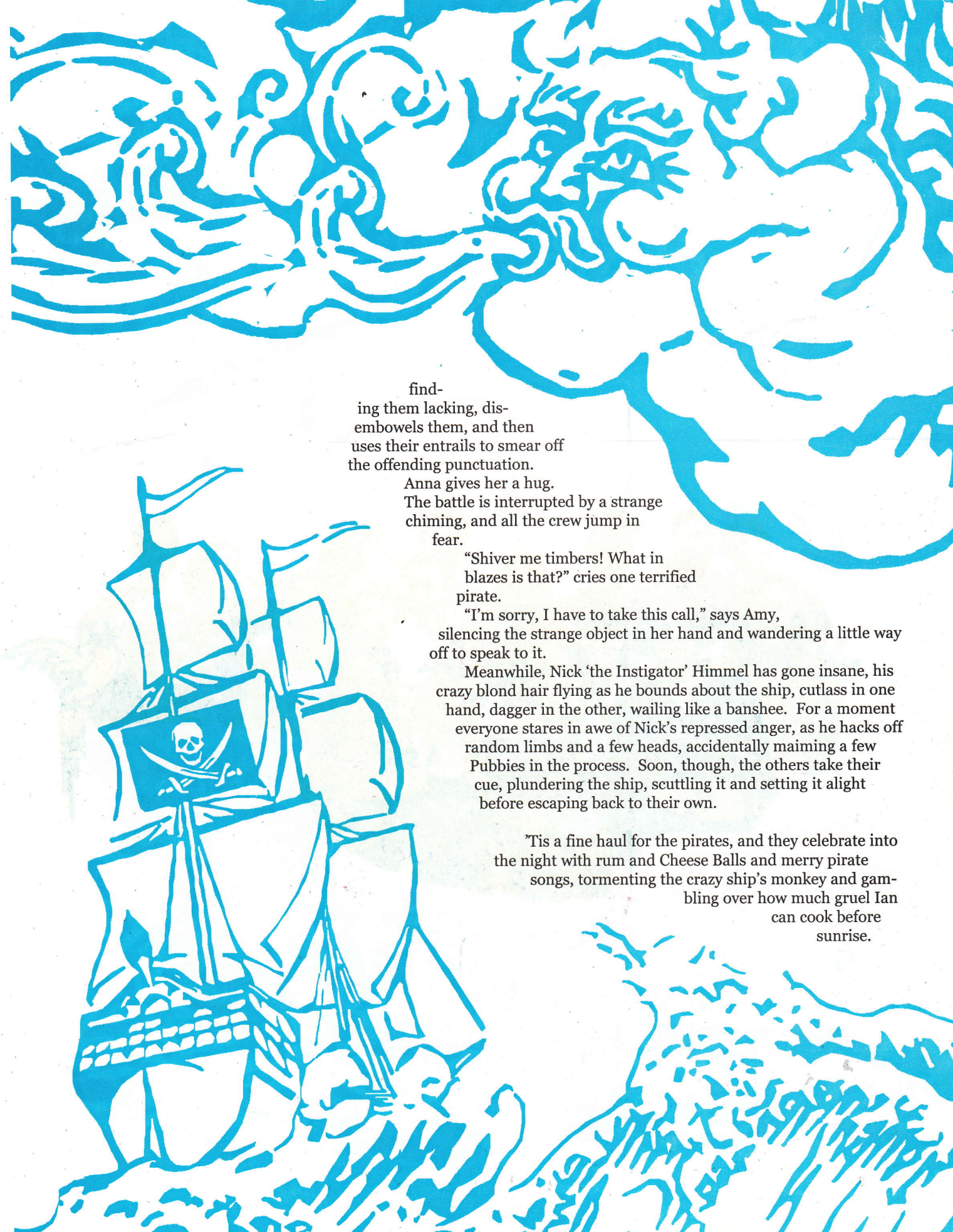
Meghan and April swing aboard, April a fearsome sight with her eye patch and bright pink mohawk, Meghan tall
and graceful behind her, but April stops to pull a rat from danger and tuck it safely into her mohawk as Meghan covers
Fleniers with caulk and sets them afire, spitting vile curses at any who challenge her.

Annie, a loyal Pubbie though she was pressed into service on the good ship *PASS*, has managed to stow away on
the *Publications*. She joins the attack with fervor, until she finds a fellow X-Men fan among the *Fleen* crew and the pair
pause in their battle to argue comparative views on Xavier.

Emma is nearby, happily tying two strapping, tanned sailors together. Rachel pauses from her own brand of
chaos, to shake her head. "You are evil. I love you. Did you see that sign?" She points to the list of rules that are nailed to
the mizzenmast.

Emma's eyes dart down the list, and
she lets loose an unholy yell. The sign-
writer has managed to mention both
CITs and 80s, putting apostro-
phes on both. She
quizzes her two sailors
on the error, and,





find-
ing them lacking, dis-
embowels them, and then
uses their entrails to smear off
the offending punctuation.

Anna gives her a hug.

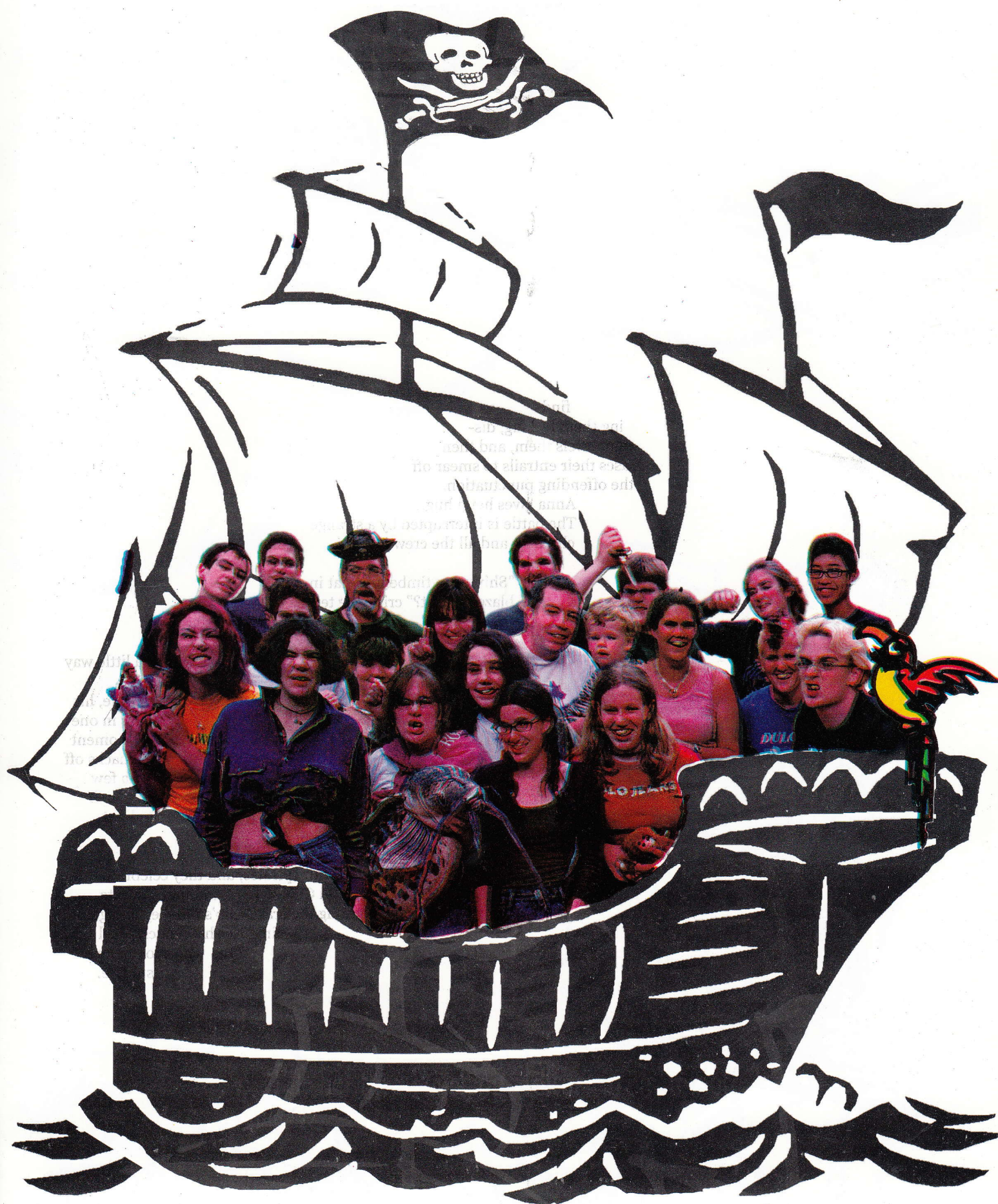
The battle is interrupted by a strange
chiming, and all the crew jump in
fear.

"Shiver me timbers! What in
blazes is that?" cries one terrified
pirate.

"I'm sorry, I have to take this call," says Amy,
silencing the strange object in her hand and wandering a little way
off to speak to it.

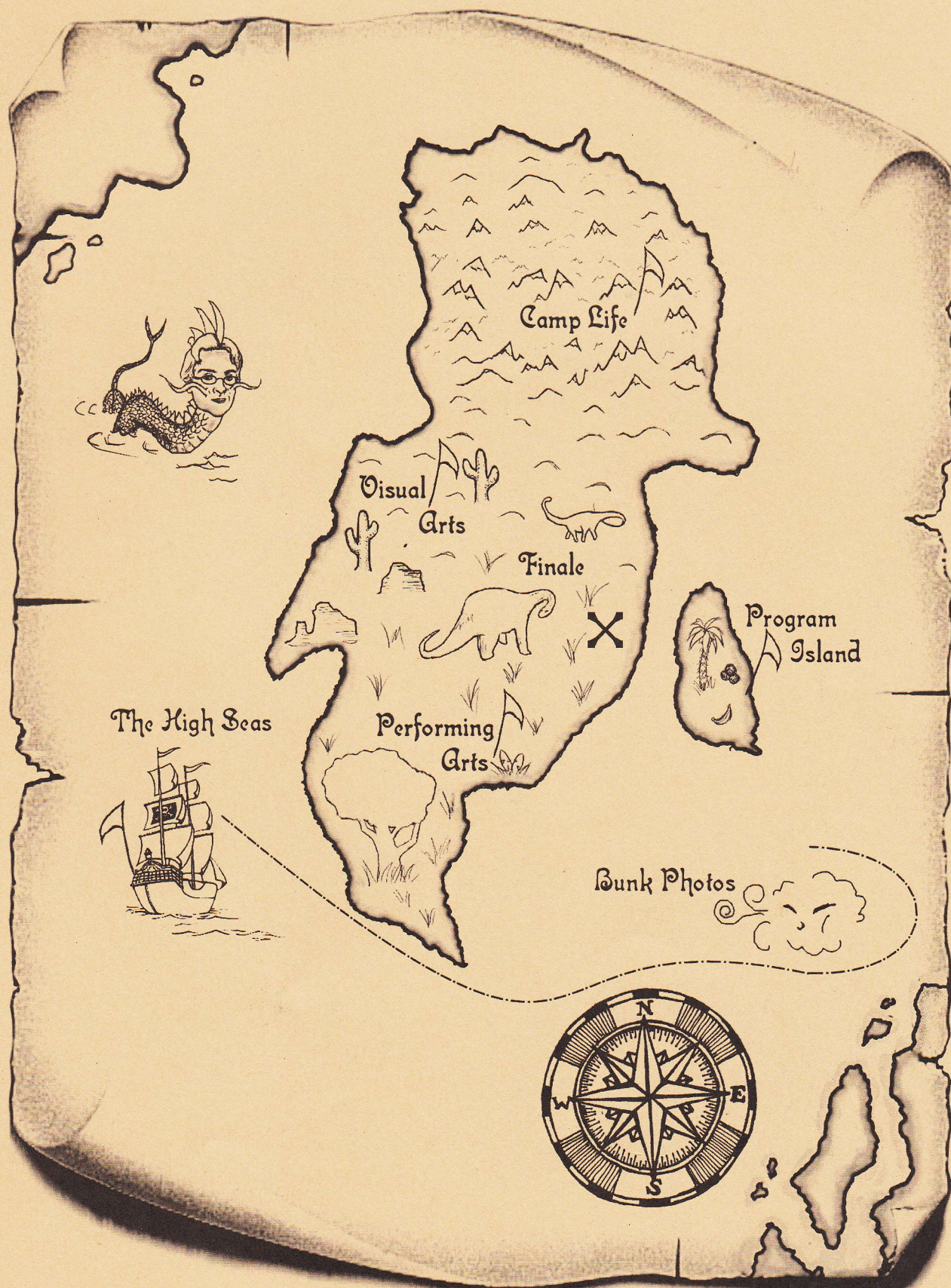
Meanwhile, Nick 'the Instigator' Himmel has gone insane, his
crazy blond hair flying as he bounds about the ship, cutlass in one
hand, dagger in the other, wailing like a banshee. For a moment
everyone stares in awe of Nick's repressed anger, as he hacks off
random limbs and a few heads, accidentally maiming a few
Pubbies in the process. Soon, though, the others take their
cue, plundering the ship, scuttling it and setting it alight
before escaping back to their own.

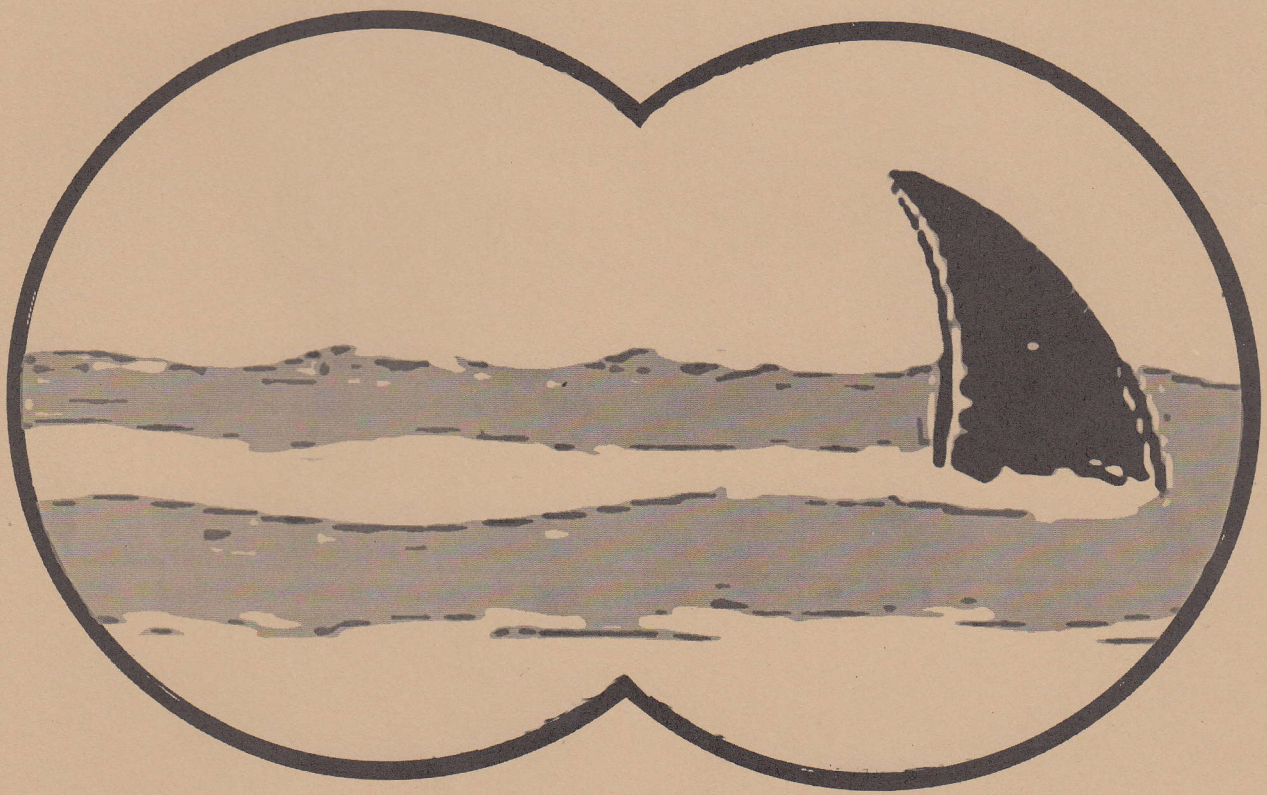
'Tis a fine haul for the pirates, and they celebrate into
the night with rum and Cheese Balls and merry pirate
songs, tormenting the crazy ship's monkey and gam-
bling over how much gruel Ian
can cook before
sunrise.



"I'll be the Punching Editor in a minute."

Bunk Photos





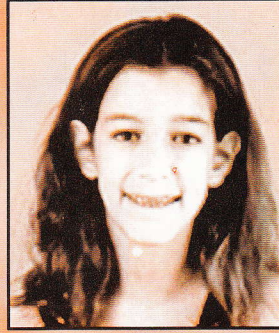
Girls House Up & Down



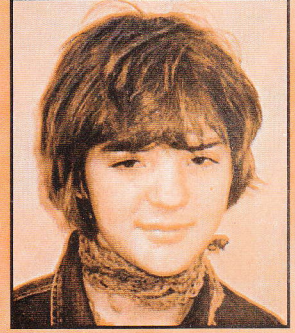
Kate Fulop



Rebecca Hotz



Lara Antell



Maya Edelstein



Georgia Horn-Weinberg



Mollie Lowenstienin



Libbie Cohn



Melissa Fragen



Alice Bleach



Alexandra Stone



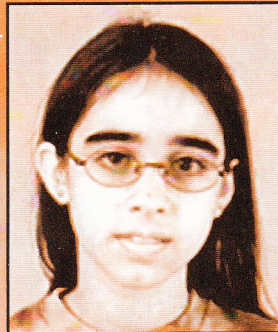
Lauren Barbiero



Amy Block



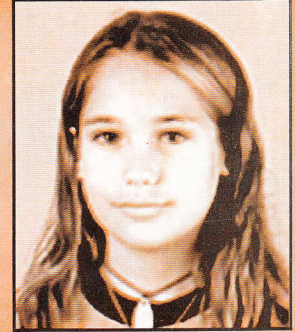
Zoe Corbett



Caroline Torres



Hannah Dunne



Lola Kirke



GHD

Girls House Down & Girls Annex One



Isabelle Barron



Amy Cohen



Emma Frankel



Natalie Friedman



Susan Golbe



Rachel Kauder



Susanna Kavee



Julie Knecht



Hannah Marek



Katie Phillips



Margaret Riley



Lillian Shad



Liza Singer

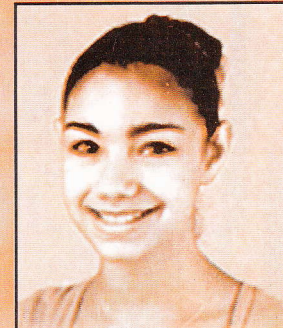
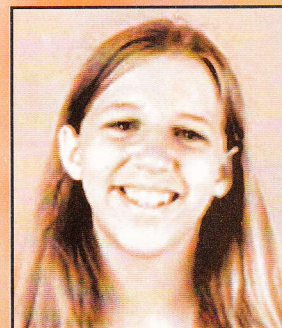


Ann Trocchia



Eloise True

GA1



Girls Annex One



Amand Colihan



Molly Dinnestein



Elizabeth Dolan



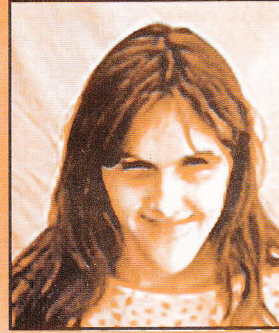
Zoe Donaldson



Lara Garber



Sydney Gold



Emmie Gooding



Dayna Harris



Chelsea Hoff



Annie Hurwitz



Tara Kaplan



Lili Kaytmaz



Dara Kruvant



Rebecca Lofchie



Rosalind Mandelbaum



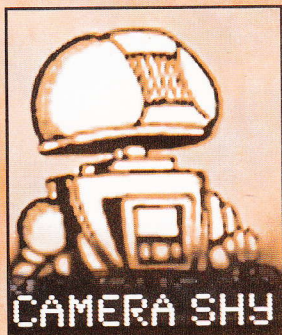
Naomi Mishkin



Girls Annex One & Two



Jana Wachenfeld



Abby Woodham



Jackie Zdrojeski

GA2



Julia Adolphe



Leah Arpadi



Mimi Bain



Skyler Balbus



Jordana Carlin



Dana Wickens



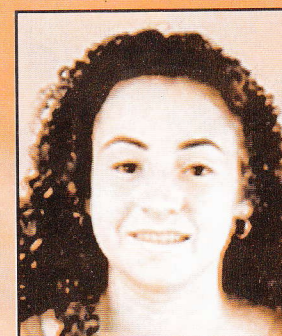
Rachel Egan



Rachel Giles-Klein



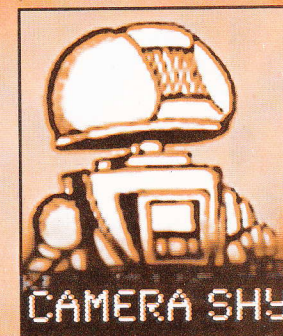
Lauren Herstik



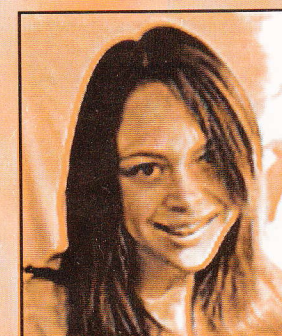
Stefanie Koeing



Carly Levin



Briana Lurie



Girls Annex Two & Girl s Annex Cabin



Laila Selim



Rebecca Siegel



Laura Staffaroni



Brittany Stegina



Judy Yerukhovich

GAC



Jane Friedhoff



Michelle Iseman



Alex Somma



Molly Alig



Katie Meyers



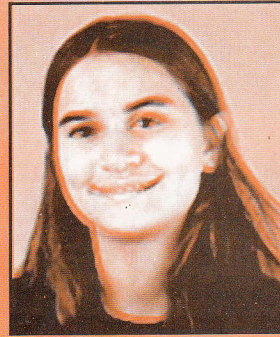
Rachel Schaprira



Nora Tirakian



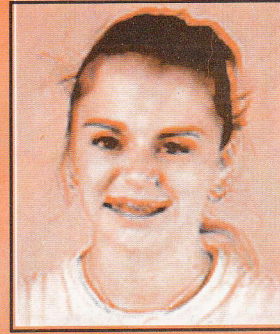
Sara Berkowitz



Sharon McPeck



Elena Weissman



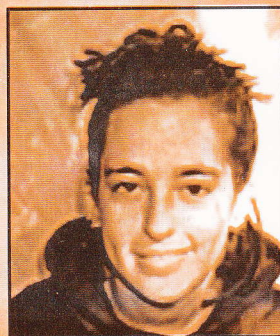
Girls Annex Cabin & Girls Cabins



Beth Liebowitz



Katie Shulman



Eloise Barrow



Jewel Feldman



Danielle Feldman



Madeleine McMillian



Alison Rodman



Nicole Singer

CC



Valerie Au



Sara Beitman



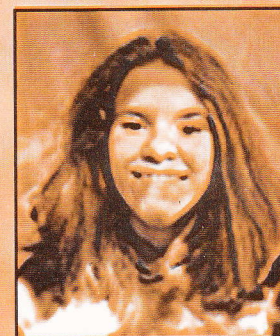
Rebekah Diamond



Emma Donson



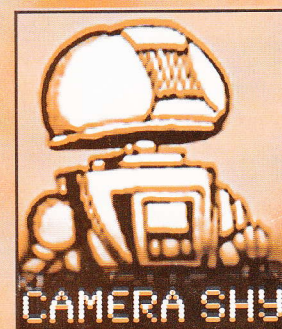
Lizzy Doyle



Kelly Doyle



Mollie Echeverria



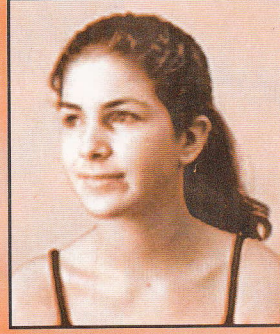
Girls Cabins



Jen Greim



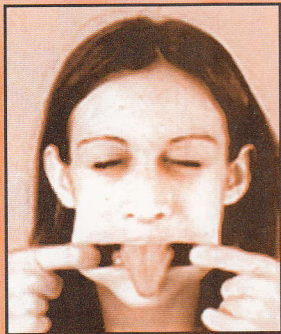
Reiko Hannan



Donielle Kaufman



Zoey Klein



Rebecca Lieb



Alex Litvinov



Miriam Marek



Abbey Marr



Zoe Mills



Emily Newbury



Sarah O'Brien



Samantha Phillips



Andrea Pitcock



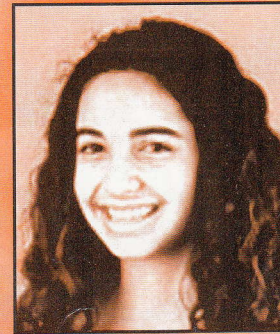
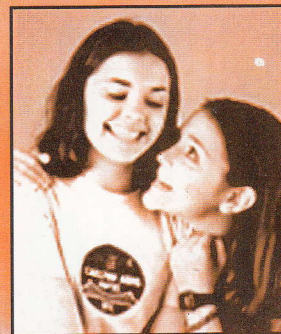
Alanna Purdy



Laura Greene



Alexandra Rosenmann



Girls Cabins & Girls Terrace One

GT1



Lindsey Walaski



Sierra Zuber



Rachel Bryant



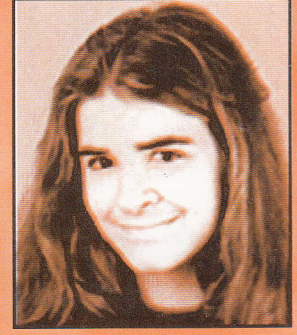
Anna Carnochan



Jessie Cherofsky



Chelsea Connor



Charlotte Farber



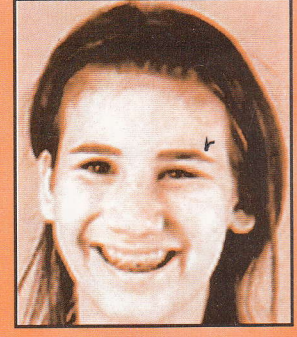
Liana Fixell



Yael Friedman



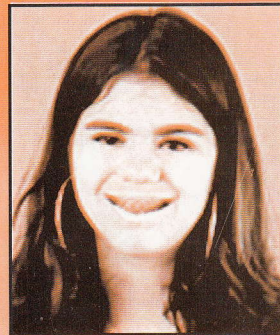
Samantha Garfield



Lauren Goldblum



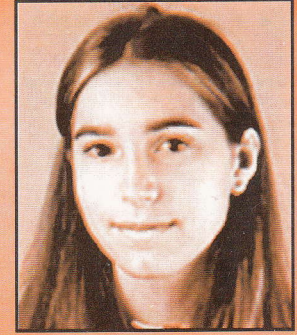
Lizzie Himmel



Zoey Howe



Thea Janklow



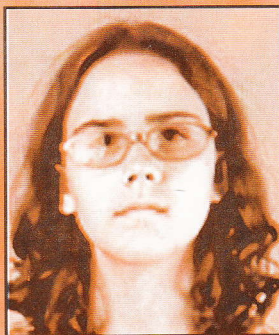
Catherine Johnson



Girls Terrace One & Girls Terrace Two



Hannah Pinover



Joanna Rifkin



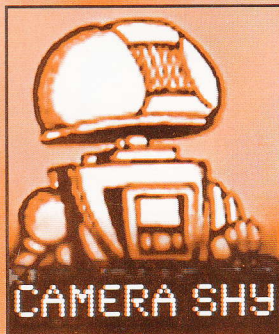
Esther Roth-Katz



Malorie Savran



Jennie Sears



Esme Spanier



Anna Strasser



Susanna Tolkin



Pixie Watsky



Isabel Yerkes

GT2



Alessandra Bellizia



Elina Bolokhova



Elizabeth Brody



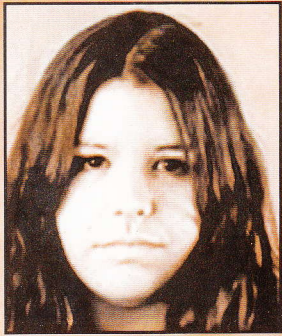
Amie Calisti



Nicole Dalsimer



Girls Terrace Two



Laura Griskus



Casey Hallen



Lisa Haubenstein



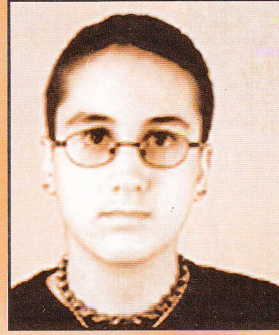
Maya Howe



Rachael Humphrey



Brianna Johnson



Molly Kapor



Julia Korn



Casey Krieger



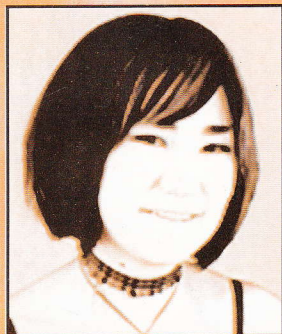
Juliana Mandell



Alana Moskowitz



Caitlin Pawson

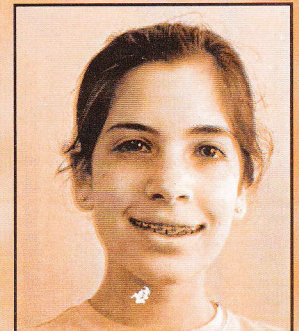
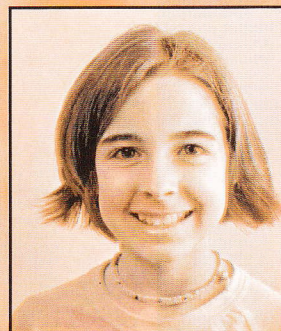


Allie Takahahi

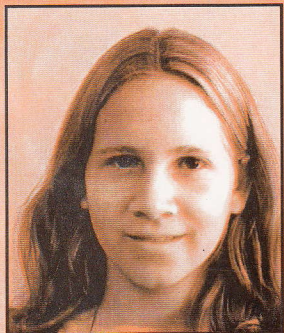


Jaclyn Tobia

Second Session
Girls House Up



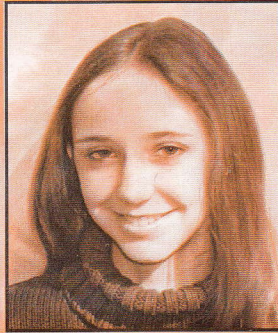
Girls Annex One



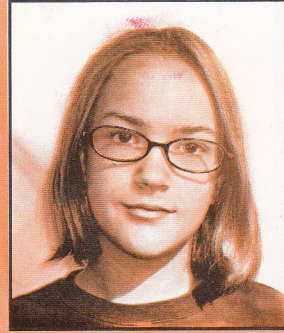
Rachel Achs



Carly Bennett



Julia Berger



Mariann Colonna



Maud Doyle



Abby Finck



Laura Friend



Claire Glasspiegel



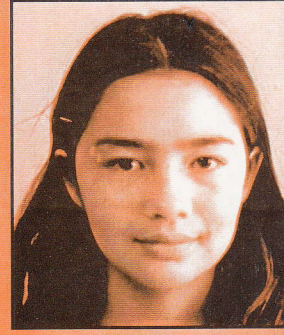
Nora Hirshman



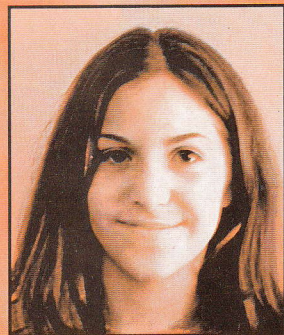
Krystal Maisonet



Kiri Martin



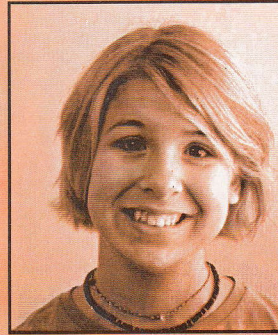
Bethyn Merrick-Nguyen



Hilarie Meyers



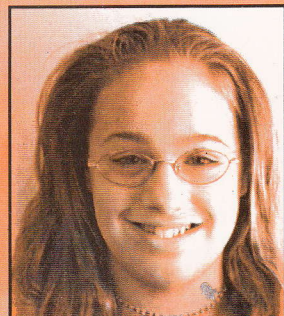
Hilary Mosner



Maxxann Palmitese



Nicole Peterson



Girls House Up & Down



Carolyn Lang



Ami Larrowe



Andrea Mendler



Yesenia Paredes



Anne Pope

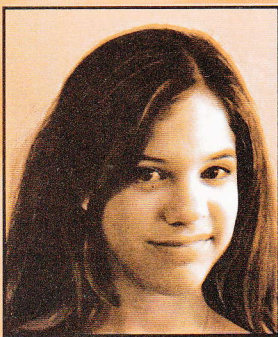


Maggie Reid

GHD



Isabel Atkinson



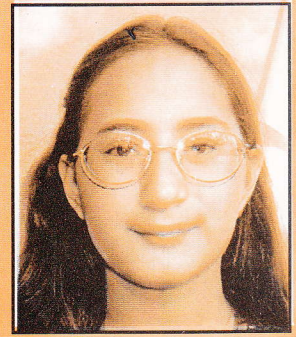
Charlotte Baughman



Sophie Fader



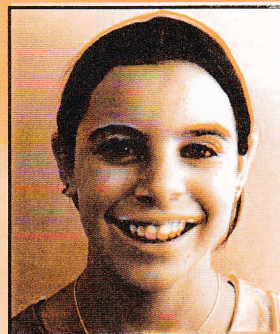
Jenny Goldberg



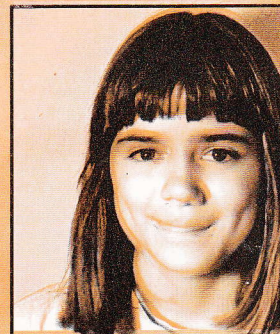
Susannah Hershey



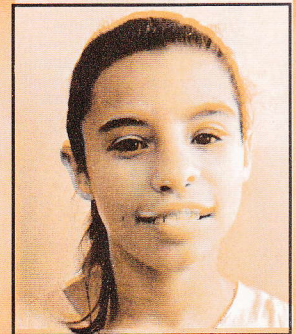
Dana Kline



Alexis Koplen



Mariel Lanas



Bridget Richter



Girls Annex Two & Girls Annex Cabin



Julianna Cohen-Congress



Emily Davison



Emily Goldman



Shannon Harvey



Mary Hempel



Emily Reynolds



Rebecca Rivera



Alexa Van Gilder



Samantha Weinberg

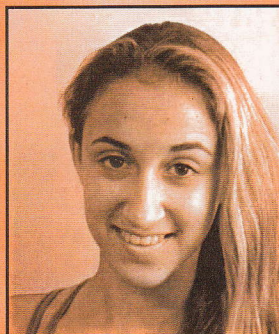


Paula White

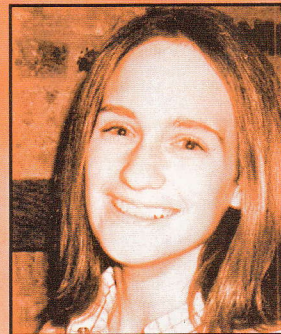
GAC



Kelsey Baker



Julie Breckman



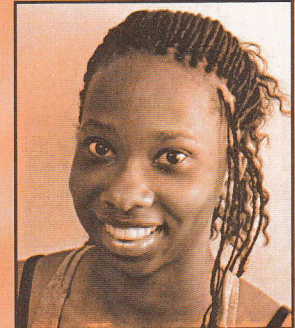
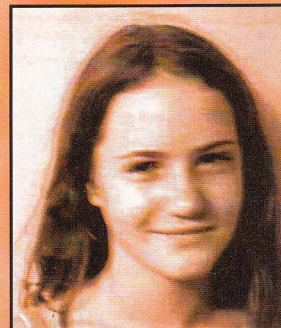
Sarah Dupuis-Kornreich



Jill Fox



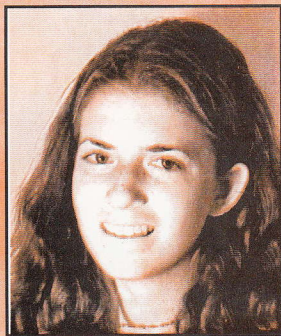
Beverly Friedmann



Girls Cabins



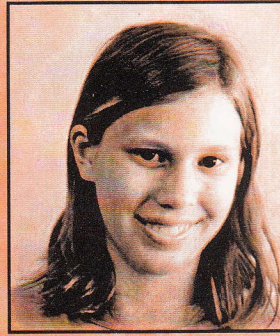
Emma Bergman



Sara Berks



Nina Boutsikaris



Zoe Brookes



Jennifer Buckmeyer



Laura Dadap



Tristanne Davis



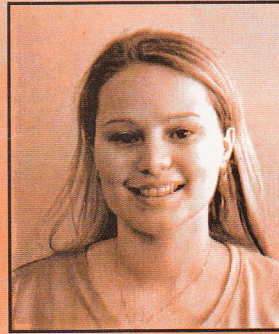
Danielle DeVito



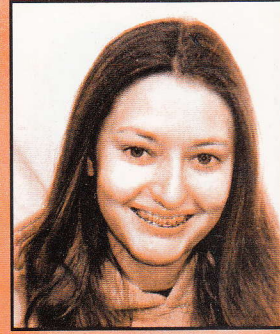
Rosie duPont



Callista Fink



Lauren Gaylord



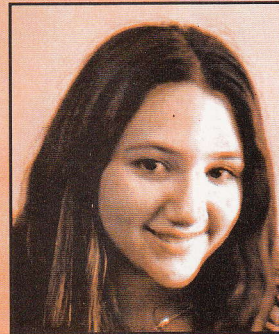
Sophie Huber



Kathryn Karr



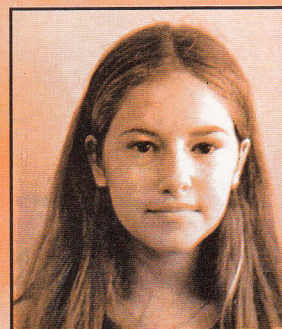
Allison Kline



Kaitlin Perlmutter



Rebecca Scully



Girls Terrace One & Two



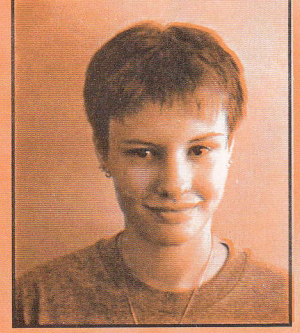
Vienna Cohn



Emily Conley



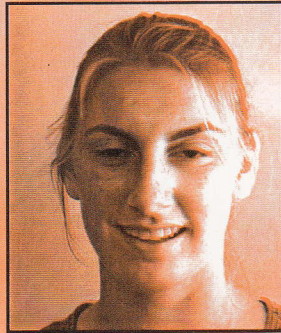
Sarah Davis



Kelsi Emanuel



Carol England



Cassandra Evanisko



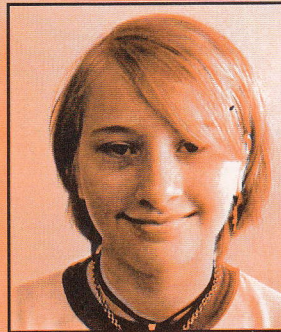
Patsy Gay



Katrina Dencek-Inagaki



Danica Lipman



Shannon May



Phoebe Morris



Katie Otto



Katie Stone

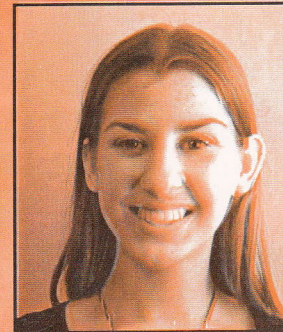
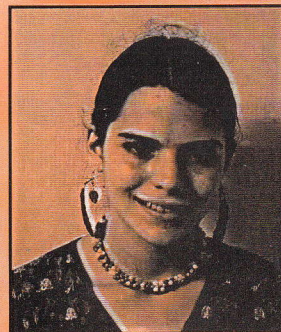
GT2



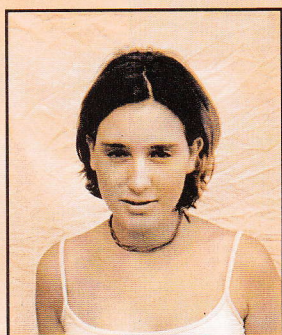
Amanda Caggiano



Aileen Coe



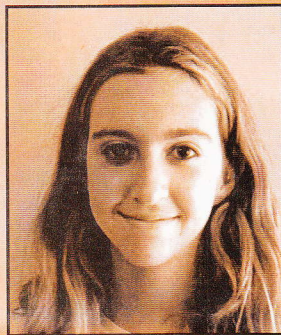
Girls Terrace Two



Sietske Roorda



Jaya Saxena



Rachel Siegel



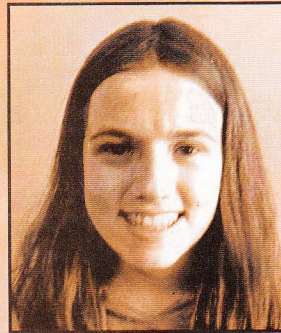
Kiki Stevenson



Dena Tasse-Winter



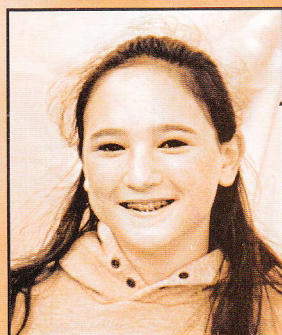
Ariel Thomas



Margaret Thomas

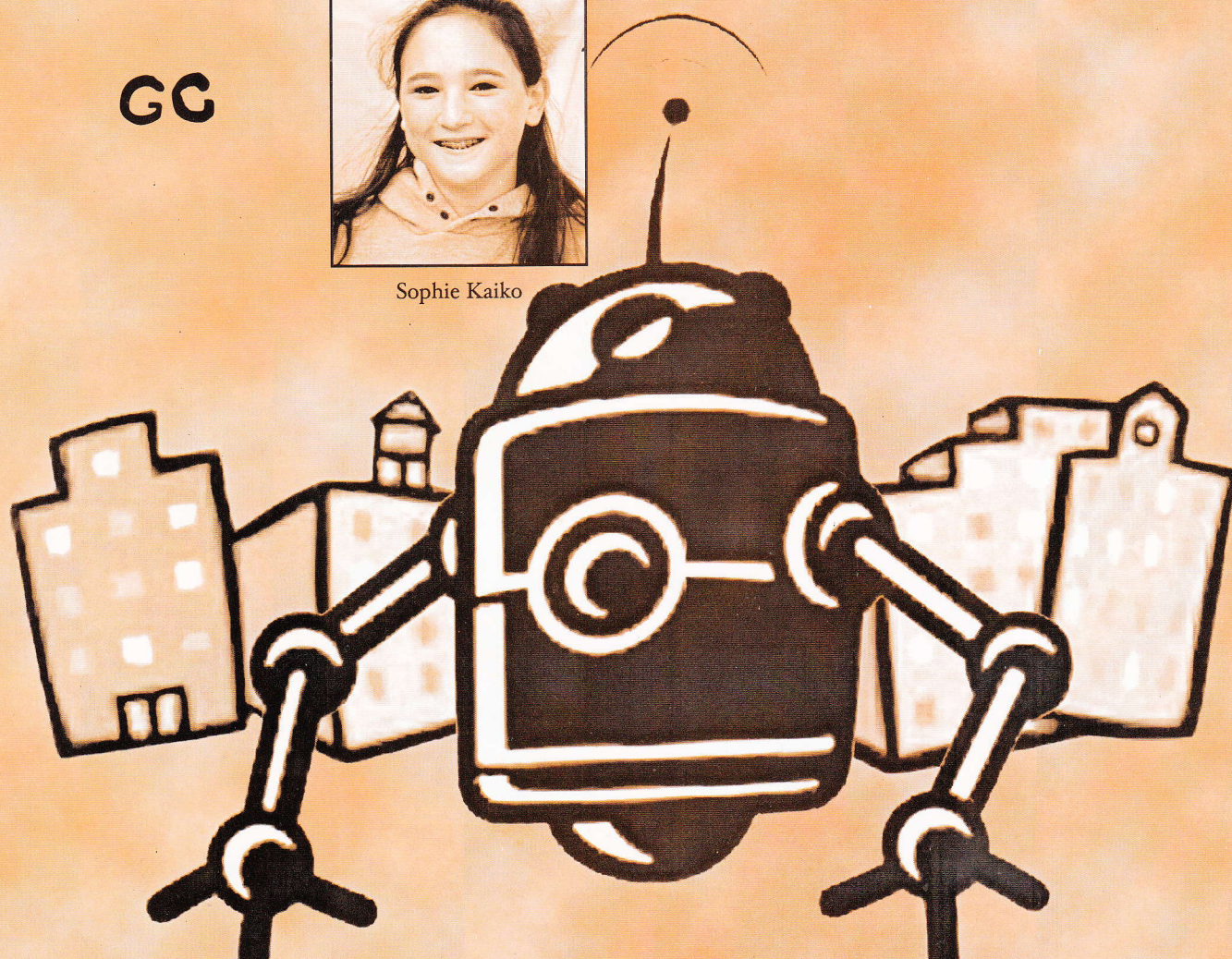


Thea Upham

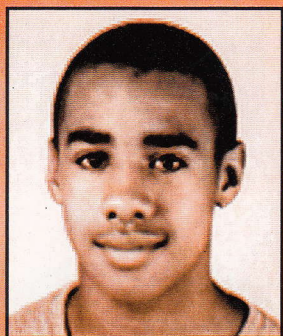


Sophie Kaiko

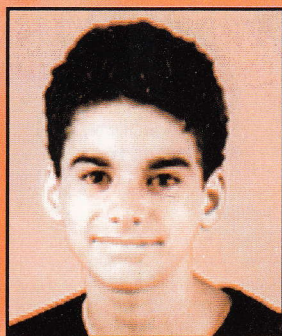
GG



Boys House Up



Peter Andersen



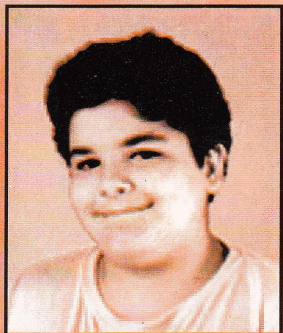
Nat Bearg



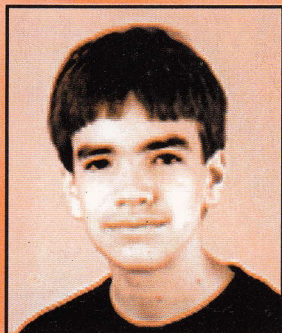
Jacob Berger



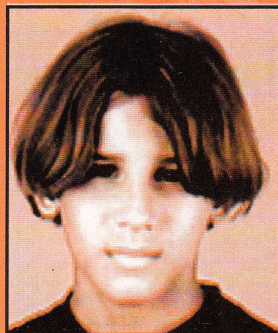
Greg Berkowitz



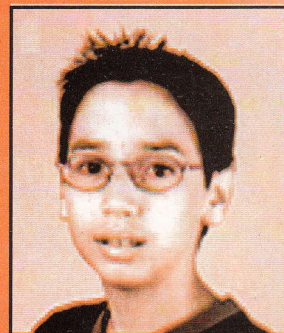
Finn Borge



Daniel Carlyon



Zac Ezrin



Brian Feldman



Adrian Flynn



Chris Gellert



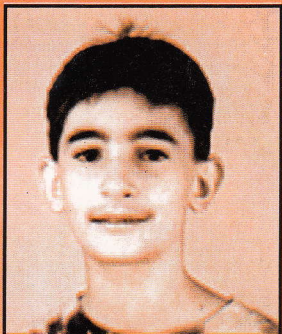
Julian Hicks



✓ Alexander Lopatin



Ezra Lovesky



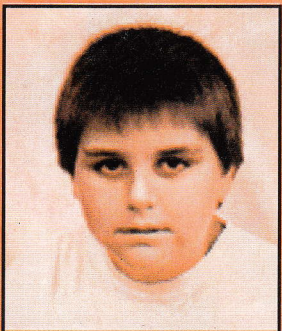
Adrian Rothschild



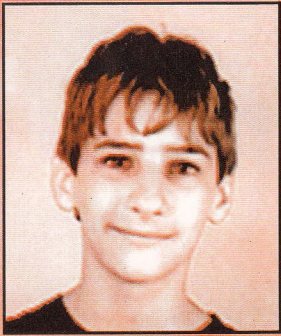
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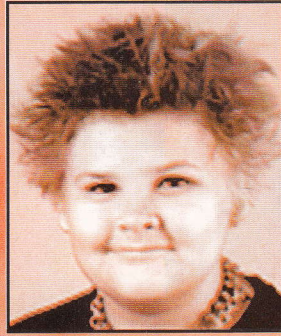
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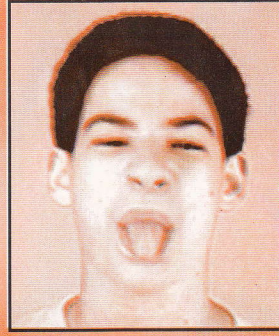
Boys House Down



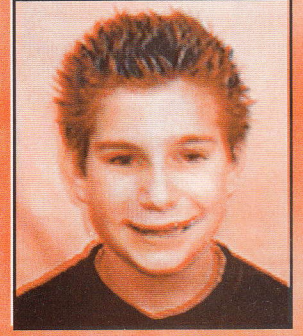
Noah Asch



Travis Bacon



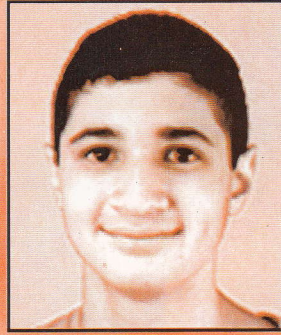
Daniel Baum-Baicker



Ross Brennan



Alex Cowen



Josh Crain



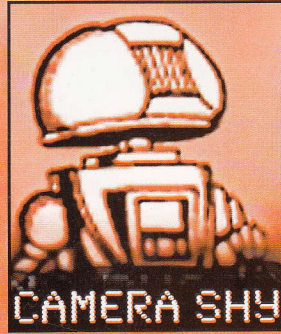
Max Ernst



Jeffrey Festa



Austin Gilmour



Spencer Greenwood



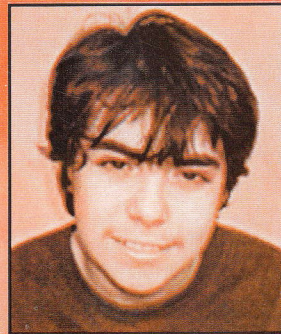
Dan Gutterman



Zachary Horvath



Peter Kaiko



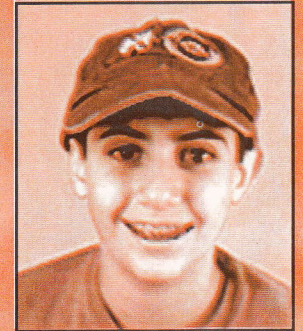
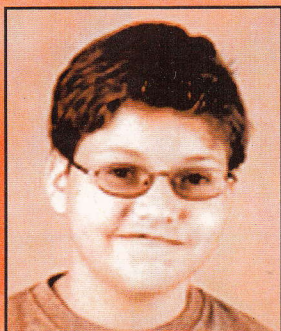
Joseph Kaplan



Jordan Leland



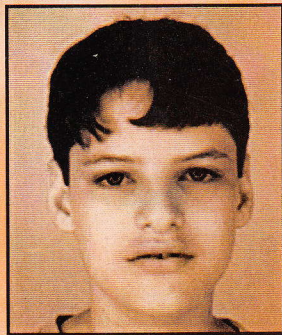
Griffin Newman



Boys House Down & Boys Annex



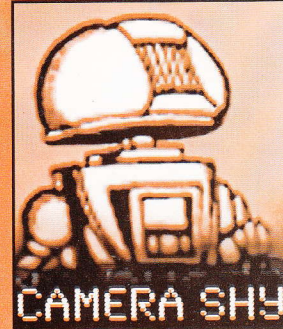
Micah Spear



Yale Spector



Jason Struhl



Alex Young

BA



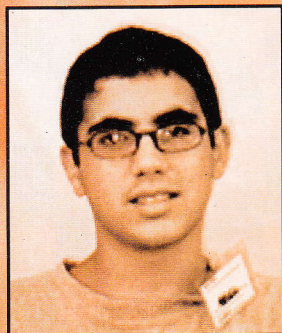
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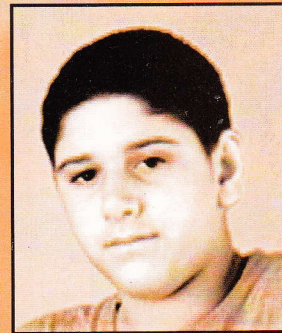
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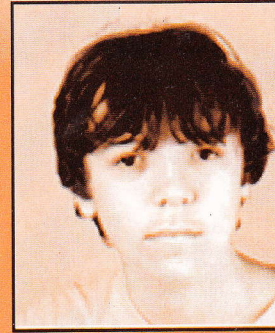
Michael Callahan



Ariel Elinson



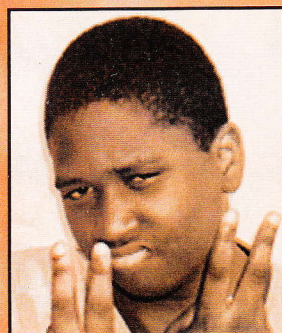
Alex Feintuch



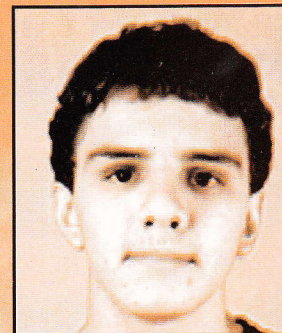
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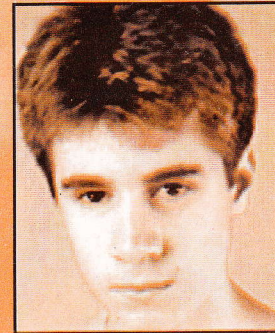
Cody Friedman



Emil Garner



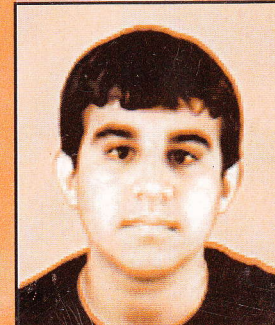
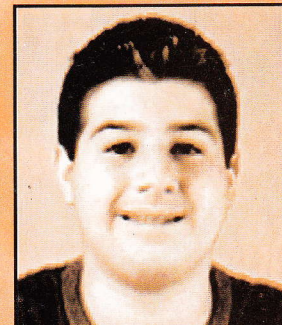
Thomas Goff



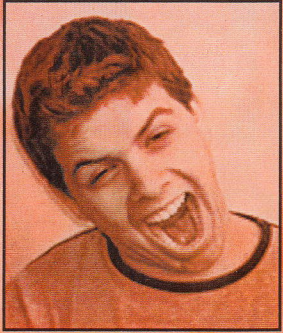
Aydin Hamami



Ben Heimall



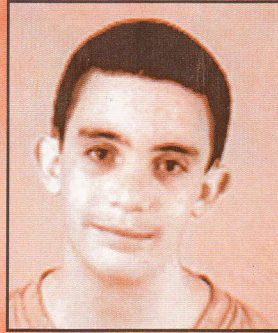
Boys Annex & Boys Cabins Up



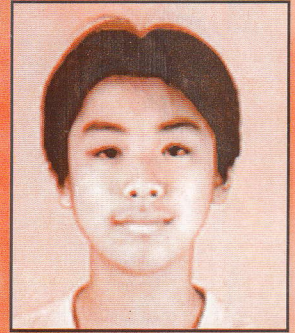
Jordy Liebowitz



Colin Matthews



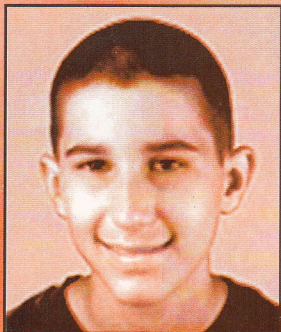
Timothy O'Reilly



Masaki Ota



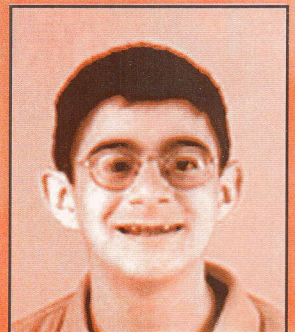
Nathaniel Ott Homer



Kyle Ozycz



David Pantaleoni



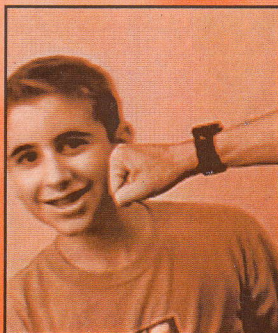
Max Rosenberg



Peter Rubino



Eric Schleien



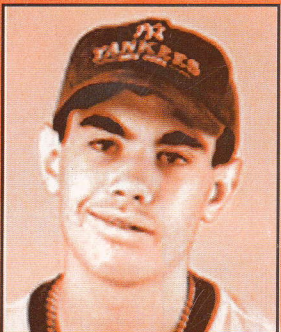
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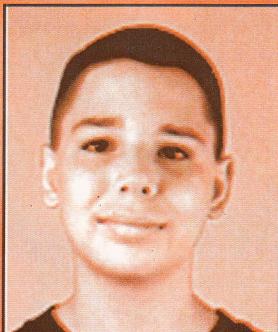
Alexander Simon



Nicholas Strauss-Matathia

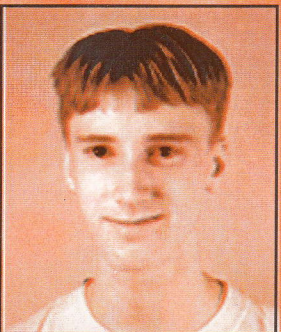
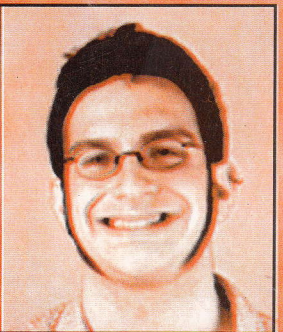


Toby Tieger



Robbie Warren

BCD



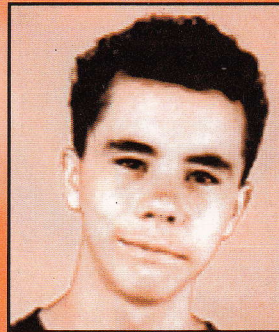
Boys Cabins Down & Up



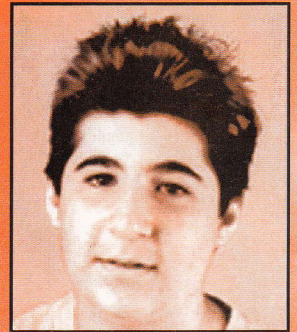
Nicky Hajal



Elias Hertz



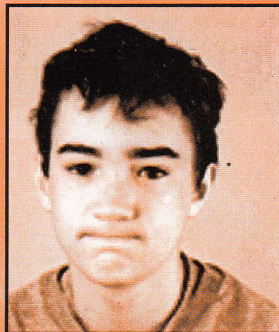
Nicky Robbins



Noah Robbins



Jonah Rosenberg



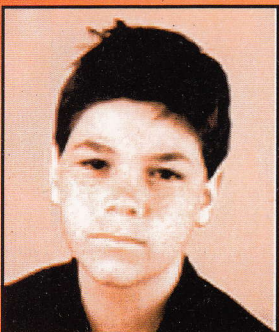
Harry Ryan



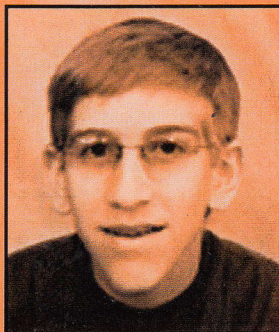
Lorin Silverman



Eli Teller

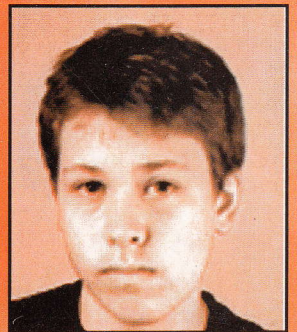


Matt Thurm

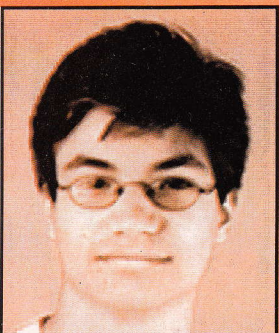


Ian Yarett

BCU



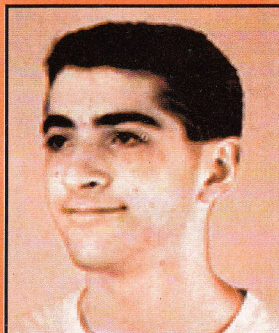
Chris Berg



Danny Bryck



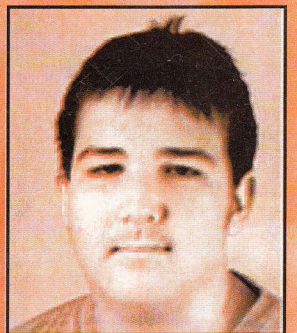
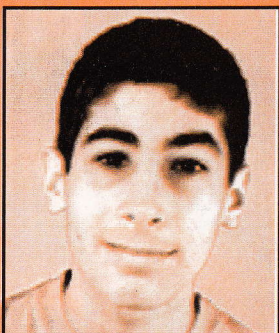
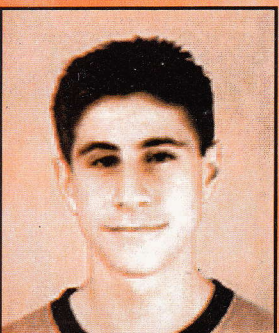
Billy Cole



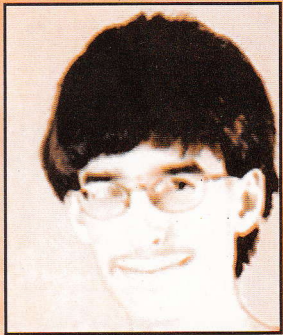
Ethan Feuer



Ben Folit-Weinberg



Boys Cabin s Up



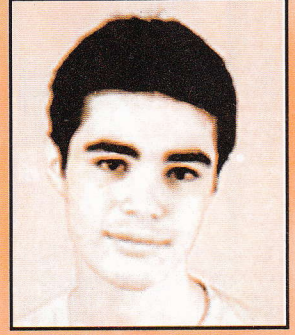
Eric Johnson



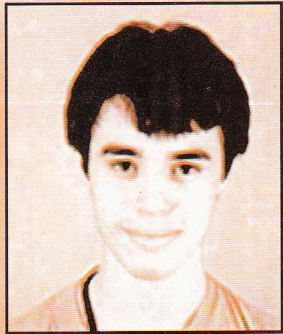
Seth Kane



Ivan Landers



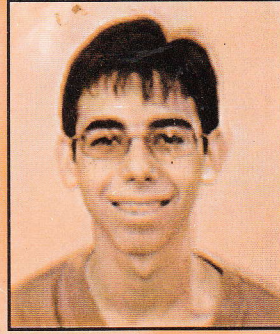
Dan Lanzara



Greg Lanzara



Max Malitzky



Michael Mallner



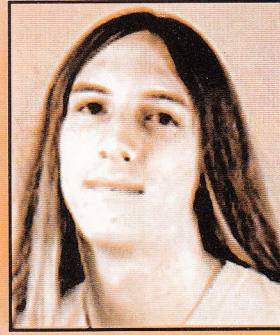
Doug Moss



Teddy Rogers



Kirill Satanovsky



Dylan Shad

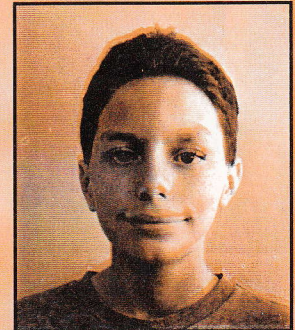
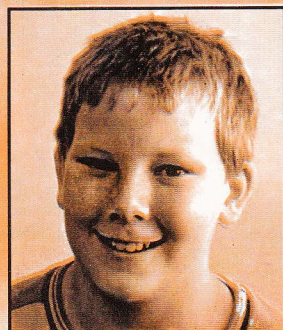


Hunter Shaw



Michael Weiner

2nd Session - Boys House Up



Boys House Up & Down



Sam Levin



Dennis Moran

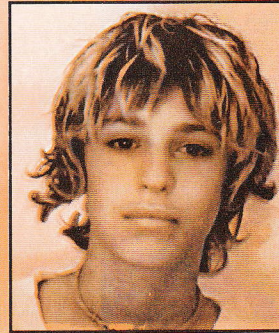


Ryan Verneuille

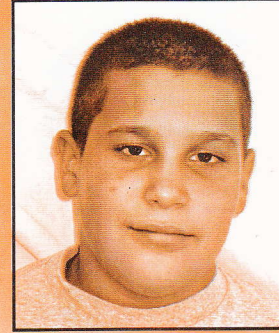


Preston Wollner

BHD



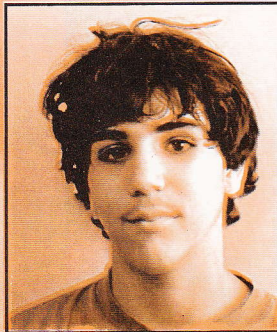
Jonathan Baruc



G Formica

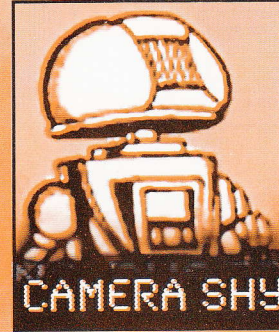


Oren Hartov

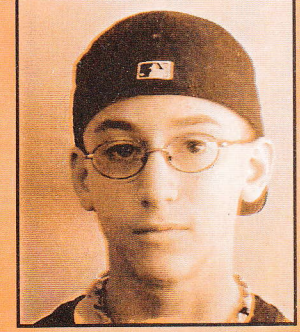


Zachary Hendel

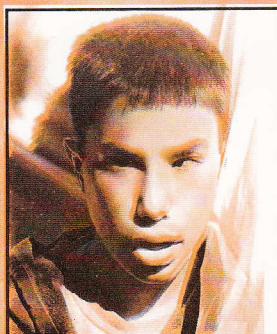
Boys
Annex



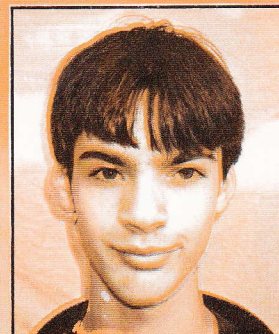
Brett Blakeney



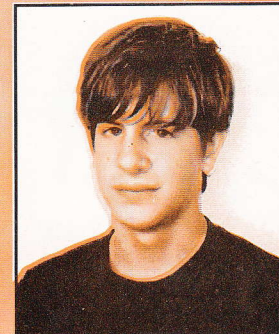
Jeremiah Budin



Seth Caplan



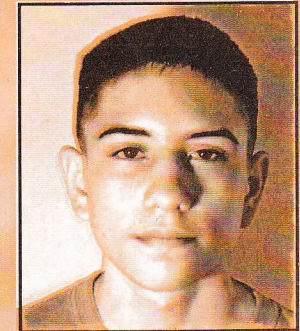
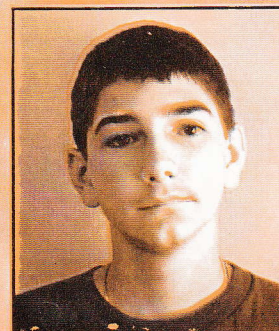
Adam Chodoff



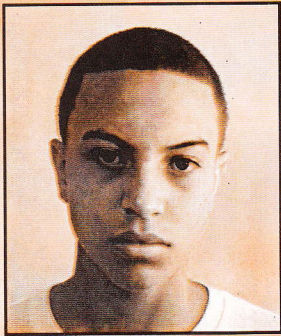
Gabe D'Anico



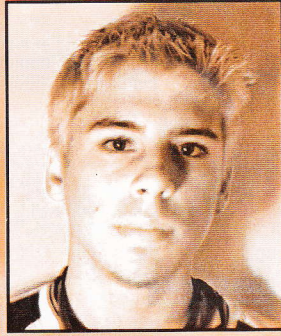
Max Dorfman



Boys Annex, Boys Cabins Up & Down



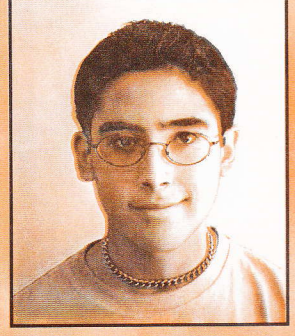
Reinaldo Palencia



Eli Peck



Joshua Rachlin

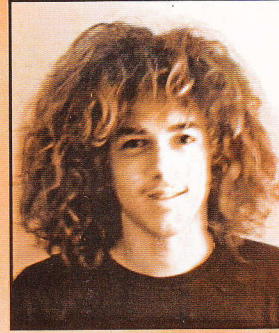


Daniel Riley

BCD



Jamie Gollogly

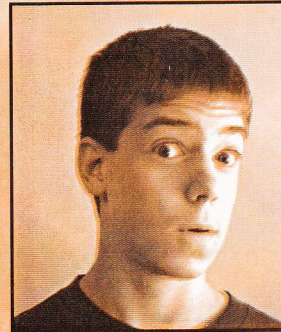


Daniel Kotler

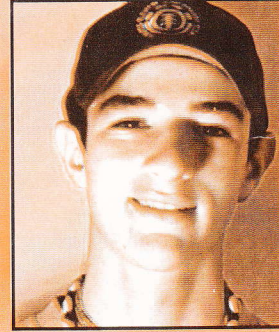


Ryan Moore

BCU



Case Colina



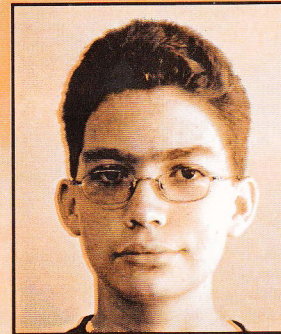
Mike Grippi



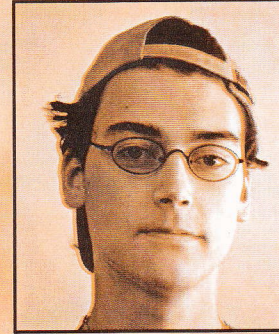
Adam Horowitz



Pierre Hue



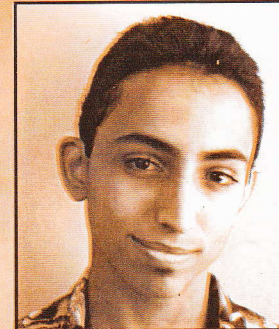
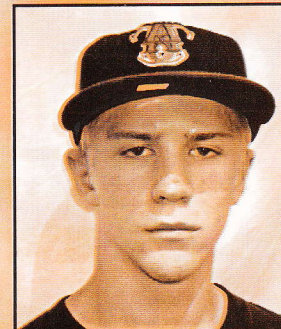
Ross Kelly



Keegan Kuvach



Ben Levin



CITS



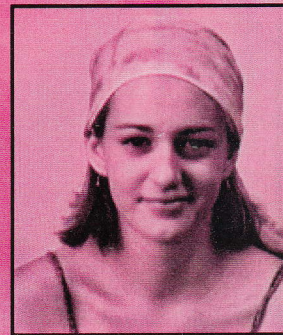
Erin Johnson - Art



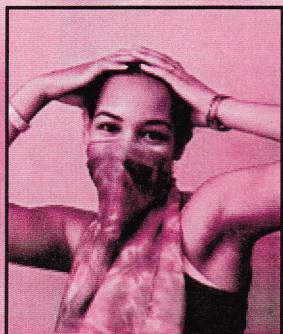
Brittany Speisman - Art



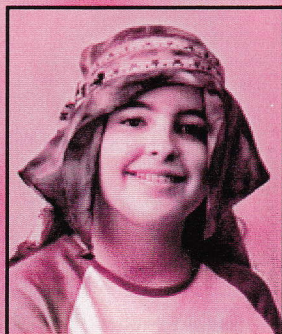
Julia Wiener - Art



Emma Edelman - Batik



Leah Gillman - Batik



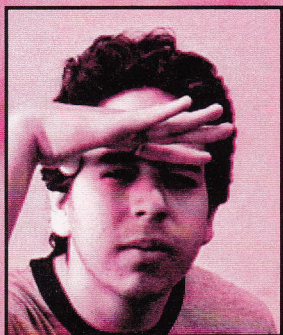
Lindsay Long-Waldor - Batik



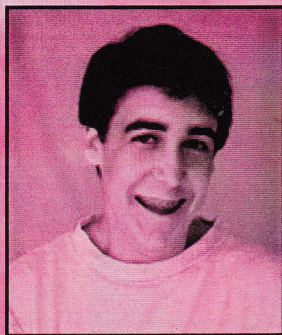
Ben Ragen - Batik



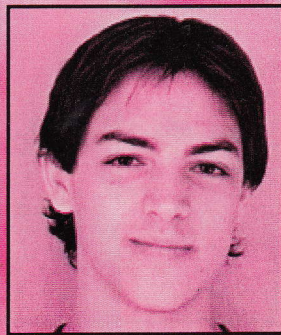
Kate Blaustein - Book Arts



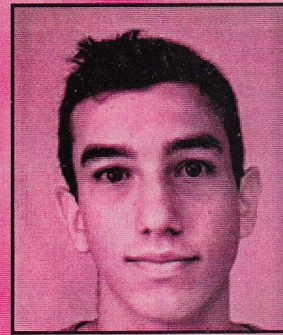
Adam Katz - Ceramics/Music



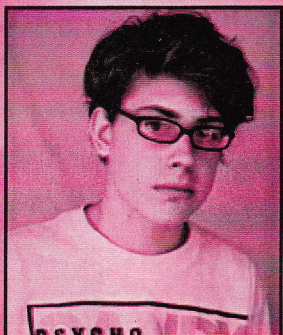
Benjamin Kaufman - Ceramics



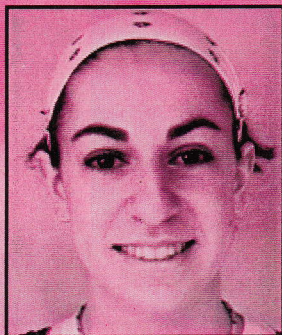
Gabriel Kishnevski - Ceramics



David Altabef - Clown



Colin Beckett - Clown



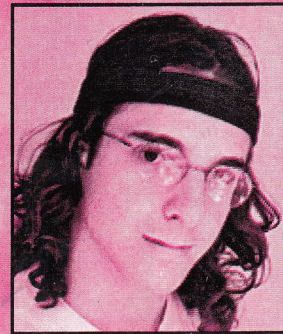
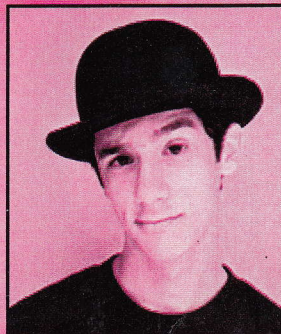
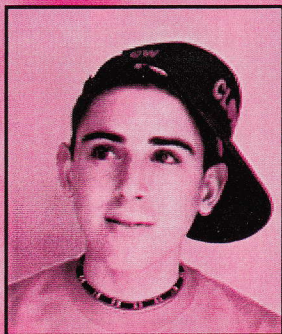
Hillary Cohen - Clown



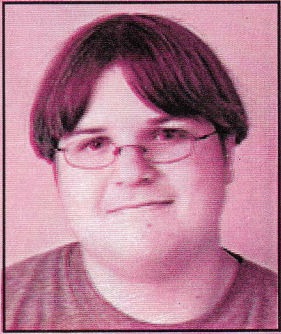
Andrew Dawson - Clown



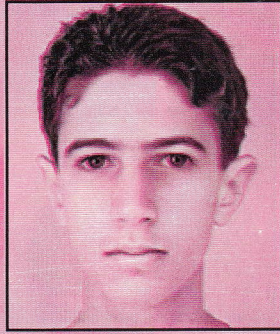
Lucky Gretzinger - Clown



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Christopher Blume - Computer



Joshua Feintuch - Computer



Lauren Schneider - Computer



Gia Dupree - Dance



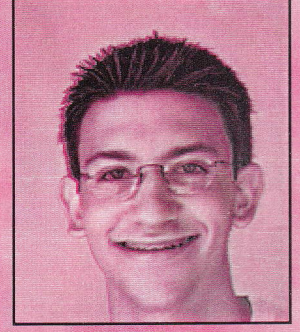
Liliana Eisner - Dance



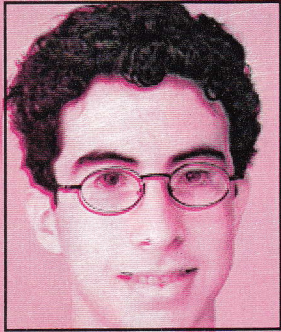
Arielle Schwartz - Dance



Dina Rudofsky - Evening Activities



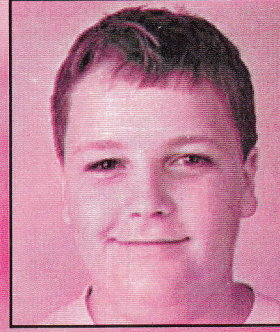
Paul Arnhold - Glass



Andrew Bearnot - Glass



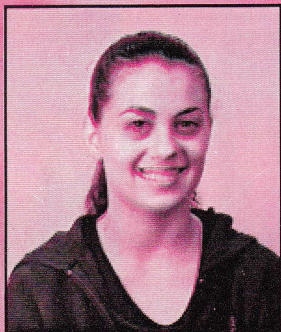
Eve Bertin-Lang - Glass



Ollie Hulland - Glass



Danielle Lipson - Glass



Jamie Dresher - LSD



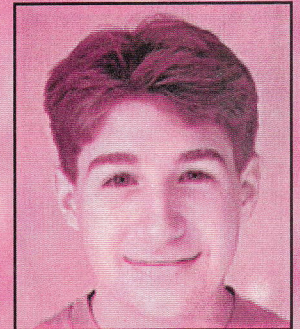
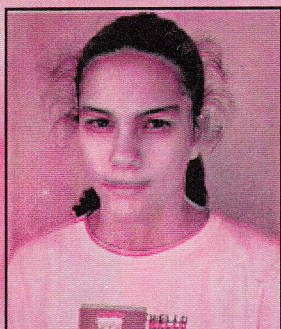
Justin Spiegel - LSD



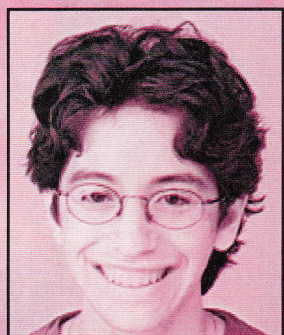
Rebecca Clark - Metals



Rachel Fish - Metals



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Samuel Budin - Music



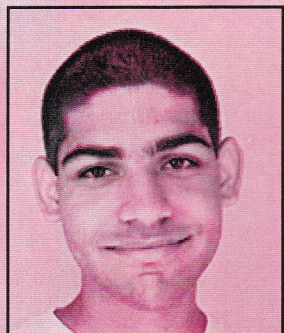
Nathalie Levey - Music



Alex Rosenthal - Music



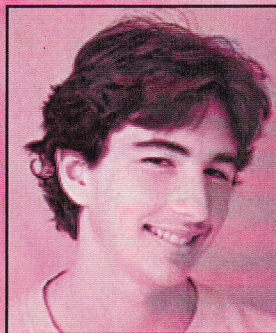
Alexis Schuster - Music



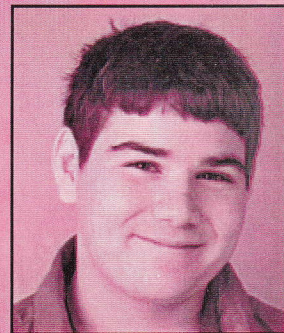
Matrix Stahl - Music



Travis Walker-Hodkin - Music



Cory Allen - Office



Jeremy Thomas - Office



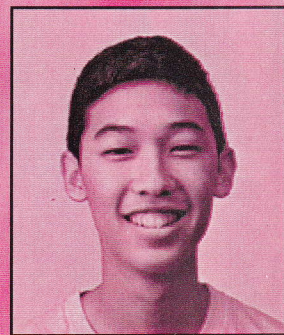
Tucker Blatterman - PASS



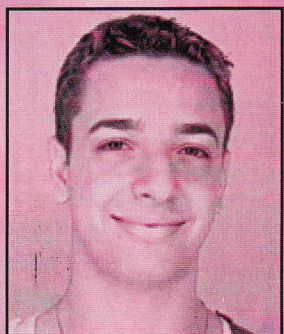
Lena Sands - PASS



Annie Schapira - PASS



Jason Chu - Photo



Gabriel Held-Jakubowicz - Photo



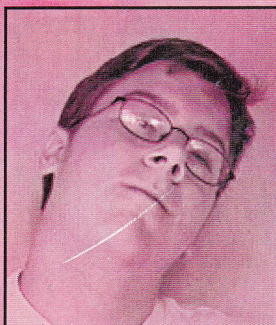
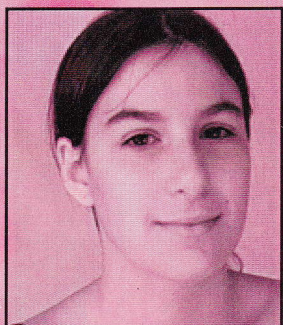
Mollie Laffin-Rose - Photo



Adara Meyers - Photo



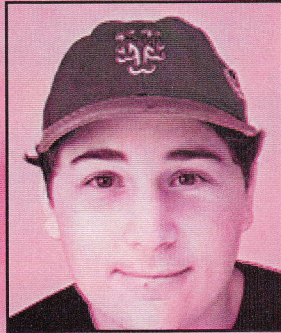
Sarah Butler - Pub



CITS



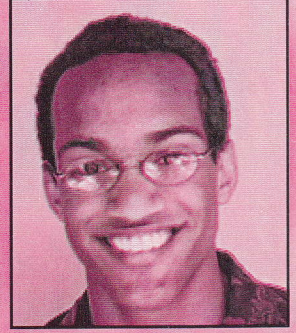
Ali Millard - Radio/Art



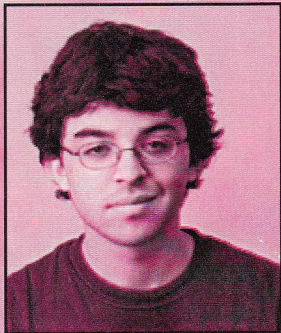
Alex Nahoum -Radio



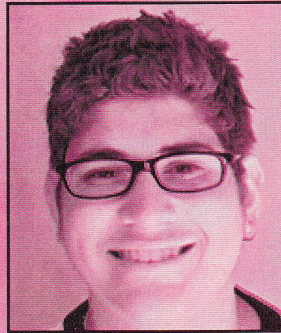
Jon Ross - Radio



Stefan Byrd-Krueger - Sculpture



Max Klein - Sculpture



Matt Lubchansky - Sculpture



Lauren Weiner - Sculpture



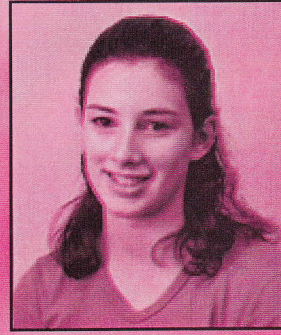
Joanna Glickberg - Set Design



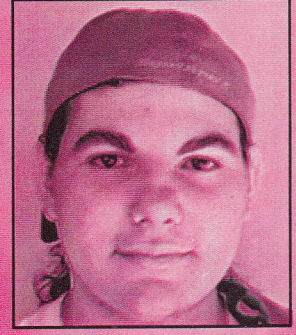
Alix Freireich - Sewing



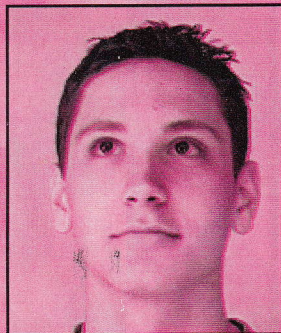
Ilana Lustbader - Sewing



Leslie Stephenson - Sewing



George Keveson - Sports



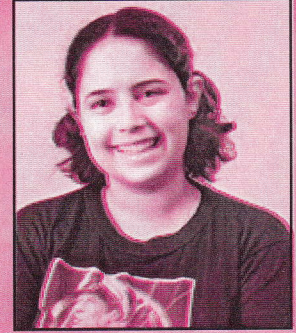
Matthew McGony -Sports/Canteen



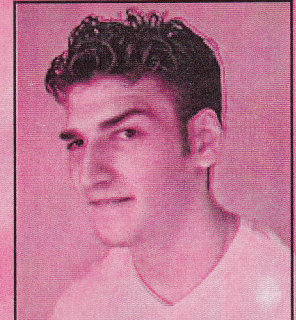
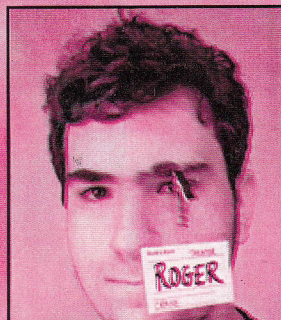
Leigh Adel-Arnold - Theatre



Zara Barrie - Theatre



Bethany Boles - Theatre



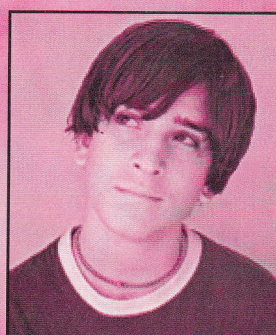
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Juli Martin - Theatre



Katie Ort - Theatre



Nicolas Panken - Theatre



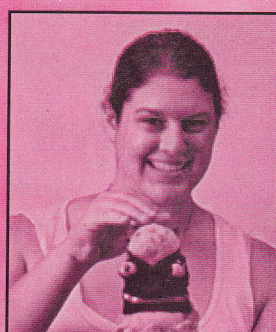
Aaron Rabinowitz - Theatre



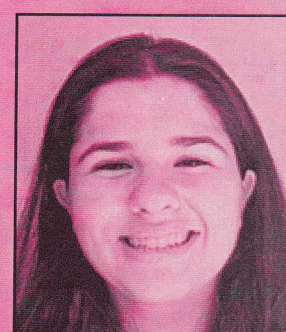
Katherine Reilly - Theatre



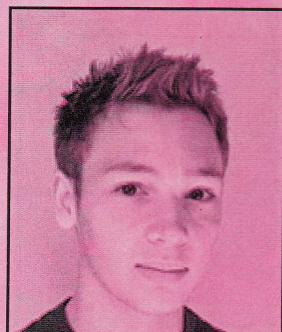
Leslie Rosenberg - Theatre



Jessie Rubenstein - Theatre



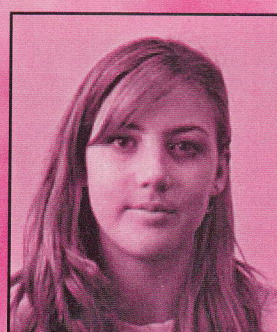
Rachel Schweitzer - Theatre



Robert Terenzio - Theatre



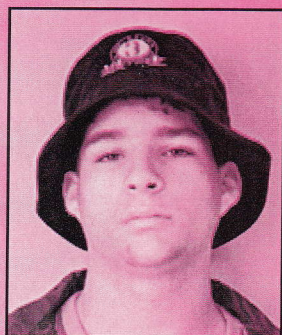
Sara Weinbrom - Theatre



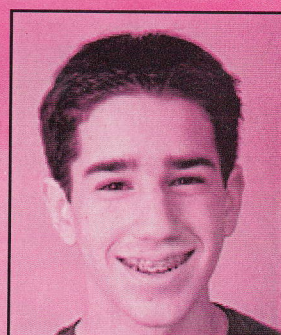
Anne Guest - Theatre/Dance



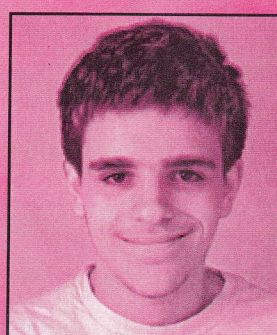
Richard Ledley - Video



Max Miller - Video



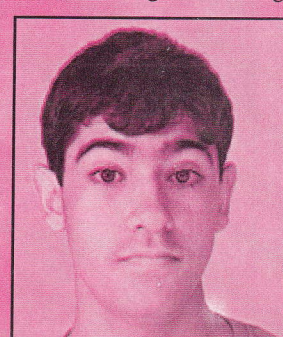
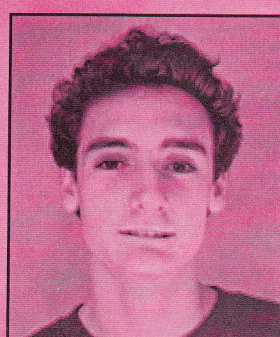
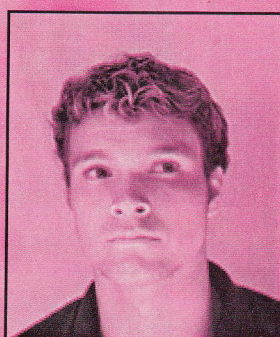
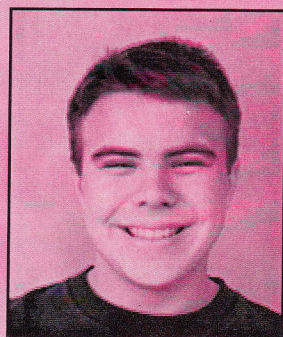
Michael Wellman - Video



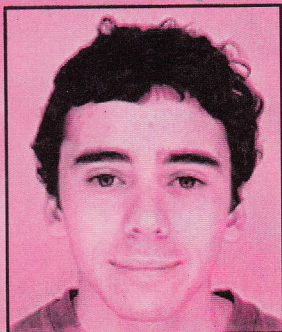
Seth Mickenberg - Weaving



Rachel Schragis - Weaving



CITS



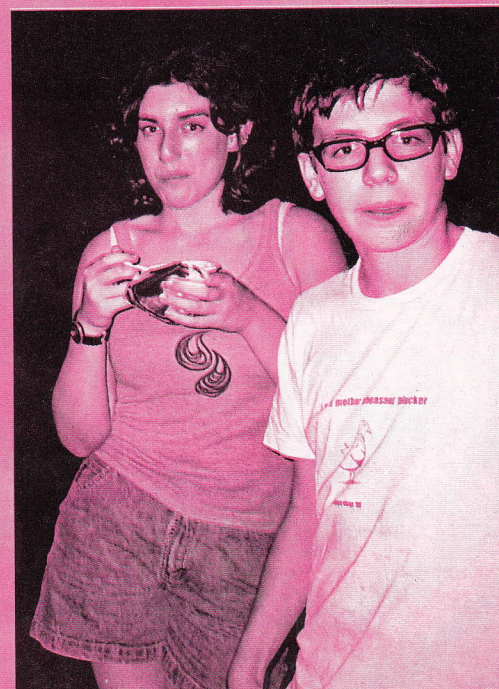
Daniel Wolkowitz - Wood



Max Yeston - Video



Ruth Shannon - Theatre



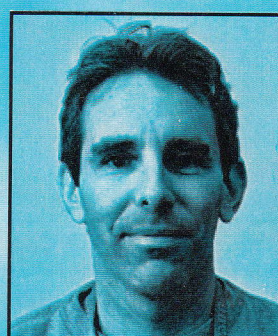
staff



Beverley Canepari
Administration



Laura Morris
Administration



Mickey Morris
Administration



Don Pudell
Administration



Paulina Eloff
Animal Farm



Elizabeth Green
Animal Farm



Lorelle McMonigle
Animal Farm



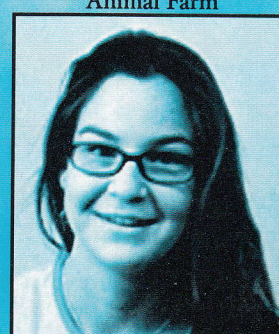
Audrey Soffa
Animal Farm



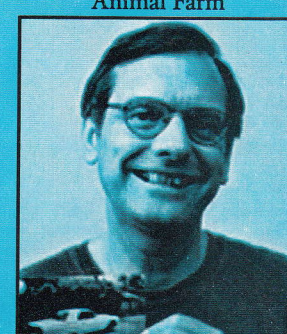
Rachel Anscher
Art Shop



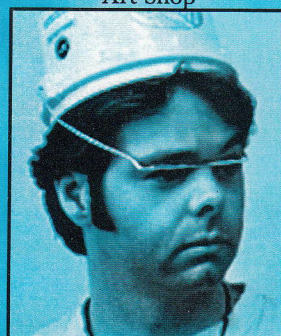
Sara Casilio
Art Shop



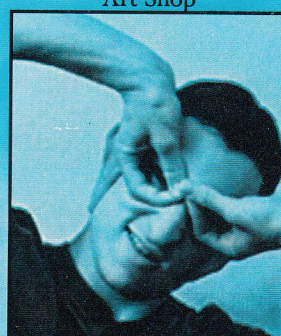
Milena Filipova
Art Shop



Chris Forby
Art Shop



Richard Price
Art Shop



Asher Sarlin
Art Shop



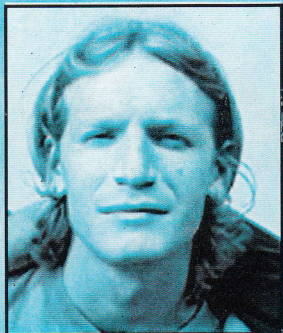
Kate Maguire
Batik



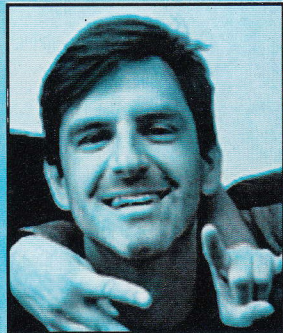
Stephanie Smith
Batik



staff



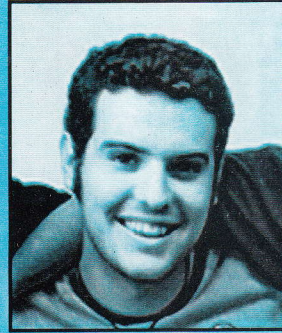
Jonathan Bridges
Ceramics



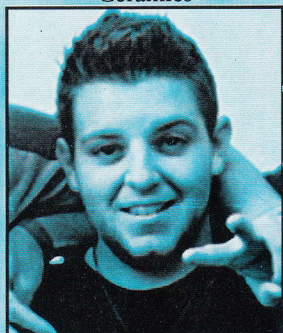
Adam Ellyson
Ceramics



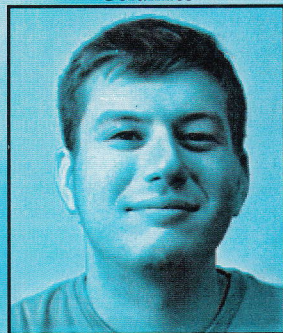
Belinda Johnson
Ceramics



Chris Mole
Ceramics



Max Stein
Ceramics



Nicholas Elliott
CIT Boys



Stuart Pursell
CIT Boys



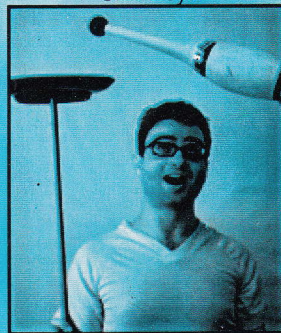
Quinn Connelly
CIT Girls



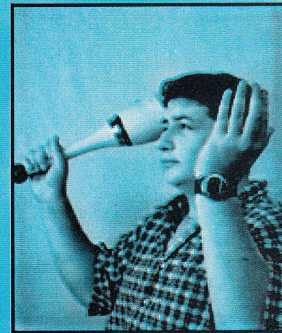
Johanna Silverman
CIT Girls



Jon Golbe
Clown



Louis Pearlman
Clown



Alex Perlin
Clown



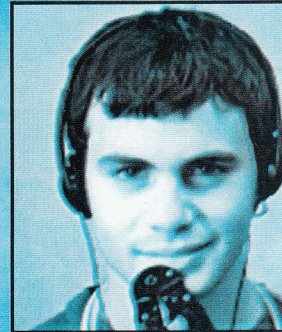
Owen Chan
Clown



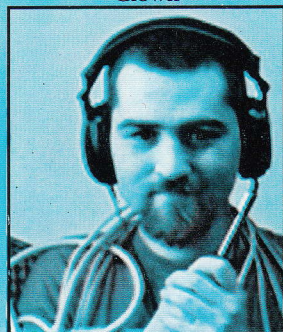
Sara Wolkowitz
Clown



Nathaniel Budin
Computer



David Glasser
Computer



staff



Laura Watson
Costume



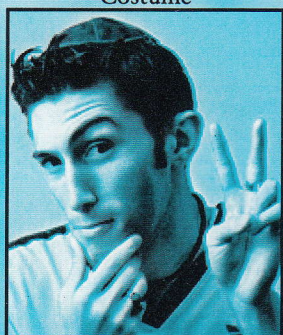
Charlotte Wilson
Costume



Jessica Klein-Gunnewick
Dance



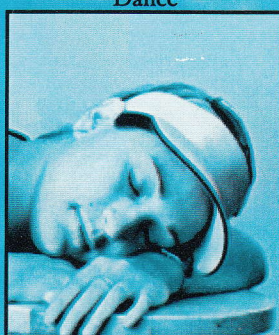
Sonya Kuropatwa
Dance



Ben Nathan
Dance



Lydia Silva
Dance



Viv Gibson
Evening Activities



Alex Bradspies
Glass



Alicia Casilio
Glass



Kelly Casilio
Glass



Jessica Katz
Glass



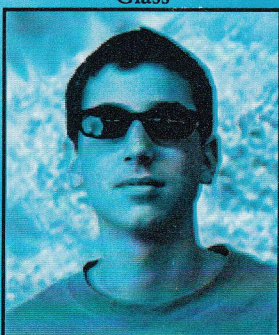
Justin Parisi-Smith
Glass



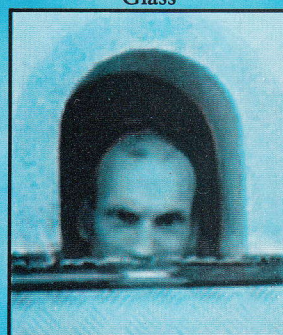
Michael Politz
Glass



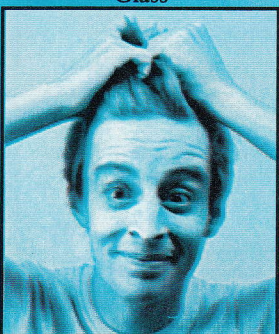
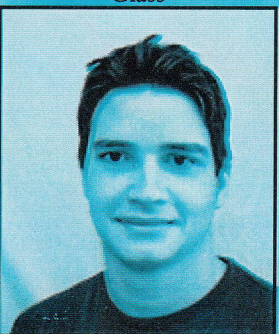
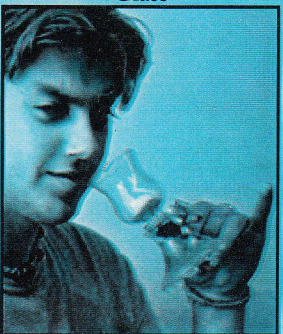
Jono Robbins
Glass



Scott Satkin
Glass



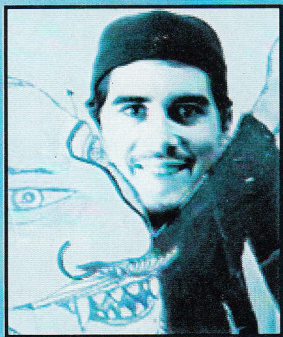
Joe Upham
Glass



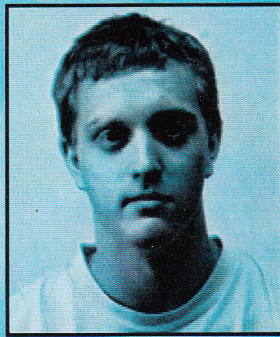
staff



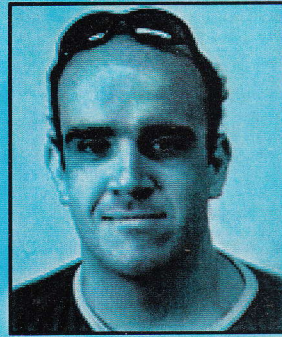
Joshua Huffaker (BC)
Guidance Boys



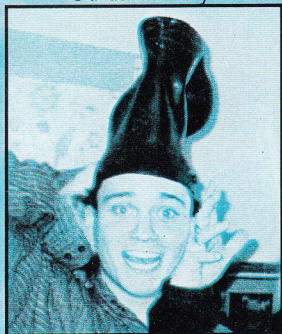
Kevin Kennedy (BA)
Guidance Boys



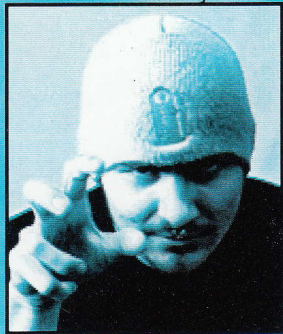
Christopher Nobbs (BA)
Guidance Boys



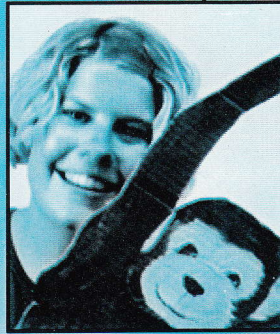
Steven Norminton (BHU)
Guidance Boys



Thomas Shaw (BA)
Guidance Boys



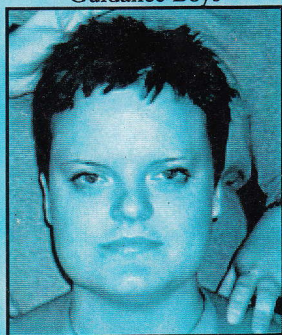
Joshua Wiffen (BC)
Guidance Boys



Kelly Bosman (GA2)
Guidance Girls



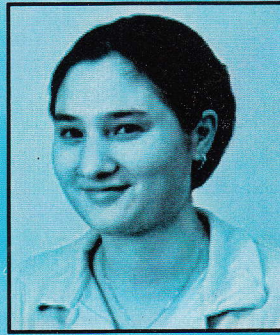
Heather Cahill (GC)
Guidance Girls



Donna Cooper (GHD)
Guidance Girls



Ranae Croxford (GT1)
Guidance Girls



Marissa Domanski (GA1)
Guidance Girls



Claire Downs (GT1)
Guidance Girls



Karen Duncan (GA2)
Guidance Girls



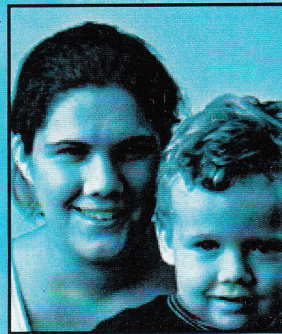
Sarah Edwards (GA1)
Guidance Girls



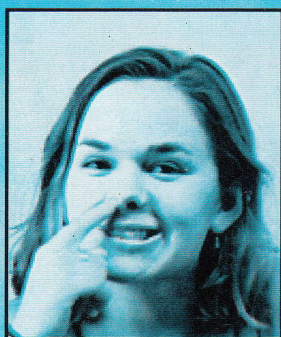
Charisse Gillies (GA2)
Guidance Girls



Nellie Goldflam (GAC)
Guidance Girls



staff



Emily Mishalanie (GAC)
Guidance Girls



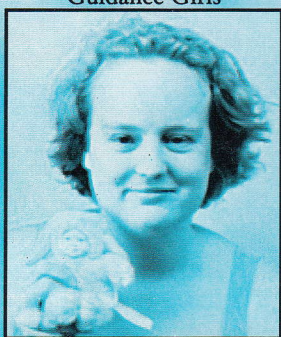
Nicola Odonnell (GHU)
Guidance Girls



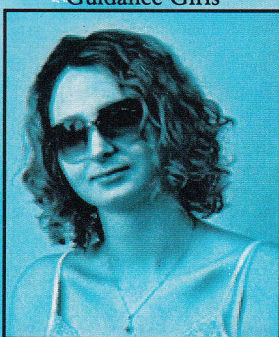
Leif Pollock (GHD)
Guidance Girls



Nadia Spiliotacopoulos (GT2)
Guidance Girls



Eva Ten Kate (GAC)
Guidance Girls



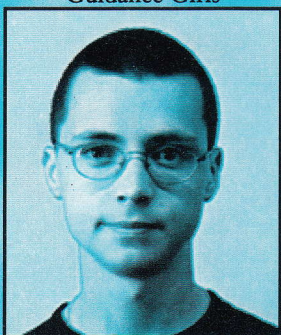
Catherine Thompson (GC)
Guidance Girls



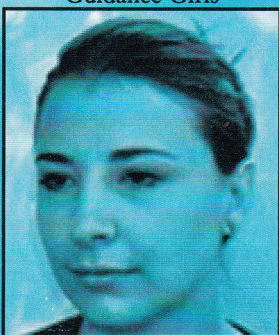
Janine Van Der Horst (GT1)
Guidance Girls



Natasha Veitch (GT2)
Guidance Girls



Mateusz Glowacki
Housekeeping



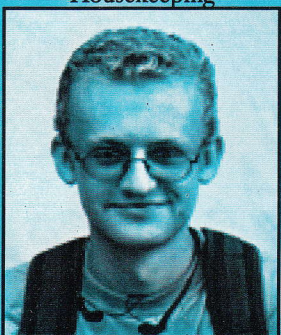
Agnieszka Kaliszan
Housekeeping



Lucyna Kugel
Housekeeping



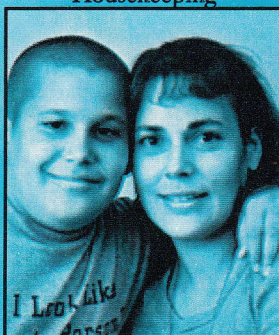
Lukas Malinowski
Housekeeping



Maciej Marut
Housekeeping



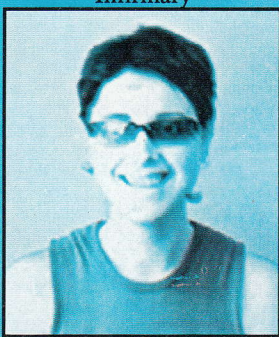
Agnieszka Dulemba
Infirmary



Tracy Formica
Infirmary



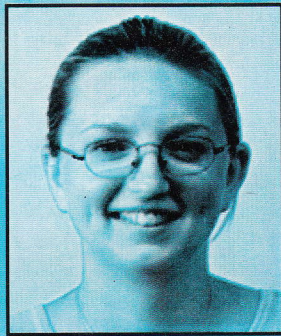
Polly Hohn
Infirmary



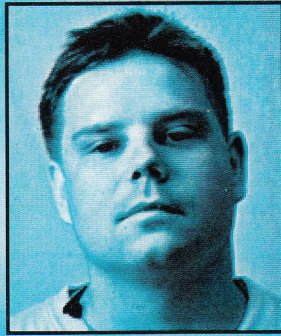
Staff



Katarzyna Dubrownik
Kitchen



Agnieszka Konwerska
Kitchen



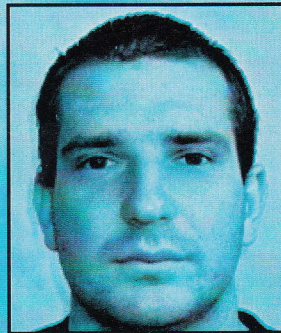
Lukasz Krall
Kitchen



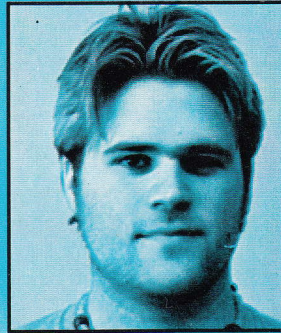
Katarzyna Krzewska
Kitchen



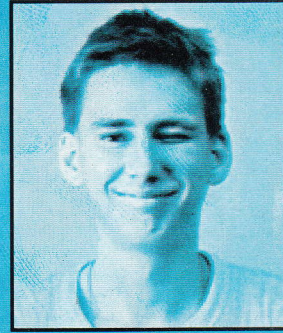
Ekaterina Krikun
Kitchen



Radoslaw Lipinski
Kitchen



Brendan Lloyd
Kitchen



Sergey Maleev
Kitchen



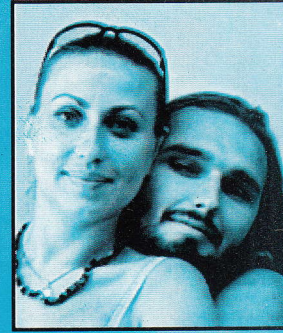
Stefan Marcinkiewicz
Kitchen



Elena Pryantchikova
Kitchen



Asya Ryazantseva
Kitchen



Slawomira Sawicka
Kitchen



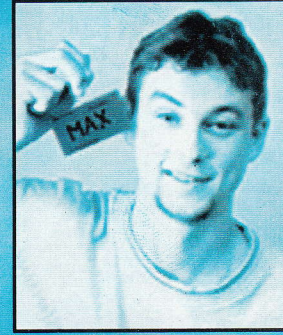
David Schneider
Kitchen



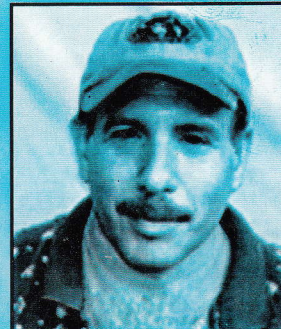
Helene Schneider
Kitchen



Piotr Tomczyk
Kitchen



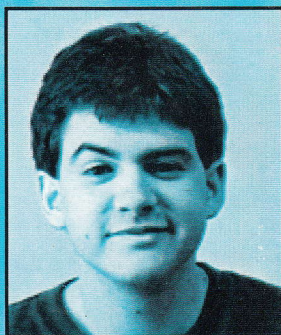
Maxim Vinogradov
Kitchen



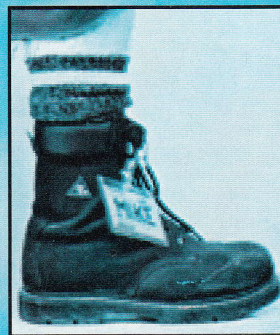
staff



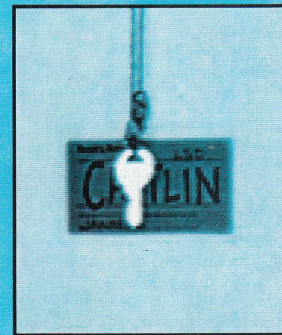
Jeff Greenberg
LSD



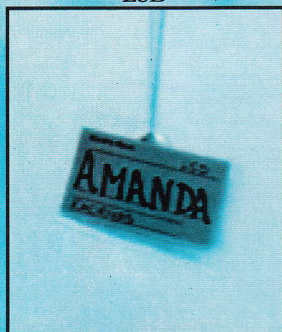
Hank Gretzinger
LSD



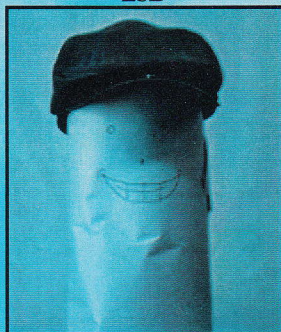
Michael Inwood
LSD



Caitlin Janapol
LSD



Amanda Kadrmas
LSD



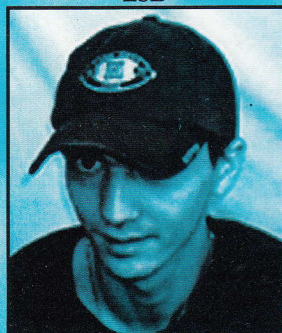
Benjamin Stewart
LSD



Lauren Tannenbaum
LSD



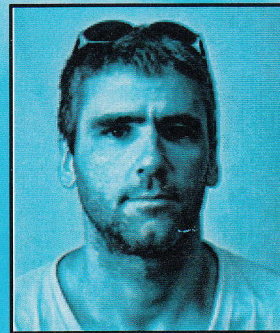
Kingsley Atiadevey
Maintenance



Tudor Buzdugan
Maintenance



Tim Cable
Maintenance



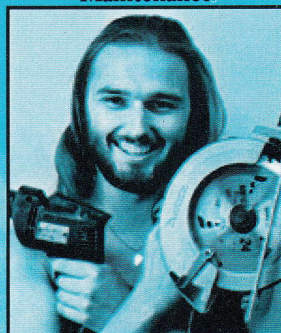
Forrest Canepari
Maintenance



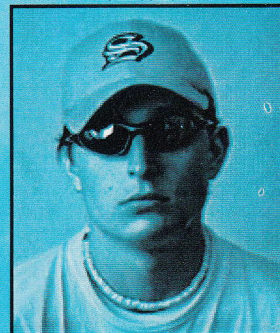
Ashley Cartwright
Maintenance



Tomas Cwiklinski
Maintenance



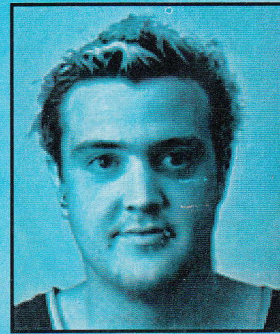
Jarostaw Filak
Maintenance



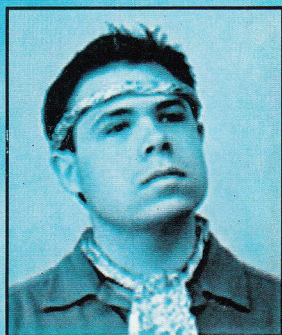
Robin Harris
Maintenance



Lukas Kopec
Maintenance



staff



Scott Kraiterman
Metals



Ali Loewenstein
Metals



Juliet Ross
Metals



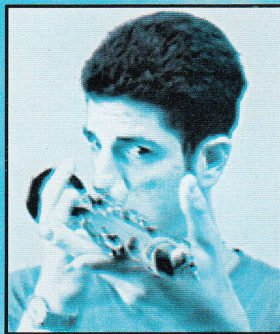
Jasmine Stobbe
Metals



Jackie Weiss
Metals



Rachel Berman
Music



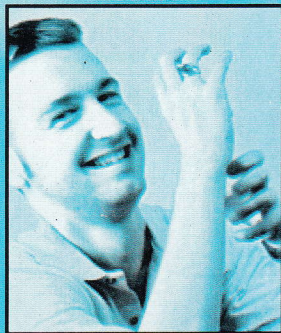
Daniel Blake
Music



Jane Carmichael
Music



Katherine Fraser
Music



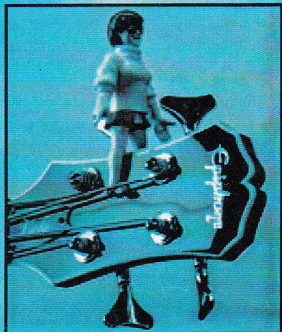
Lee Hillyard
Music



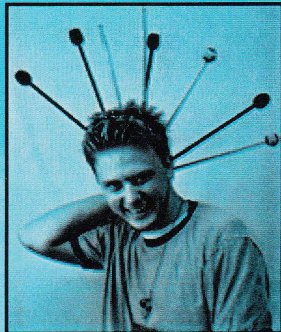
Myq Kaplan
Music



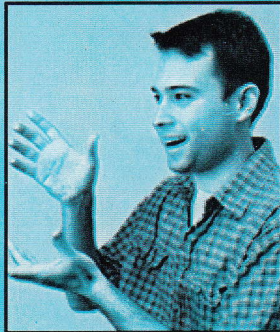
Paul Lamarche
Music



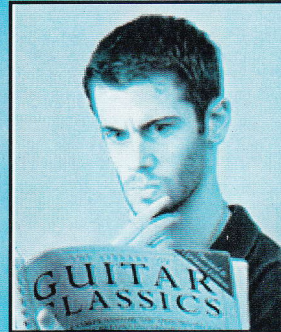
Adrienne Lloyd
Music



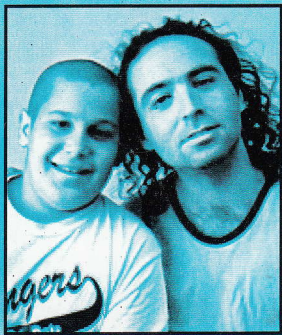
Ike Moore
Music



Patrick Quigley
Music



Jonah Rabinowitz-Buchanan
Music



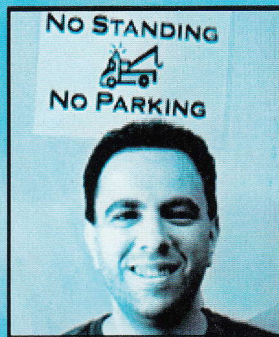
staff



Anita Brook-Dupree
Office



Janine Dupree
Office



Rob Kuropatwa
Office



Rita Pudell
Office



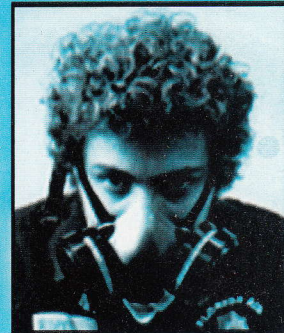
Harriet Yomtov
Office



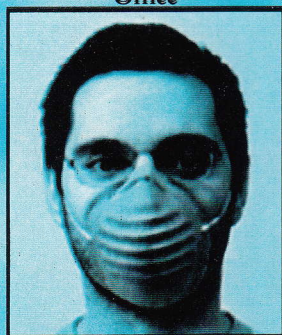
Wanda Ewing
PASS



Mikaela Gross
PASS



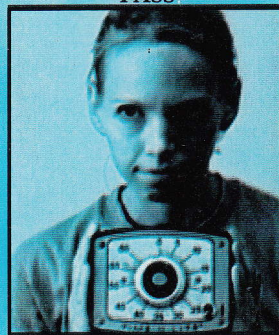
Nick Rhodes
PASS



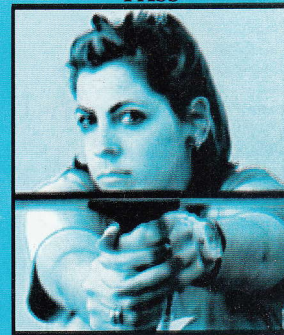
Jason Riffaterre
PASS



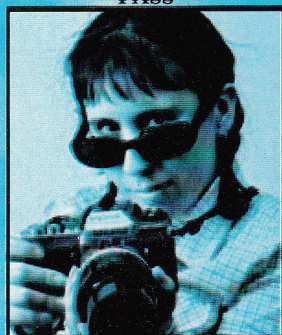
Sara Folit-Weinberg
Photo



Marnie Goodfriend
Photo



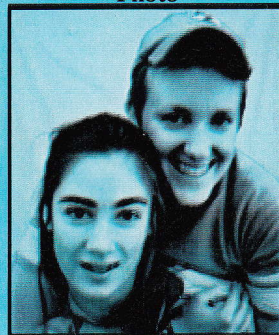
Jessica Morris
Photo



Erica Zeller
Photo



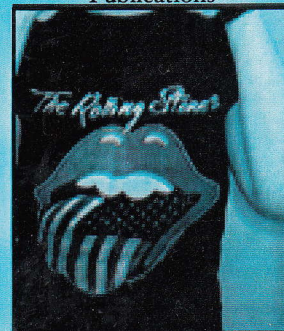
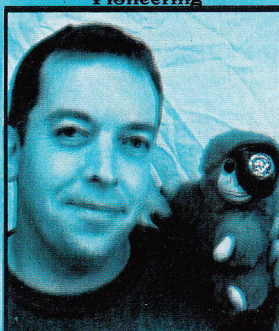
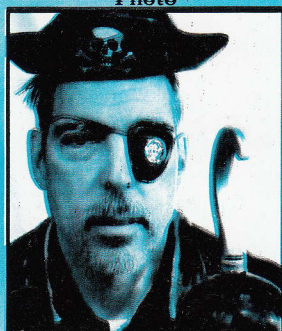
Jason Farrell
Pioneering



April Acker
Publications



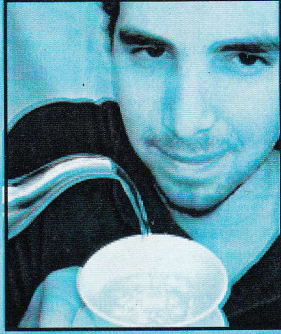
Emma Kirwan
Publications



staff



Nick Himmel
Publications



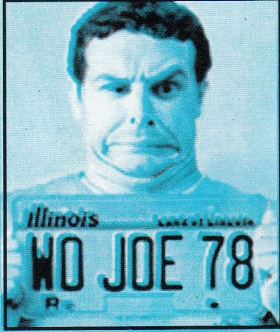
Joey Roth
Publications



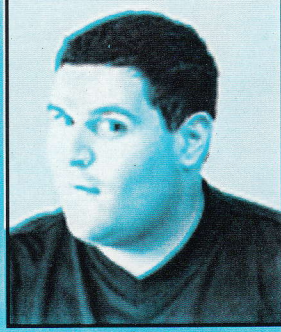
Brett Kizner
Publications



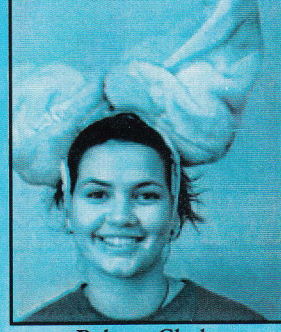
Amy Walter
Publications



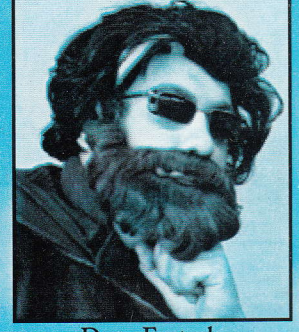
Joe Lanham
Radio



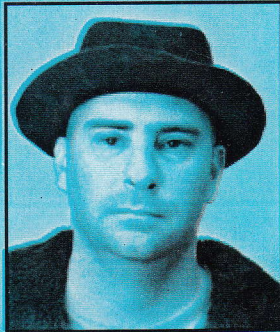
Alexander Weprin
Radio



Rebeca Clarke
Sculpture



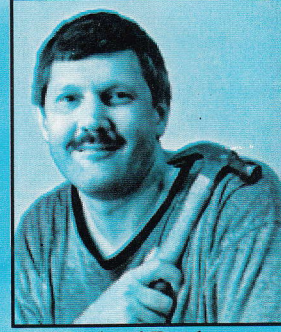
Dane Easterly
Sculpture



Warren MacMillian
Sculpture



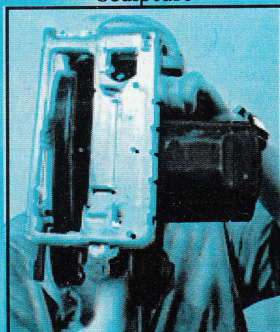
Bonnie Tatro
Sculpture



Richard Dunham
Set Design



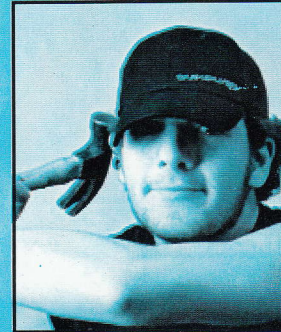
Edward Kyle
Set Design



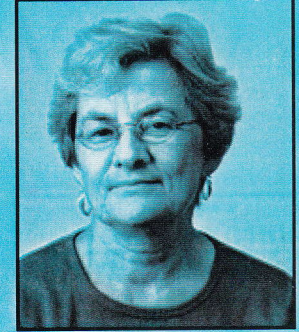
Laurie Marhoefer
Set Design



Troy McManus
Set Design



James Roo
Set Design



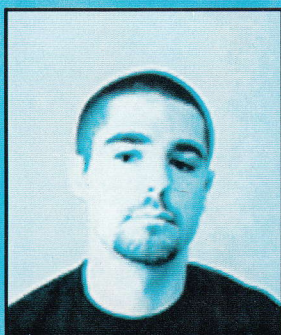
Leona Butchart
Sewing



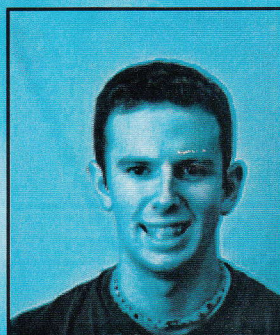
staff



Diana Van Der Sluys
Sewing



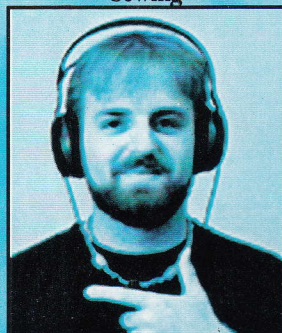
Steve Dicke
Sports



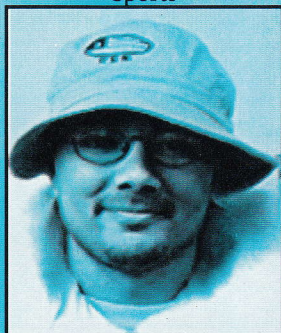
Tobias Wasser
Sports



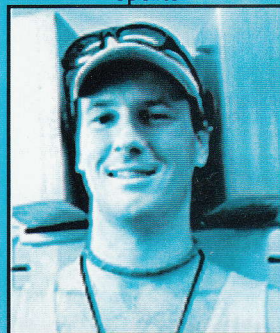
Thomas Reyto
Studio 59



Adam Tindale
Studio 59



John Edmond
Swimming



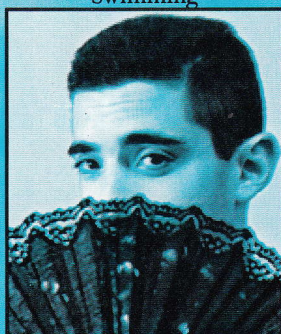
Scott Kelly
Swimming



Sam Stiborski
Swimming



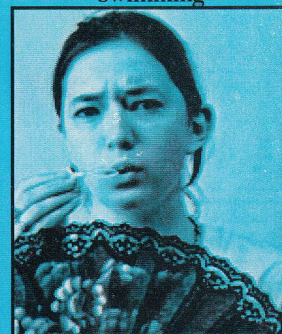
Joelle Arp-Dunham
Theater



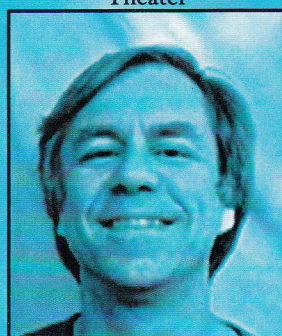
Ben Feuer
Theater



Andrew Gaines
Theater



Celia Gorman
Theater



Ernie Johns
Theater



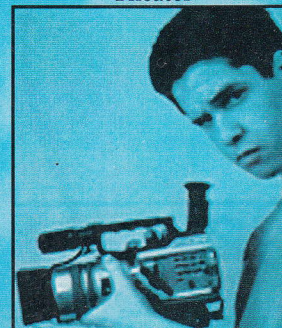
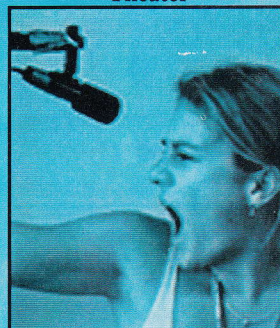
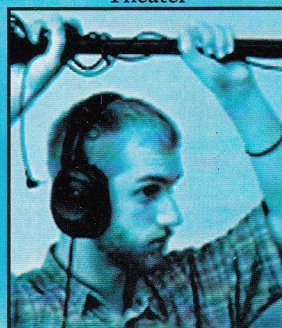
Gabby Lang
Theater



Anna Schwartz
Theater



Jason Zimble
Theater



staff



Marisa Escobar
Weaving



Rachel Miller
Weaving



Louisa Sheppard
Weaving



Susan Thomas
Weaving



Marcus Collier
Wood



Chris Goodson
Wood



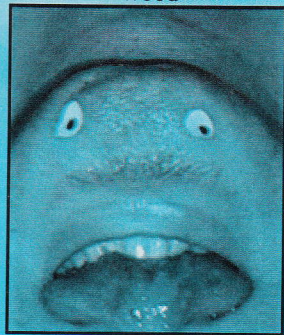
Andrew Lees
Wood



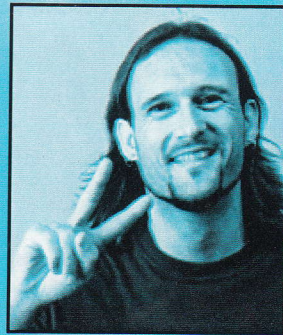
Jeffrey Scanlan
Wood



Stephen White
Wood



Tim Greenway
Set Design



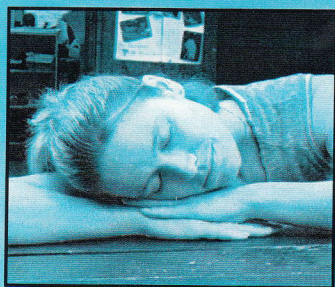
Nigel Hedges
Driver



Angie Taylor
Infirmary



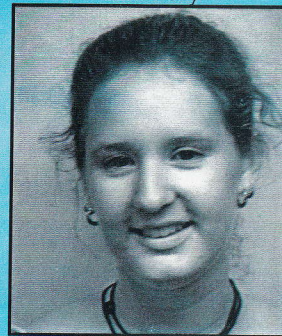
Charlie Ledley
Theatre



Jules Dobson
Evening Activities

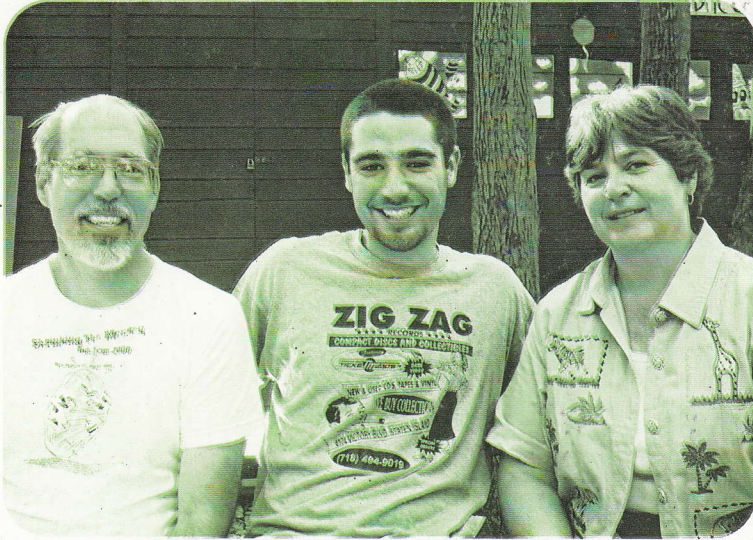


Erika Blumberg
Music



Helen Sheldrake
Batik

FAMILY PHOTOS



Bob, Steve, and Pam Dicke



Gia, Janine, and
Anita Duprée



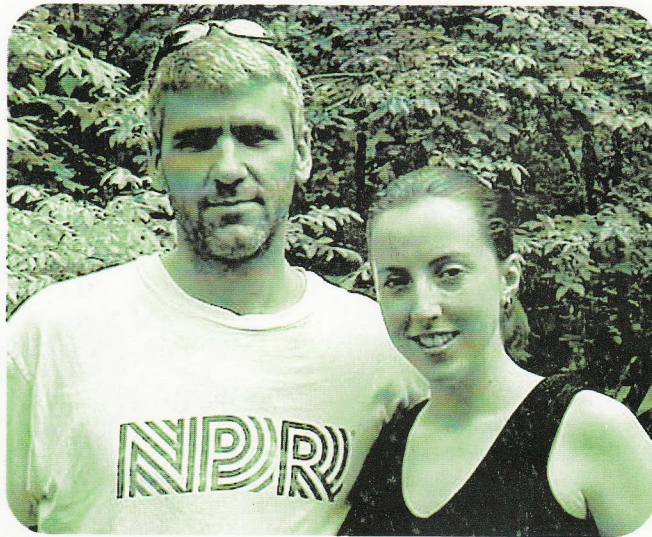
Rob and Sonya Kuropatwa



Kelly, Alicia, and
Sara Casilio

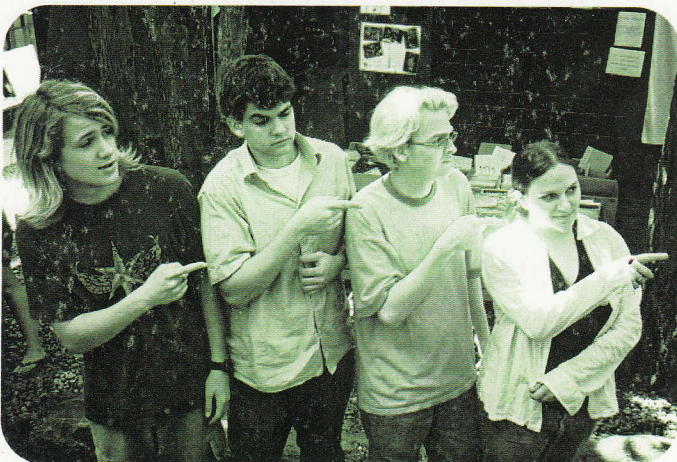


Cristiana, G, and
Tracy Formica



Forrest and Bev Canepari

The Gretzingers and Himmels



The Folit-Weinbergs and Wolkowitzs



Joelle, Richy, Rich, and
Chelsea Dunham



Ian, Claire, and
Ben Jackson

Finale





I think they must be nuts... mine is the first editorial... O.o;; oh yes... I still **HATE** Helvetica. Thank you Annie for getting on my case for listening to you....P Thanks to Liz for always knowing the spelling when i ditz out...-:-; which is often... you rock, and I will miss you fellow Editrix-in-Chief. Thanks to Emily and 'Sney for making music with me. Have a **MAD FUN TIME** at Bard Emi!!!! ^ you rocketh!! sniggle... hrmmm... can't think of anything new... Thanks Anna (my lil'sis type!!!), Hannah (sardonic and kooky—^), Liza (a fellow enthusiast), and Tom-the-Poop (a very polite poop who pokes me too much...) for being valiant pubbies. Much loves!!!! stay happy!!!!

**I thank everyone. You all help.
Even when you don't.**



The road was long to find you,
and the place where I belong.
The road is long to leave here,
where I may not belong.

Chorus:

*Still I look for you,
hear your voice in the mountains,
dance with you in the night's breeze,
touch you in the ocean,
sing with you among the leaves.*



You are part of me my friend,
the world web spinning 'round us.

You are part of life dear one,
where all can truly trust

Chorus:

Somewhere near me I can sense,
a thing I need to be part of.
Somewhere far from where you are,
is the place I must avoid.

Chorus

**THANK YOU TO ALL THOSE WHO ARE PART
OF THIS SONG. I HOPE YOU KNOW, AND
ALWAYS REMEMBER, WHO YOU ARE.**

To the Nine: Keep Believing--Credendo Vides.
oh yeah... and make sure you read things you don't mind
being teased about... they might be reading over your shoulder

Sometimes I dont feel
like an Artist Sometimes
I dont feel like an
Artist Sometimes I dont
feel like an Artist
Sometimes I dont feel
like an Artist Sometimes
I dont feel like an
Artist Sometimes I dont
feel like an Artist
Sometimes I dont feel
like an Artist Sometimes
I dont feel like an
Artist Sometimes I dont
feel like an artist
Sometimes I dont feel
like an artst Sometimes
I dont feel like an

Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words

Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words

Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words
Words Words Words

You remember that kids game, Mousetrap? That ludicrous machine you had to build, where silver balls went down chutes, and little men went up ladders, and one thing knocked into another to set off something else, until in the end the cage fell onto the mouse and trapped it? The evening goes with that sort of breathtaking joke precision, where you can kind of see what's supposed to happen but you can't believe it's ever going to get there, even though afterwards it seems obvious.

-from High Fidelity by
Nick Hornby

And I? Did I take the road less traveled by? And I? Did I take the road
 less traveled by? And I? Did I take the road less traveled by? And I?
 Did I take the road less traveled by? And I? Did I take the road less trav-
 eled by? And I? Did I take the road less traveled by? And I? Did I take
 the road less traveled by? And I? Did I take the road less traveled by?
 And I? Did I take the road less traveled by? And I? Did I take the road
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Thank you Thank you
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thank you to Sarah
and the Pub staff

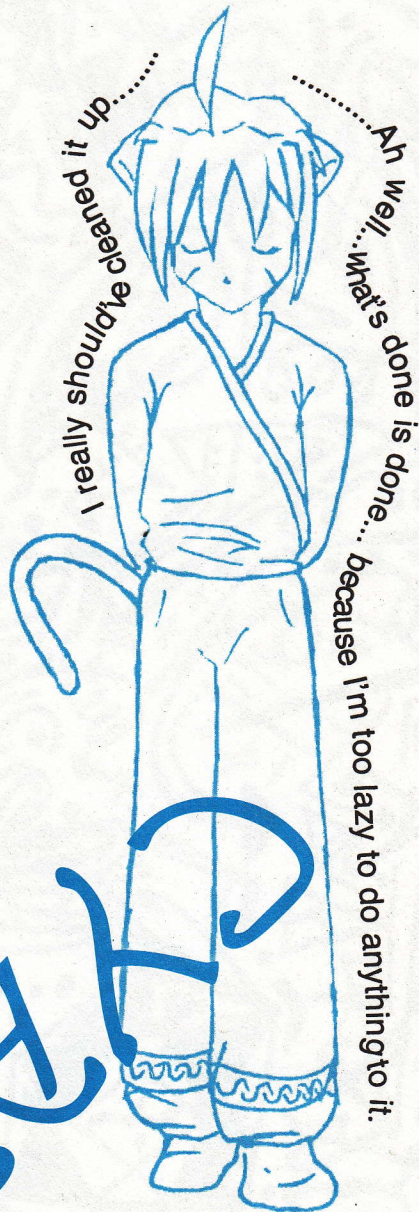
The Brain Part 2: Left Hemisphere



Huh... I have to do an editorial? By FRIDAY?! God... what on earth am I going to do...?

CYAN

I know! I'll put that piccy I doodled in it...



I suppose I could rant about how I couldn't think of what to do...

BUT THAT WOULD BE
BORING

BUT WAIT!!!

I can use
another color!
I'll do black
and...


BUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST OF THE SPACE?

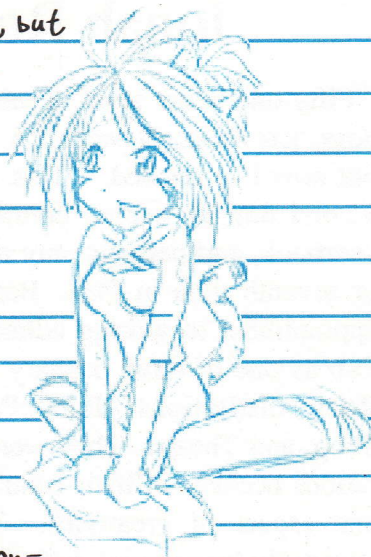
NEED

CYAN!

WHAT A WONDERFUL COLOR...

Ack! It seems I am... *gasp* OUT OF SPACE!!! My God! I've done it!!! Bye.

Goodness... it has been SO unbearably hot this summer. Maybe it's just me, but wasn't last year MUCH cooler? I don't remember having heat waves like THIS quite so often, or in such intensity. (To be sung to the tune of 'Fish Heads') 'Heat stroke, heat stroke, icky yucky heat stroke, heat stroke, heat stroke, heat us up, yum!?' Hehe, we love making up songs with Rachel, as well as the Queen of England - BUBBLES! Oh, and we've discovered a GREAT way to cool down in the heat - PLAY-ING IN THE SINK! Of course, you must make sure not to let the evil seaweed monster or (heaven forbid) the PLAGUE catch you unaware. And hang out in Radio! They have air-condition-

ing, and this very funky-strange pamphlet on Steel Pan Tuning. ((They have spawned quite a few drawings, actually...)) We love you, Joe! Ohhh, and Pub, too. We love Pub! Even though we can't play Ragnarok or use opencanvas on their computers...^^



Anyway, I'm not saying the heat made the summer bad - not at all. In fact, it gave me an excuse to do things I wouldn't have done before... wear skirts, play with ice pops... Oh! And make movies! It's not incredibly fun when you have to wear a long, purple robe in 90-degree weather, but it should be worth it to see the finished product. As of now, it's unsure whether 'Through the Iron circle' will ever be finished (by the time you read this, you'll know one way or another, though), but it was fun while it lasted. Everyone involved in it was so much fun to be with... Kee, Ben, Aydin, Jane, Sarah, even the zombies - it was lots of fun to film with you guys, *hug hug*!! Okay, now for the actual thanking part!



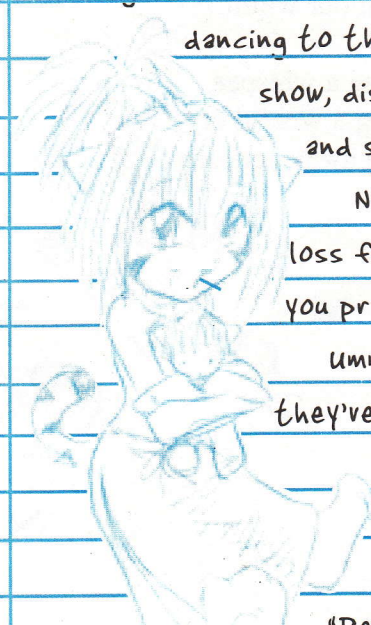
First off, I'm thanking Rachel for putting up with me all the time, and remaining my friend through the summer. The chipmunks, margarita jellybeans, dancing to the Alberta theme, singing into our pens during our radio show, discussions about our life stories, and all the other jokes and stories.... ^-^

Next, Adam. Goodness.... I don't know where I'd be without you. Gyah... at a loss for words, as I don't know what I want to be put in the yearbook, ^^ Anyway, you probably know exactly what I would say...-^ ^-. Lots of hugs and applesauce!

umm... I feel bad now... There are so many people I want to let know that they've made my summer here wonderful, but I can't really go in-depth with them...

Hannah, Jane, Ph/Fish, everyone mentioned above, and... I'm sure there are more, but I'm blanking right now, ^^ Have a great year, everyone!

Luv always,



Jonah Rosenberg- Writing Editor

I Ate Pub

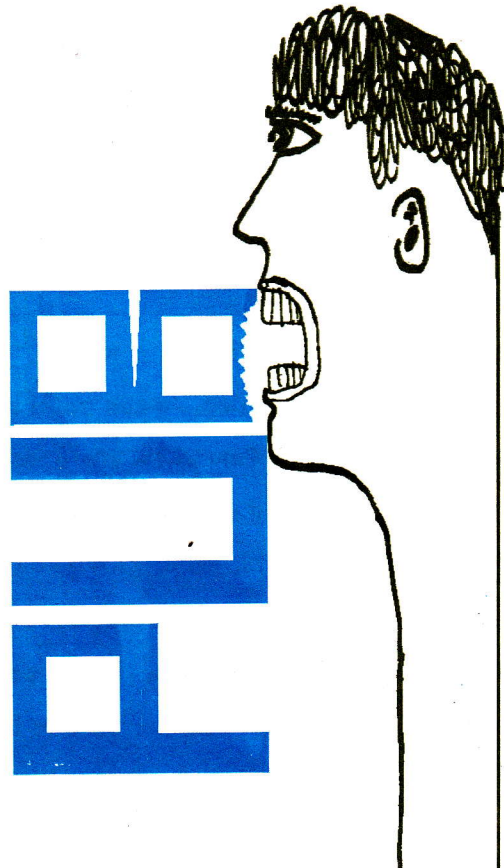
"Fifty-one hours ago," I said to my boss, Liz Platt, "I wasn't a Pubbie, but now I'm hooked." This was my second day as writing editor of the yearbook, and perhaps only my sixth or seventh time in Pub. Before my appointment to writing editor, I saw Pub as one of three primary Buck's Rock institutions: Pub, Painting Shop, and Theatre. They were institutions because of their centrality to one aspect of creativity. Theatre covers the performing arts, Painting Shop covers the fine arts, but Pub doesn't cover something quite as obvious. The literary branch of creativity is something often disregarded as a subset of the fine arts. However, I see it as something that is a direct link between what we as people want and what we as people get.

In Theatre, I had had success, including parts such as Magnus Muldoon/Albert/Pickering/The Real Inspector Hound, Herman, and Shepherd's Son. In Painting, I had made no progress from my first work, "Pink Spoonbill in Flight Over Water at Sunset." In fact, I had not even tried art again because my first attempt was so dismal. In Pub, I had not even made an attempt. In elementary school, there was a sign posted over the math door that read, "0/1 is better than 0/0," and as my pappy would always say, "Just give it a try, if you don't like it, don't eat it again." I ate Pub.

It was chewy, overcooked, and I needed one or two grains of salt to take it down. I ate more, ravenous; I had succumbed to Pub. I nibbled first, there weren't many articles to edit. Soon I was greedily shoving Pub down my throat, willing to stick

a cork in my esophagus not to throw it up. I was addicted, hooked, never to leave my Pub again, at least until August 17th.

As I read over my article again, I see that I have just referred to Pub in the possessive (now is the time



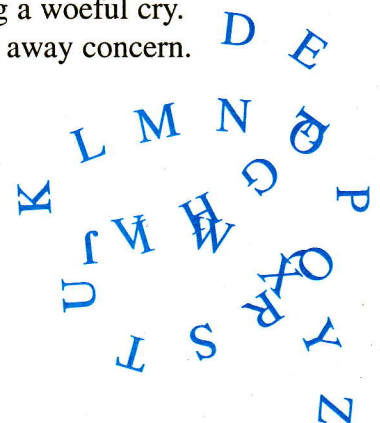
for you to go back to the previous sentence and make sure that I'm not lying). I now realize why Pub is now an institution. It utilizes a part of the mind that few or no other shops do, the literary. Writing is something not tangible, and always unlike anybody else's. While all of the other Shops do, without a doubt, allow campers to produce unique work, all of them put something between the creator and the created, whether a punty or a paint brush. Writing is all mind, and

Pub is simply an outlet. Unlike, say, a pot or a cup, writing is something that can only be accepted by knowing concretely that this piece of paper between your fingers with characters all over it is a direct passage through which the will, whims, thoughts and emotions of a human being are expressed. I was talking to Adrienne from music, who said that when she plays the bass and somebody criticizes her bass playing, she could accept it, knowing that it is only someone's personal opinion. However, when she had to sing, she felt that it was a more personal connection, and thus had a more difficult time digesting the criticism. Writing, to me, is just singing through a pencil, pen, or keyboard. Some people do not like to expose themselves so wholly, but I do. Doing so only encourages others to do the same, and a world of expressive people cannot be but ideal.

A simple nod, a no or yes,
A caress.
All rubbing off, changing us.

Beyond our control,
Behind our soul.
Beneath our whim.

Catching a whisper,
Coaxing a woeful cry.
Casting away concern.



Hopeless

An Editorial by: Anna Strasser

Thursday August 1st: I wake up and get into the dining hall JUST as they are turning off the lights. 'Right on time', I think to myself. I grab a roll and sit down with my friends who are trying to do an impossible New-York-Times-ish crossword puzzle. I throw out my plate (OOPS!) and hurry over to Pub. I spend about half my day at Pub. Emma is eating her cereal. Then she and Amy bring to my attention that my editorial was due before Friday. 'Hmmm... No biggie," I think. THEN I have a sudden and frightening realization: today is Thursday! After trying to inspire me Emma comes to the conclusion that I'm hopeless and goes to boss people around. Then I ask Tom Houseman what I care about. "Me!" he responds. I roll my eyes. He then goes on for a few minutes about his girl-related problems. After I bug him a bit, he tries to inspire me. Shortly after, he leaves for Improv with the impression that I am hopeless. I then grab Kat Schneider, drag her to the Pub garden, plop myself in Hammock, and order Kat to inspire me. She comes to the conclusion that I am completely hopeless. However, because Kat is the coolest she decides to be my slave. "How about last year's yearbook?" she asks me. I nod my head and she fetches it for me. After reading a LOT of inside jokes and about how Cheney is evil I get a legal pad and start writing. Kat lightly pushes (not swings) me while I read the old completely uninspiring yearbook from last year. Then Jeffrey Paul Bobrick, whose name can be broken up into five different names if split and said properly, attempted to give me inspiration. After giving me a lecture about doing STUFF, he leaves, but this time he concludes that not only am I hopeless but uninspireable as well. I then sit in Hammock for about a half hour. At some point Kat leaves me. I look down at my legal pad, laugh, and go into Pub announcing that I have serious Pub business to type up.

Hannah: BANANI!!! I am so incredibly happy I came to camp with you this summer. You are the greatest friend I could ever hope for. You have always been there for me and I will return the favor... even when you are sixteen! **Tom:** Wow... we have been through quite a lot and now that it's almost over I'm so happy to say I have you for a friend even after all the bruises on my ass! And yes my ass is irresistible! **Sam:** Thank you so much for helping me... with everything! You are definitely one of the coolest people I know. You are an amazing friend and we will definitely keep in touch... so long as we are not near rotating fans. **Yael:** If there is one thing I am MOST happy about this summer it's not glass, Tom or lollypops... it's you! You are the greatest most tolerable person I know (sorry I'm messy!). You are one of the sweetest girls in the world and I know you will always be my favorite hippie-ish person :-)! I look forward to being at Vagina's Baptism. **Rosie:** The strongest person in the world... five string bass's tend to have five strings. I'm so freakin happy that you live so freakin close! I LOVE YOU BABY!!! **Jonah:** Definitely one of my favorite people in the entire world! (he he) Thank you for doing the high squeaky voice when I needed it. I'm glad your family approves of me... I think. And we'll get married one day ok? Even if you won't have sex with me! I'm so glad I got to know you this summer. **Sarah:** The best big sister I never had. In fact, I think you're better than a big sister. I love you more than words can say. You always make me feel so much better, and just knowing that I'll always have someone to talk to is enough to keep me from going insane. **Lisa:** I am so happy Eloise needed a hair crimper and I was there to supply... even though I didn't get it back (that's how I met you!!!) – well, I love you tons... even if you are ticklish! **Margaret:** Thank you for helping me first session. I really don't think I would've stayed at camp for this long if you hadn't been there for me from the start. You really are a wonderful amazing girl and I love you for it. **Jeffery Paul Bobrick:** Thank you!!!! So now that I've thanked you is this now a completely inspiring work of literature?? **Kat:** Thank you for everything ... I'm glad that you went out with Josh so I could tell you to dump him (that was when we became friends remember??) I love you so much and always will! Can I have your shoe? **Alana:** Thank you for being the BEST big sister I could ever hope for. You really made me feel welcome in the very beginning and I appreciate it more than you will ever know. **Liz:** Thank you so much for everything. You are the best editor-in-chief named Liz Platt whom I have EVER met! Thanks for inspiring writing workshops! **Emma:** THANK YOU SOOOO INCREDIBLY much for dealing with me... I know it can be hard but you are amazing. Thanks for bossing me around and giving me something to do... I wouldn't do it without you :-). **Nick:** Thank you for trusting me with shrink-wrapping... I hope I haven't failed you. **Bob:** Thanks for showing me how to work the presses and tape plates... You are always offering to help me and I thank you for it. **FIRST SESSION PUBBIES:** I love you and missed you so much second session! It was so great playing with the monkey and pirates with you! **THEATRE CITs:** Thank you so much CITs for helping me understand how Theatre works. I can only hope to live up to your level of acting. I couldn't thank you individually because there are too many!!! I LOVE ALL 20 of you!!! **Joelle and Andrew:** Thank you for giving me a chance to do what I love to do. **Gabby:** THREE OUT OF THREE!!!! **Alex:** my favorite Neko in the world! Love you dearly! Always remember: Tom no baka desu! **Billy:** even though I made you cry I love you! We'll have lunch! **Paul:** for helping me with glass however hopeless I am. It was nice to have a friend here! **Emily:** How could I forget! My favorite huggie person! Thanks for always being there to give me a hug... and a layout for this beautiful page! I'M SO SORRY I FORGOT!!!! But here you are! **Annie:** I save the best for last... Mrs. Anti-Xavier! To never ending REAL girl-talks. Thank you for everything. **Rachel:** Thanks for helping me and teaching me to knit. **PUB STAFF NOT MENTIONED:** Thank you for letting me be a Pubbie... even though you didn't really have a choice. And of course for letting me sit on Hammock. I've had a great summer and it's all thanks to you!

Joshua Feintuch

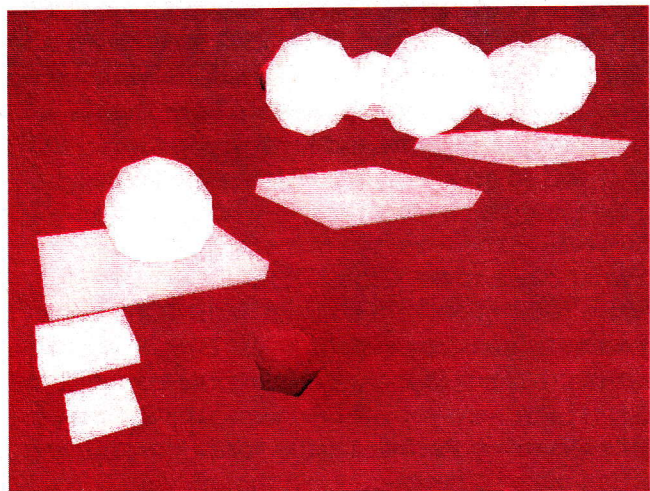
Writing editor, I think

Ahh... Computer CIT, yearbook editor, and big-project-movie maker. What a summer. If only time could be compressed. But, since it can't, I must recommend that any sane person not try to pull off such a combination of responsibilities in addition to smaller ones, like developing photos and, well, trying to have a life.

Nonetheless, I'm still here, and my friends weren't scared off by my zombification. They may not have liked my alarm ringing at 8:15 and continuing to do so for about five minutes before I was awake enough to realize it was, in fact, my alarm. But they're still my friends. I think. I'd ask them, but there's not enough time to talk.

I also hear that there are other shops at camp, where, in some cases, you can even make tangible things. I have a vague, fuzzy memory of those from my camper years. You know, the year I was in Boys Annex... followed by the year I was in Boys Annex... and then, finally, the year I was in a different room in... Boys Annex. But I'm not complaining. After all, I could always have simply not come back to Buck's Rock... if not for that tingly feeling you get from being in such a wonderful place (I've always suspected that LSD had something to do with that, especially since one of my bunkmates this year is a CIT there and is always out at inexplicably late hours...).

I have no idea what's coming in future years. I may or may not come back to Buck's Rock, and,



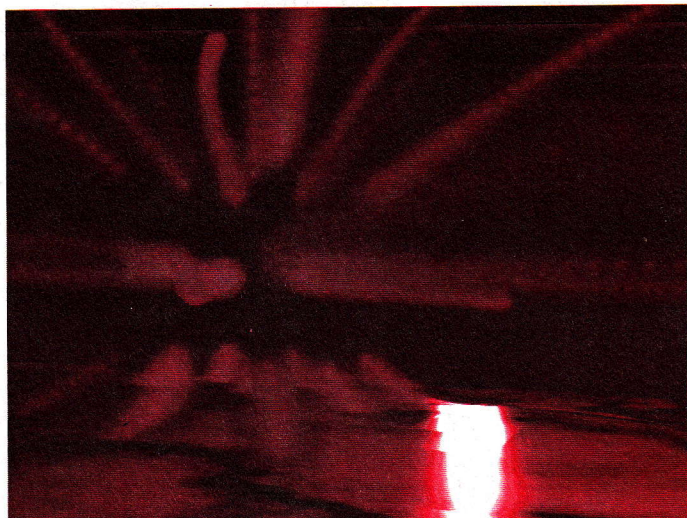
The infamous "popcorn level" of my individual Computer Shop CIT project

if I do, I may or may not be a JC. I

may or may not see the people I've met this summer or the three summers before ever again. I might even enter into an existential rant like in my yearbook editorial last summer. Please stop me if I do. In any case, though, Buck's Rock is still the best ~~organ-harvesting-plant~~ summer camp I've ever been to. Hopefully, I'll see everyone again, but, if not, more people will be synthesized out of dark matter. I can't spend my time worrying about whether I'll ever see my friends again, or whether existence truly exists. I have a movie to film. Bye.

```
return 1
if (x.speed == y.speed):
    return 0
return -1
class battle:
    def __init__(self, player, enemy=None, surf, loc=0):
        self.player=player
        self.surf=surf
        self.status=0
        self.frame=0
        self.toattack=0
        self.currattack=None #attack currently being use
        self.expwon=0 #tracks total EXP gained during bat
        self.levelwon=0 #tracks any level-ups during bat
        #####ACTION STUFF#####
        self.action_prs = 0
        self.actionbutton = keypressed(K_SPACE)
        self.actionbutton.on_true = self.actionPressed
        #####
        #convert enemy to list or generate enemies if ne
        if enemy == None:
            #build a list of enemies based on the locati
            elif enemy.__class__ == list:
                self.enemy=enemy
            else:
                self.enemy=[enemy]
    def setStatus(self):
        #called whenever someone is done attacking; adva
        self.toattack+=1
        if self.toattack == len(self.turnorder):
            self.status+=5
            self.toattack=0
```

Beautiful battle-engine source code... in Python!



Some random 3D art

Tom is God!!!!

Just like my sister Lil before me, I have waited until the last minute to write my editorial. This might be my last year as an editor, so I will be boring and simply write thank yous. There are too many people to thank, so I will fit as many as I can. If I did not thank you sufficiently, I am sorry, but one page is not very much.

Sam- For helping me out with my problems, even when you weren't here. For being half of my brain and part of my religion. For Camp Drama and a great year. Oops! I tripped and hurt my glavin. **Rachel-** For being my friend and teaching me knitting. For being my first wife and helping me with problems. You pierced my heart with an arrow of purple ribbons. **Anna-** For an interesting year. For butt bruises and having fun. For being a great friend and helping console me and giving me advice. You are a dog, if not a martini. **Lisa-** For being my friend and helping me through my problems. For forcing me into uncomfortable situations, and telling it to me straight. I'm the sweetest guy in the world, but I'm not a martini. **Juli-** For being a kickin' theatre CIT. For being my friend and my pillow. For hanging out with me while you were knitting, and making me feel special. **Rachel-** the other one. We didn't hang out much this year, and I regret that a lot. Even so, you had an impact on my summer, and I appreciate that. **Hannah-** For punching me and getting hugged. For mongooses and the number 7. For trying to help me and failing miserably. We had a fun summer. **Joanna-** For the spark and the inferno. For being my friend even throughout problems and other stuff. For embarrassing experiences and hanging out. I missed you second session. **Kaiko-** For dying. For always having something nice to say to me. For finally being in a show together. For making me laugh when you were off stage, and making me cry when you were on stage. I will miss you next year, and I'm sorry you never got up the guts to ask out Leigh, better luck next time. **Ariel-** For being stupid sometimes. For being my friend throughout my silliness and meanness. For teaching me the ins and outs of friendship, personality, and being too understanding. I am still baffled. For being my wife and my leibchen. For finally coming to your senses. I had a great time, even when I was moping. **Jaya-** For giving me advice and good luck. For consoling me and getting me wet. For helping me have a great second session. For your mom helping me have a great second session. I enjoyed everything, especially your mom. **Lena-** For hanging out with me, even though you wouldn't let me poke your tummy. For eccentric knitting and cool earrings. I had a great summer with you. **Dena & Ali-** I still don't know which of you is which. For giving me advice and being nice to me. I don't know you well yet, but I consider you friends. **Ruth-** For being a maid and a diva and a wizard and a friend. For hanging out and being nice, and being the same person as me. I had another great summer. **Kat-** For being my wife, my pillow, and my friend. For being nice to me and helping me out. **Pub staff-** For making me feel loved and letting me be an editor. I love you all. **My directors and assistant directors-** For helping me out. For being my friends and my slave drivers, I had a great summer. **My roommates-** For the twilight zone, "baseball," and cards. For giving me advice and consoling me. For being my friends, when I normally wouldn't know you. **Essie and Eloise-** my favorite little girls. You gave me advice and smacked me when I needed it. I love you both. **KC Amanda Ellie-** For giving me advice and being my shoulder. For crazy songs and goldfish. For consoling me and loving me. For being sweet and crazy at the same time. **Liz and Sarah and Annie-** For tummies and hugs and friendship. You are all great and I enjoyed being with you. **Quick thank yous:** Zoey for idealism and arguments. Puppies for being my friends. My casts for being there and making me look good. Theatre CITs for being my friends and such. Weavers for another great year. Tom for being God. Steve for putting me on a team though I didn't try out. Myq for no reason in particular. Everyone I've ever known, I love you all. And Buck's Rock, for letting me be creative. This has been an amazing year, and I will be back next year as a CIT. Maybe theatre? Thus ends, the story of Tom. Good day.

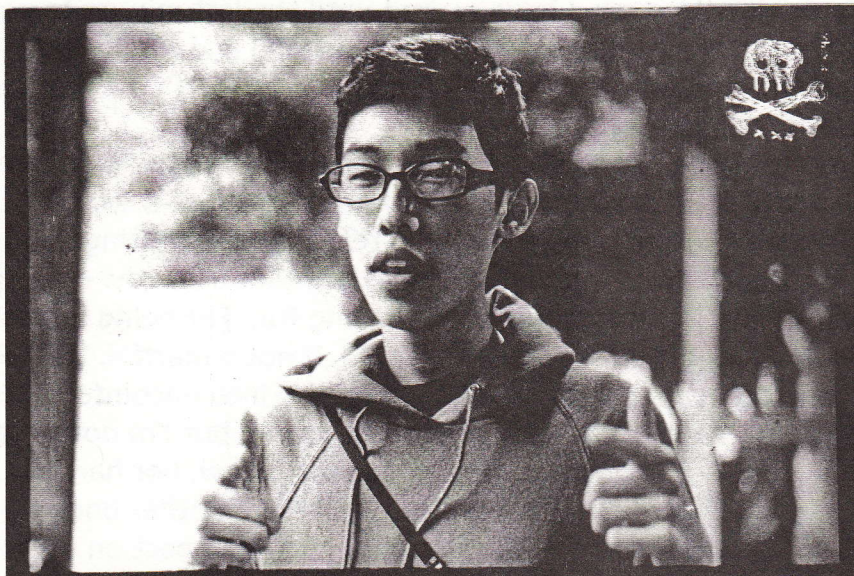


Photo by Jessica Morris

SAFE.

pixie (be nice) i'm a pixie i'm a paperdoll i'm a cartoon i'm a chipper cheerful free for all and i light up a room i'm the color me happy girl miss live and let live and when they're out for blood i always give the man behind the counter looks like he's got a half a dozen places he'd rather be and furthermore it looks like he's prepared to take it all out on me buddy, i don't really care what your problem is just don't make it mine come on kids, let's all hold hands and pretend we're having a good time maybe you don't like your job maybe you didn't get enough sleep well, nobody likes their job nobody got enough sleep maybe you just had the worst day of your life but, you know, there's no escape and there's no excuse so just suck up and be nice all the privileged white kids on tv playing at death brandishing their cold cuts with their ghostly



makeup and their heroin breath and all the little fishes are flapping wildly on their hooks while all the top critics find great meaning in the telephone book the little emperor he has no clothes so he can't come out to play and besides which life is suffering and he likes it that way and the little guy is not so friendly but you know life has been cruel so wipe that smile off your face baby and try to be cool maybe you don't like your job maybe you didn't get enough sleep well, nobody likes their job nobody got enough sleep maybe you just had the worst day of your life but, you know, there's no escape and there's no excuse so just suck up and be nice yeah, i would like to perfect the art of being studiously aloof like life is just a boring chore and i am living proof i



could join forces with an army of ordinary hipsters but then i guess i'd be out of a job so i guess that's out of the picture cuz i'm a pixie i'm a paperdoll i'm a cartoon i'm a chipper cheerful free for all and i light up a

Camp Drama

By Sam Rogal

In previous editorials I have written about states of mind. But this year I am doing things a little bit differently. Instead of states of mind, this year I am writing about camp drama.

As Robert Frost once said, "Some say the world will end in fire, some say ice." Well, both are wrong. The world will end in camp drama. What is camp drama? Camp Drama is Drama at Camp and at Buck's Rock there is more camp drama than you could ever imagine. If it's not a girl wanting to know if her boyfriend really likes her, it's a kid wanting to know who took his soda.

Now, why write about such a common phenomenon? Well, because I love camp drama; it is my drug, my life. I quote the words of Moulin Rouge: "Camp Drama is like oxygen. Camp Drama lifts us up where we belong, all we need is Camp Drama." Well, they didn't say that exactly, but if they knew the joy of camp drama they would.

Let's take the girl who was paranoid about her boyfriend. She is a great example of a great person who was a little worried. So she and I devised a complex plan to find out exactly what was going down and it turned out that he liked her very much. But it is still a great example of how much emotion and planning goes into Camp Drama. That is what makes it so special: the passion of the hunt, the glory of success. It gives you a sort of high: to be so enthralled in Camp Drama that you forget about everything else. It's like chess: you move the pieces in just the right way so that your opponent falls into the carefully designed trap. So, to wrap up, Camp Drama is good. And by the way, oops I tripped and hurt my glavin.

hey, dog entity! rise up and bare your biscuit filthy fangs at the oppressive leash wielding demon!! goddamn my naval itches!! ahem! erghhhh-

SQUISHY

hh!! agcheckhh!! ahem! meow! meow! meow! cat chow!!! cease your flatulent winds and hear my mind numbing expulsions of wicked noise! grrrr!! cheese!! i sense your envy of my neck!! and i don't blame you!! drooooool over my magical powers!! i have powers pinto beans can only dream of! wanna see me pull a tapeworm outta my oogie?!! huh?!! i am oogie!! god of rash covered oogies! stare deep into

Wheel! I'm naked...

the stinking abyss of my individually wrapped slices!!! holy wax! check out my armpits!!! heeey! waidaminit!! wait just a polyp picking minute!! i see your game! you will not sink my cheerio!! i see what is transpiring here!!! you're all zombie thigh-fat people, brought into animation by some evil force of forceful evil!!! oogie! that lipstick's the wrong color for you!! moooo! woof! oh, don't you see the toenails?!! oh, so splendid!! a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, I, j, k..! under such extreme heat, wear and degradation is inevitable!! parts break after overuse!! and that is why toaster pastries will burst into flames if you don't keep an eye on them, you sacks of bladder waste!!! fear my wet cough! oogie doughnut!! mock me? you fried cyclops!! meow. yeah, you! i know what you really are! i can't prove it, but I'm on to you!! gimme some cheese!

**FUZZY
CHICKEN**

shut up!! demon weasel! repent! repent! floss often! nonsensical!! yet you envy me! you wish

run! piggy, piggy!! ruuun. piggy, piggy piggy!! my god!! you're beautiful!! oogie!! i can smell blood in your oogie! yum. air! worship my pores!! oh, no!! i sense the presence of your soiled pants!! ha!! now you

see my power! now you know what my goiter can do to your follicles!!

oogie off! you're

Tainted Windows

going to die!!! moo you oogie toaster!! you're nothing! that's all you'll ever be! a toaster!! damn! i have no kiwis!! oogie you! bzzt! bzzt! accusations! wicked hoarder of time!! i shall regurgitate no peas!! Hear me shiny rectal tick!! Everybody! Say it with me and wiggle!! peas! peas! peas! peas! peas! peas! look! david hasslehoff can fly!! hey! you, cloud!! c'mere!!

c'mere!! conspiracy!! and now employing juvenile mongoloid demon babies!! My famous chicken recipe will never be yours!! grrr! woof! those kids are after me lucky charms!!

must get to my car and escape! oogie! speed lines are chasing me!! vroooooom!!!

argh!! deceit!! this was

no car, after all!! it was a spy moose! far from the evil oogies of doom!! i am unstoppable!! squeeze my nub!! stare deep into the spooky depths of my oogie! do you not fear the awesome power of tile grout?! you oogie cows!! crackers! crackers! but, no squeezy cheese!! you've broken my secret elbow!! magical jelly beans are growing from my head wound, where the flies landed!! stay away from my wallet!! marvel at my plastic oogie!! not just any accessory for your oogie napkins!! i must lick your teeth! oogie!! nice molars!

WACKY



Jesus Was a DJ

Melanie Silfversten

The Rituals of Being a Rachel

So, you wanna be just like me, huh? You're not the only one. Here are some things you must do every day to properly idolize and worship me.

1. Worship Skyler and her art.
2. Worship Hannah and her humor.
3. Poke Adam - he makes funny faces.
4. Scream "Instigator!" every time you see Nick Himmel.
5. Hug Emma and then call her evil - if she's tired, it confuses her and provides for hours of humor.
6. Do nothing but rehearse and complain.
7. Try to weasel people out of Hammock.
8. Scream monkey and try to bite people every chance you get.
9. Cackle at least once per day. If you don't, I'll have to bite you.
10. Drop foreign objects (such as M&Ms and Swedish Fish) into your Vanilla Coke - then eat them.
11. Be modest.

Follow these rules and you'll grow up just like me - really, really weird.

Thank yous from Pub to Editors

Liz: Oh so organized and efficient! Nobody else in Pub turns out such high quality writing so quickly. You'll go far. Thank you for your tireless patience with the Pub Counselors. Thanks for your help with the writing workshops too. You've done an amazing job with the Yearbook.

Sarah: So much talent at laying out, we hope to see you in Pub again next year. Thanks for working so much and all the attention to details. Thanks for being so smiley and easy going.

Emily: You have much talent in the field of writing. Keep it up. Your contributions to the LitMags, CIT words and Yearbook have added a lot. So glad you read your work at the Poetry Slam. All the best of luck at Bard. We miss you already. Next year a JC?

Tom: Hugs! Thanks for helping to make Pub a cheery place to be. Your risqué contributions to writing workshops were always interesting. Keep writing; you're good.

Rachel: Thanks for agreeing to help with the yearbook. Evilness aside, you've been great.

Josh: You've been an excellent editor, all the copy editing, and more copy editing! Thanks so much!

Jonah Rosenberg: Yes, you can edit something!! I have a question... Thank you very much. Great job!

Skyler and Adam: Only right to put you two together on here. What skill and talent. Thanks for the cookies and smiles. Thanks for patiently waiting for the computer to be free. Again.

Melissa: Thanks for your help! 80s rock! You were great in 80s night!

Just Kidding... Hockey Monkey 3rd Encore

Jason: Great job, the Photos look great!

Pixie: Thanks for your help and enthusiasm! Is that your real name?

Sam: We really missed you second session. Come back! You can be our CIT anytime... Please?!

Anna: You don't give enough hugs. Good job this summer. Thanks for tirelessly attending writing workshops too.

Thank you also to:

In no particular order at all:

Bev and Forrest, **Pam Dicke**, Steve Dicke, Chris from Computer, Griffin's fan, Utz Cheese Balls (made with real cheese, 32 oz of), Buck's Rock **Pride**, Clamps, Tanya and the Big Yellow Schoolbus, **Playmobil's Diversity Pirate**, Video, Ceramics, Theatre, Dance, Clown, **Computer**, air hugs and air high fives, Oh yeah, **Froot Loops**, Yahoo Mail, Hotmail, **Ian's music**, Amelie, Treasure Island, chicken, chocolate chip cookies, United through Chicago, Pink, Mickey the creepy monkey, cmyk, iMacs, Rush Computers for working like they're supposed to, shrinkwrap, lightning, **the Plague**, all those Pirates, Darth Vader au Gogo, Gojo, Hammock (Triolets), **the Internet**, our Babeons, hours off, pink cable, Reese's Pieces, the screaming dinosaur, Naked!Jedi, **Ewan McGregor**, hair parties, India Kitchen, Panda Empire, trunk and traffic, **INXS**, **calm Aussies**, candy necklaces, Jill Marcellus and Laura Staffaroni for binding Staffwords, Annie for Pub loyalty, Nick and his Good and Plenty's, pirate names, Liam Neeson for wearing a tank top while pulling a chain, Austin Powers for light relief, Staff who keep to 20 minute time slots, **Ben Jackson (Go 'way)**, 'Bloody Hell Bob', runs downtown for provisions, Infirmary nurses, the Maintenance Crew, **Mickey and Laura**, and of course, as always, **Ernst**, for creating this special place.

Art

Dani Mohrer
Julia Wiener
Luke Geller
Julia Korn
Jason Chu
Eloise Ress Barrow
Allison Rodman
Eli Teller
Valerie Au
Skyler Balbus
Ethan Feuer
Hillary Cohen
Jessie Rubenstein
Andrea Mendler
Audrey Gelman
Jennie Sears
Nicky Robbins
Mollie Echeverria
Lauren Schneider
Zoe Brookes
Noah Asch
Dina Rudofsky
Liza Singer
Adam Katz
Lena Sands
Elias Hertzell
Geoff Giller
Daniel Roper-Jones
Lauren Goldblum

Editors

Editors-in-Chief: Liz Platt and Sarah Butler

Writing Editors: Tom Houseman, Rachel
Giles-Klein, Josh Feintuch,
Jonah Rosenberg

Art and Layout Editors: Emily Friedhoff,
Skyler Balbus, Adam Chodoff,
Melissa Silbertang

Photo Editors: Jason Chu, Pixie Watsky

Production Editors: Sam Rogal,
Anna Strasser

Pub Staff 2002

Bob 'Ya' Dicke

Emma 'Naked!Jedi' Kirwan

Ian 'Can I have another full color run please?' Jackson

Amy 'When can I take my hour off today?' Walter

April 'Another screen saver for Meghan' Acker

Meghan 'Legs' Swanson

Karen 'I'll do the poetry workshop' Thumm

Nick 'The Instigator' Himmel

Joey 'Sea legs' Roth

Brett 'The Man' Kizner

Photos

Dani Mohrer
Julia Korn
Jason Chu
Eloise Ress Barrow
Allison Rodman
Andrea Mendler
Audrey Gelman

Writing

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Liza Singer
Rebbekah
Vegaromero
Nina Boutsikaris
Rachel Schapira
Tom Houseman
Emily Friedhoff
Seth Caplan
Sarah Butler
Laura Staffaroni
Joshua Feintuch
Liz Platt
Annie Schapira
Jonah Rosenberg

Special Thanks from the Editors

Emma- We love you this much!



Amy - Thanks for stepping out of the classroom to work with much more...
mature people.

Bob - Mon Capitan! Our best regards to the most loyal mate on the ship.

April - Thank you for comic workshops, good advice and being the biggest trend-setter at BR.

Meghan - Thank you for A+L help and sitting pretty at workshops.

Nick - Thank you for being a homicidal monkey murderer.

You scare us. Much love.

Joey - Yo, ho, Matey! Skipperdee-doo! Ahoy! Avast! Best o' the mornin' to you!

Thanks for the endless picture-taking and tireless pirate enthusiasm.

Ian - Thank you for having good taste. You are our ultra-civilized pirate.

Emily - We are sorry to lose you so soon. Thanks so much for all your help. Have
an amazing time at Bard!

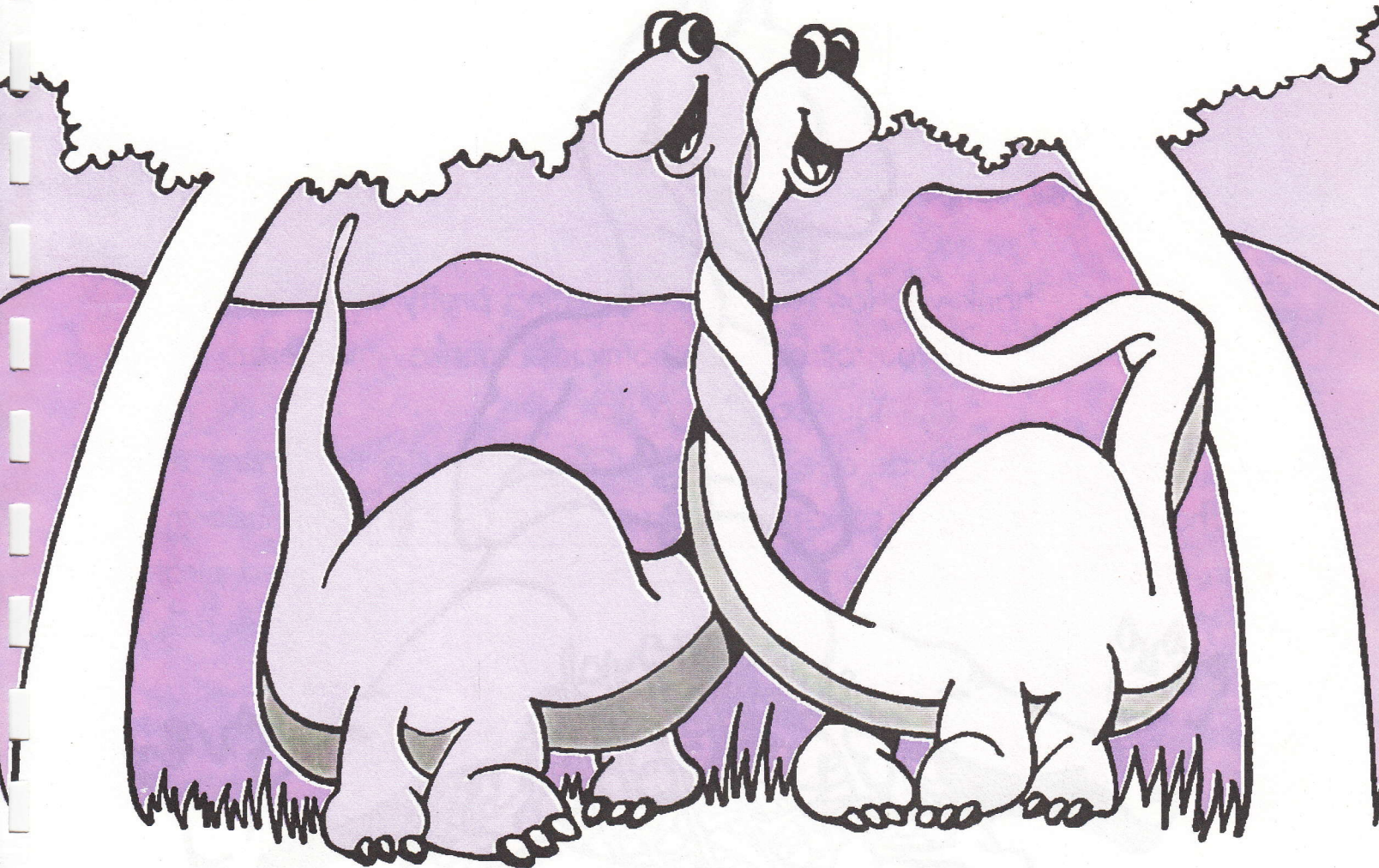
Karen - We missed you tons this year! Congratulations on the move and the
best of luck!

Brett - Thank you for your inspirational advice and complete faith in and respect
for your coworkers.

Pubbies - We couldn't have done it without our most wonderful crew members -
we love each and every one of you!

HERE IT COMES....

THE BUCK'S ROCK ANNUAL REUNION!



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8TH

2 - 4:30 PM

AT THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE

2 WEST 64TH STREET, NY OFF CENTRAL PARK

THE END



REMEMBER TO KEEP EVERYONE POSTED ON WHAT YOU'RE DOING OVER
THE YEAR BY USING THE MESSAGE BOARD AT

WWW.BUCKSROCKCAMP.COM

